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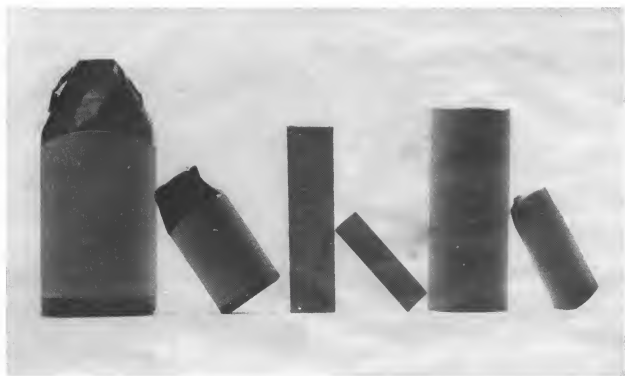
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Most products carried by your local druggist come in an economy size. It is worth your while to ask him about them.

What Do They Mean by Economy Size?

The bigger the size, the better the buy. Have you ever realized how much you can save in time, trouble, and—particularly—cash? • **BY SCOTT C. REA**

The bathroom was in the home of a friend of mine, a man whose business it is to tell people how to invest their money wisely. I was rummaging through his family medicine cabinet in search of an indigestion remedy when I came upon something that made me forget all about my slight case of indigestion. It was the discovery that almost everything on the shelves of this investment counselor's medicine cabinet was the smallest size obtainable at the drugstore.

"Ed," I said, when I rejoined him, "let me ask you a foolish question: Are you in favor of economy, of cutting down on unnecessary overhead, of getting the highest return per dollar invested?"

He eyed me warily. "Naturally. Who isn't?"

"You aren't," I said, wagging a finger at him. And

when his eyebrows went up, I quickly hauled him into his bathroom. I took down at random the small bottle of mouthwash, the small tube of tooth paste, the small jar of his wife's face cream, the small tin of aspirin tablets, the small bottle of shampoo, the small tube of shaving cream. "You and Helen use these items fairly regularly, don't you?"

He nodded.

"When you run out of these things you immediately replace them?"

"True."

"All right, then," I continued. "Let me throw some figures at you. This tin of twelve aspirin tablets, which you buy repeatedly, cost you twelve cents. A bottle of a hundred of same—over eight times the quantity—

(Continued on next page)

Economy Size (continued)



Scott C. Rea, President,
National Association of
Chain Drug Stores

would have cost only fifty-nine cents, a saving to you of forty-one cents, which amounts to sixty-nine per cent of your investment. Not a bad return, Ed. Here's a three-ounce bottle of mouthwash you paid twenty-nine cents for. You could have bought the fourteen-ounce size for seventy-nine cents and saved fifty-six cents,

and that's equivalent to *seventy-one per cent* on your investment. Helen's small jar of face cream cost a quarter. The large size, for ninety-seven cents, saves eighty-one cents, the equivalent of *eighty-four per cent*. You could have made the same kind of savings on practically all your toiletries and cosmetics merely by switching from these small-size jobs to the large ones."

He grinned. "I'm afraid you've got me there. But please don't tell my clients. It's not that you're pointing out something I don't already know. Maybe Helen and I feel that good things come in small packages."

"So they do," I said, "but when they come in large ones, they're much cheaper."

The aptly termed "economy size" is by no means new in the merchandising field. Druggists were carrying large-sized packages even back in the gas-light era when deliveries were made with horse and buggy. But few people were aware of the money that could be saved on their purchase. Nobody had ever brought the true meaning of "economy size" home to the public with sufficient clarity to make it sit up and take notice.

Not until 1939, when the chain drugstores united in a nation-wide campaign to drive home to their customers how much they could save by buying the large sizes did people begin to realize the significance of the appropriately named "economy size." The first drive was so successful that it has been repeated by the chain drugstores and independent drugstores ever since.

Today there is hardly a drugstore in the land that does not dramatize to its customers the savings to be had in buying the economy size. The result is that the public is saving millions of dollars a year.

Despite the marked change in this respect compared with ten years ago, however, too many people, like my friend Ed, still go for the small sizes. If you ask them why, they can advance no good reason. Actually, they simply haven't bothered to figure it out.

These are the very people who are always running out of baby oil just when Junior develops a rash; who discover after the hot-water spray is turned on that they're all out of shampoo; who cut their finger and can't find an adhesive bandage; who wake up in the middle of the night with a sleep-destroying toothache and discover they have no aspirin in the house.

Economy size means economy of aggravation. No shortages, no emergencies that cannot be met. Economy size means economy of shopping effort. Why make three trips to the drugstore when one will suffice? And economy size means, of course, economy of dollars spent. The average American family can save more than twenty-five dollars a year at the drugstore by buying the large economy sizes. In these days of sky-high living costs, overlooking such an easy savings plan is downright inexcusable.

THE END

DO YOU KNOW?

During 1950, more than 11,000,000 pounds of aspirin was produced. In terms of the 5-grain tablets you buy at your drugstore, this means 15,400,000,000 tablets. A lot of headaches!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

About 1,000 B.C., the pharaoh of Egypt considered care of the royal medicine chest so important that he created an official with the imposing title of Superintendent of the Office for Measuring Drugs.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The ancient Greeks worried about how they could avoid making mistakes in compounding prescriptions. They finally hit on a novel idea. They decided to write prescriptions in the form of poetry. This procedure, they reasoned, would make Rx's easier to remember and would, at the same time, reduce the chances of error.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Here's just one of many examples to show how careful pharmacists must be. Barium sulfide and barium sulfate may look alike, but the first is a deadly poison, the second isn't. See how very careful the pharmacist must be when he reads prescriptions?

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

In the past, many noted people, impressed with the potency of drugs, have been fascinated by the art and science of mixing them in the preparation of medicines. Queen Elizabeth, for example, made a special hobby of pharmacy.



BEFORE ANY DATE... LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

...Stops Bad Breath for Hours

And her Mother was to blame...

POOR CHILD, she had no means of knowing why her first real party had been such a failure... why one boy after another coolly ignored her and whispered about her behind her back. The very night she wanted to be at her best, she was at her worst.

It can happen that way when halitosis (unpleasant breath) steps in. One little suggestion from her mother might have made the evening a delightful one instead of the nightmare it was.

Be Extra-Careful

To be extra-attractive, be *extra-careful* about your breath. Never take it for granted and never, never trust to momentary makeshifts. Always put your faith in Listerine Antiseptic, the *extra-careful* and trustworthy precaution against offending.

Sweetens for Hours

Listerine Antiseptic sweetens and freshens the breath—not for mere seconds or minutes, *but for hours.*

Yes, actual clinical tests showed: that in 7 out of 10 cases, breath remained sweet for more than four hours after the Listerine Antiseptic rinse. Never omit it before any date where you want to be at your best. Better still, make Listerine Antiseptic a night and morning "must". It gives you a wonderful feeling of greater assurance that you are desirable.

Though sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such oral fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
Division of The Lambert Company
St. Louis, Missouri

Picture of the Month

For the musicals of distinction, like "Showboat" and "An American in Paris", there is only one producer in the world. It is M-G-M, the company that has just turned out another ringing success.

Titled invitingly "The Belle of New York", this Technicolor refreshment incarnates the tender and merry side of the glamorous big town. Fred Astaire is its American in Manhattan, a free-handed, light-footed cosmopolitan millionaire.



Fred's trouble is, he aims to propose to as many girls as possible! Coping with the consequences are his purse-string aunt, Marjorie Main, and be-rattled attorney, Keenan Wynn, who are kept hopping faster and funnier than wienies on a hot griddle.

Coming home one cold, blue dawn, Fred meets nymphlike mission girl, Vera-Ellen. His reform is immediate and miraculous. Fred's so happy he literally dances on air, in a sensational show-stopping number that even excels his talked-about "ceiling" dance in "Royal Wedding".

Vera-Ellen also reforms! Divesting herself of modest mission garb, she emerges like a butterfly from the chrysalis, in opera hose and lace!

The winged loveliness of "The Belle of New York" takes its airy beat from the melodic new songs of Warren and Mercer, its airy brush from the brilliant Technicolor palette, and its infectious buoyancy from the inspired rhythm and groovy teamwork of Astaire and Vera-Ellen.

Their expertness is particularly apparent in the exquisite skating-in-Central Park number, a Currier and Ives print come to life.

All in all, we think you ought to step out with that bundle of charms, "The Belle of New York"!

* * *

"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK" starring FRED ASTAIRE, VERA-ELLEN and MARJORIE MAIN with Keenan Wynn, Alice Pearce, Clinton Sundberg and Gale Robbins. An M-G-M picture in color by Technicolor, screen play by Robert O'Brien and Irving Elmsom, screen adaptation by Chester Erskine, from the play by Hugh Morton, music by Harry Warren, lyrics by Johnny Mercer, directed by Charles Walters, produced by Arthur Freed.

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MARCH, 1952

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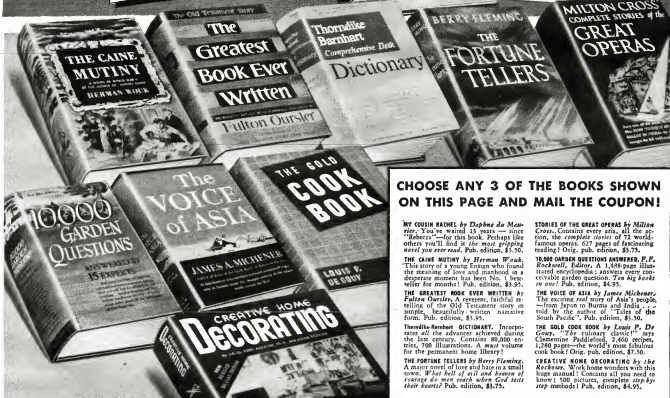
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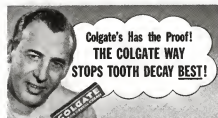
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What Goes On at Cosmopolitan

In which we reveal a well-known writer's past, recall an earthquake in Manhattan, and report (favorably) on female morals

Fulton Oursler, author of "The Book with All the Answers" (on page 40), is known to most Americans as an author (*The Greatest Story Ever Told* and *The Greatest Book Ever Written*). Mr. Oursler was just as spectacular as an editor. We happened to view his career in an earlier day when he was editor in chief of one of the national weeklies.



I.N.P.

Editor Oursler

One morning Mr. Oursler arrived with an idea, a not-at-all-uncommon condition for an editor. He summoned his art director and ordered him to obtain a painting of the then Prince of Wales, now Duke of Windsor. Mr. Oursler wanted not just any painting but one showing the prince saluting the reader, and in due time the painting adorned the magazine's cover. The day after that issue went on sale, the King of England died.

The issue was an immediate sellout, but a day or so afterward the publisher, greatly excited, called Mr. Oursler. "Fulton," he gasped, "get out of town right away. Scotland Yard is looking for you!"

◆ ◆ ◆
We go through all sorts of conceptions to bring you the bright material you find in COSMOPOLITAN. Take the feature "What Our Next President's Handwriting Reveals" (page 74). This began as a

fairly simple idea—to get samples of the handwriting of the various Presidential candidates and give them to a handwriting expert for his analysis. First thing we knew, some editor suggested that we get handwriting samples that wouldn't reveal the identity of the candidate to the handwriting man.

Handwriting that doesn't reveal the identity of a famous writer is a rarity. Take, for example, Truman: Most of his letters are typewritten and signed neatly "Harry S. Truman." In his case, we managed to get a handwritten postscript. The MacArthur and Eisenhower samples were snipped from autographed inscriptions to acquaintances. Senator Kefauver's came from a personal letter to one of the editors. Some of the others were borrowed from private secretaries with a sense of daring. The only important candidate to elude us was Governor Earl Warren of I.N.P.



The elusive word

California. Not a wastebasket in Sacramento was left unturned in our search, but the governor evidently isn't writing these days.

◆ ◆ ◆
Last month we reported on budget trips to Europe. The facts, in manuscript form, were too much

for one young lady in our office, Judy Tarcher flew the coop (via Air France) before we had even gone to press. She reports a delightful trip but her expression is still so removed that we have taken to addressing her in French (broken).



Judy Tarcher

Some people may be a trifle shocked by the title, "Are Nice Girls Safe in the Service?" (page 76). They will contend that it is, by implication, an affront to the honor of the women's services.

The sad fact is that, at the present writing, the old bogey of immorality is being raised in many homes and the new drive to recruit women for the armed services is not going well. We asked Miss Inez Robb to get the facts and report whether there is anything to these fears. Happily, there is not.

Eugene Lyons, author of "Ten Reasons Russia Won't Fight" (page 34), became disillusioned with the Russian experiment long ago—following twelve years in the Soviet Union as a correspondent. His books, *Assignment in Utopia*, *The Red Decade*, and *Stalin, Czar of All the Russias*, were firsthand reports on Communist tyranny—written while some were still thinking of Russia as a benevolent dictatorship. His next book will be a biography of General David Sarnoff, whose career proves so magnificently the promise of America.

We are particularly fond of the short novel in this issue by Margaret Culkin Banning (page 58). Undoubtedly many of you have

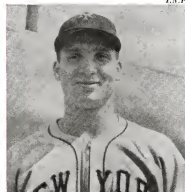
known ambitious, fast-climbing young men who are set upon by equally ambitious, fast-climbing young women—to the discomfiture of a wife who expressed her confidence in the young man before the world did. Often the wife is hard put to compete with the lacquered "other woman." How can she hold her husband?

Miss Banning's short novel offers an interesting discussion of the problem and by no means a conventional or pat solution. You may want to show it to a friend.

The earth tremor that was felt along the Eastern Seaboard last autumn was of a curious nature. It was caused by the passing of a small spherical object over a white pillow resting on Manhattan soil. At the precise moment of its passing, it was struck and sent at great speed in the opposite direction by a staff of wood. Wielding this staff was a young man named Bobby Thomson and the home run that resulted won the National League pennant for the New York Giants.

You can understand why Ralph

L.N.P.



Cloutier Thomson

Branca, the man who threw that ball, is the subject of an article by William C. Heinz entitled "Baseball Is No Fun" (page 70).

Want to take a short quiz? (1) Have you warm or cool eyes? (2) Who are the ten men who can paralyze America? (3) What is "Everybody's Past"? (4) What city smells to high heaven—and why? (5) Who is the Little Girl from Greenville? Answers to these titillating questions can be found in the April COSMOPOLITAN.



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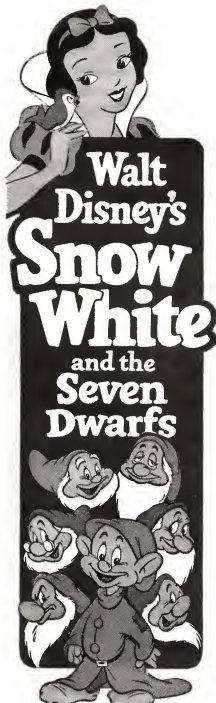


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"Whistle While You Work"
"Heigh-Ho"

"Someday My Prince Will Come"

**COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR**

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Readers Write

The Odds Are Against Them

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON: Wish I'd met Hlaywood Vincent, author of your December article "So You Want to Get Married," five years ago. If he'd been



willing to bet on his odds I'd be a rich woman now! Here are some he would have lost: I did get an engagement ring; I was engaged for a year and a half; my husband does not lie; he does remember birthdays and anniversaries. I'd have made a killing on the cause of our first serious argument—it was over my

putting an ice-cube tray back half full. Are we unusual—or just young?

—MRS. T. O. ROBERTSON

HERMOSILLO, MEXICO: How I have shattered all the statistics! I'm pure blonde. Gentlemen prefer brunettes? I was married successfully twice, the second time when I was 45. Odds against this, 65 to 1. The husband who lived to reach 60 was *not* bald. Although neither husband was a money-maker, I do own my home, debt-free—the odds against that are 140 to 1. And the second marriage was to my doctor. What's the score against that? 1700 to 1? A fig for statistics!

—PANKY

Brains in Government

WASHINGTON, D.C.: We have read with interest the article "How to Put Brains in Government," in the January issue. Articles such as yours can do much toward changing the view that a cheap federal wage schedule is a sound one, and that federal employees are a self-serving lot waxing fat at public expense.

—LUTHER C. STEWARD
PRESIDENT, NATIONAL FEDERATION
OF FEDERAL EMPLOYEES

Fabulous Reno!

RENO, NEVADA: "Fabulous Soda Fountains" by Caroline Bird, in your December issue, was truly good. But the Waldorf in Reno is not a drugstore or a soda fountain. It is a bar, casino,

and cafeteria. Please, no more mistakes about Reno. We like it the way it is.

—MRS. H. E. SULLIVAN

They All Said That

REVERE, MASSACHUSETTS: I've missed the feature "I Wish I'd Said That!" Here's hoping that this delightful word game reappears soon.

—A. DJINIVIS

Omitted for only one month (December), it was promptly restored in response to pleas from many readers who missed it.

—THE EDITORS

Willoughby Controversy

LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA: It is good to read a piece like Willoughby's ["The Truth About Korea," December issue], which rips into the ragpickers of modern literature who care nothing for accuracy, but thrive on sensational exaggerations.

—H. J. HOPPER

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON: It is my firm conviction that MacArthur must know the score in Korea far better than the five brave, swashbuckling reporters who were so generous with their advice and criticism.

—ALICE M. GLENN

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN: Your revealing article deserves hearty congratulations.

—MRS. GEORGE E. SZEKELY

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS: In publishing the Willoughby article, you hit a new low. Your attack on five good,



MacArthur and Willoughby

fearless, honest reporters was unjustified. It was gratifying to see the entire responsible portion of the American press and radio spring to their defense.

—G. F. ALCOTT

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: Willoughby's rantings made no sense.

—F. M. TRUMBULL

As these samples indicate, the score was sixty-fourty in favor of the general.

—THE EDITORS

THE TRUTH ABOUT VERMOUTH

What most Americans don't know about vermouth has spoiled many a cocktail. It's a safe bet that most people don't even know that vermouth is a wine. It's equally certain that a whole lot of drink-mixers do not realize that vermouth can make or break a cocktail. Here is something that should be posted in every amateur or professional bartender's habitat:

You don't *save* money with an inferior vermouth. You *lose* money. A poor vermouth can ruin cocktails mixed with perfectly good liquor. On the other hand, even medium-priced liquor can make an exceptional cocktail when you use a superior vermouth. On a dollar-and-common-sense basis, it pays to use Cinzano. You can *taste* the reasons but here they are, for the record.

Cinzano is the world's largest producer of vermouth. No other name in vermouth covers the world so completely as Cinzano. No other vermouth has so endeared itself to the tastes of people in every country. Travel where you will . . . you'll find Cinzano there, like an old friend, to welcome you. Cinzano was born in 1816. It has grown to be the biggest producer of vermouths simply because it produces the best. Your first cocktail made with Cinzano—or your first sip of Cinzano straight, in the Continental manner—will show you how delightful the best can be.

Cinzano is the world's only producer exporting Sweet Vermouth from Italy and Dry Vermouth from France. And what a difference this makes! French grapes, French wines have unique qualities which best fit them for the production of dry vermouth. So, Cinzano produces its Dry Vermouth right in the heart of the French wine country. Sweet vermouth is something else again. Italy grows the grapes that properly flavor a sweet vermouth. So, Cinzano goes to the province of Piedmont for muscatel grapes . . . and there, using a generations-old formula, produces the finest Sweet Vermouth in the world. No other producer does both. No other producer has the resources or experience to offer the choicest of Dry Vermouths, the choicest of Sweet Vermouths, each produced in its native country. It takes Cinzano, the biggest, to give you the best.

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IMPORTED VERMOUTHS
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What's New in Medicine

HARDENED LEG ARTERIES

can now be cut out and replaced with normal veins from other parts of the body. The hardened arteries block the blood flow through legs and feet, causing intense pain and fatigue. This new surgery has enabled patients who had been forced to stop work to return to their jobs.

EXPECTANT MOTHERS suffering from high blood pressure, dropsy, headache, and other symptoms of pre-eclampsia have been saved from developing eclampsia, which is characterized by convulsions and coma, by injections of Epsom salts into the muscles. This was the most effective of various treatments used in a recent study of 501 cases. Moreover, in cases in which eclampsia had already developed, Epsom-salts injections into the veins were most effective in saving lives.

TIC DOULOUREUX, a facial-nerve ailment in which knife-like pains shoot out to the side of the face, is sometimes relieved by dental treatment. Nerve-block injections and even nerve surgery have been necessary to relieve this intensely painful neuralgia when, as is frequent, painkillers were not effective. Recently, however, a neurosurgeon and a dental surgeon undertook a study based on the fact that many victims had severe malocclusion (improper bite). The doctors replaced lost teeth, recapped worn edges of teeth, and used other techniques to obtain proper bite. Thirty-six of the 54 patients they treated got relief from neuralgia.

MIGRAINE ATTACKS—even those well under way—are often stopped by a new preparation that includes ergotamine tartrate, caffeine, Bellafoline, and phenobarbital. This preparation has at least one side effect—drowsiness.

SHOULDER OR HAND PAINS

and other troublesome symptoms sometimes are the result of habitually holding the arms above the head during sleep or work. This was discovered in a study of 52 patients, some of whom also had numbness of the fingers or hands, discoloration and swelling of hands, ulceration of the fingertips, and other disturbances. In each case, the symptoms were caused by holding the arms in this position, which apparently constricts the major arteries in the arms. Patients got rid of their pain and other symptoms by avoiding the arms-above-head position.

GENERALLY SUBNORMAL

children who have repeated upper-respiratory infections and gain weight slowly may be thyroid-deficient. If so, X-rays of hands and wrists will show retarded bone development and microscopic study of the fingertips will reveal improperly developed blood capillaries. Thyroid extract produces over-all improvement.

DOGBITES should be treated like any other flesh wound—and not by acid cauterization, an agonizingly painful process that leaves permanent, disfiguring scars. Even if rabies virus is present, soap and water removes it more thoroughly than acids do. The doctor should wash out the wound with soap and water, cut away dead tissue, stitch up the wound, and perhaps put a mild antiseptic on surrounding skin.

PINWORMS, among the most common of human intestinal parasites, were eliminated by terramycin in 59 out of 61 cases. One person out of 3 has pinworms, and infection can occur at any age. Usually an entire family is afflicted. Itching is the most annoying symptom, but disturbed eating, weight loss, and anemia commonly occur, too.

LUMBAGO, fibrositis, bursitis, wry neck, rheumatoid arthritis of the spine, and other rheumatic conditions that are disabling because of stiffness and aching respond well to a drug called mephenesin. Out of 200 patients who were given it, 153 reported they could move the affected joints more easily.

FACIAL NEURALGIA recurring in an adult can result from thyroid deficiency. The patient feels an intense or dull ache or a throbbing pain that centers in or about the ear, over the forehead, or along the upper or lower jaw. It occurs when he is overly tired, and he is bothered by it for from one to 24 hours a week. Thyroid-deficient patients with this facial neuralgia get good results from thyroid treatment.

A SHORT LEG has been stimulated to grow faster than its normal mate by means of a relatively simple operation, thus far performed on two children. Twisted strands of copper and constantan, an alloy of nickel and copper, were inserted into the shaft of the shin bone, and the difference in metals produced a slight electrical current that stimulated bone growth. In one of the children, the short leg grew half an inch in 6 months while the normal leg grew only $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch. The surgery is painless, and both youngsters were running about a day later, paying no attention to the leg containing the wires. However, the technique is still in the experimental stage.

PROSTATE-CANCER victims suffering a relapse of the disease after castration or estrogen therapy were given injections of the female hormone progesterone. In 7 out of 10 cases, improvement was noted. Some patients reported complete absence of pain and better appetite.

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WAVE

Memo to Worried Minds

On the torments of jealousy, young love, and the human weaknesses of clergymen

BY DR. NORMAN VINCENT PEALE and GRACE PERKINS OURSLER

What thanks do I get?" is a question asked in many letters sent us. "I've done so much for these people, and not a thank-you!" Or, "It isn't the money, it's being taken for granted that burns me up." Or, "I've sacrificed half my life, I slave and go without—and not a word of thanks do I get." It's a sad complaint. St. Francis de Sales once said that the two hardest phrases for people to learn to use were "I'm sorry" and "Thank you."

A pastor in a busy port tacked up a sign on his church door after a bad storm. On it were the words "Lost at Sea" and a list of names. Soon there came protests, and after each he went out and crossed off a name. At the evening service he explained, "I was asked to pray for the safety of eleven people in Friday's shipwreck. Only two came back to ask me to give thanks for their safe return. I assumed, of course, that the other nine had gone down."

In the Bible is the record of ten lepers cleansed and

healed by Christ. Only one came back to Jesus "and fell down on his face at his feet, giving him thanks." And Jesus asked, "Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?"

That seems to be the percentage of gratitude in men's hearts. We should hardly expect to be treated better than Christ, or suppose our goodness will be more recognized. Most of us do not really wish or expect thanks for what we do or give. Giving in itself is a heady and nourishing joy, and if we are wise we give for God's sake.

But we should guard against failing on the gratitude side of the ledger. How often lately have you said, "Oh thanks—you're so good!" What's more to the point, how often can you manage to say it this coming week? Keep score. And watch the effects. Those wise to spiritual laws know that few prayers are more powerful than giving thanks. The more we thank God for our blessings, the more frequent, somehow, are the reasons and occasions for giving thanks.

Q. . . . I am tormented by jealousy and don't see how I can help it. No woman could, knowing what I know, and knowing that other people know, too, and are talking. Things could never be the same now anyway, even if he gave her up.

—Mrs. J. K. R., Chicago, Illinois

A. Few diseases of the soul are as painful or as destructive as jealousy. As human beings, we are possessive, and wandering interest strikes deeply at our ego. Infidelity cannot be condoned in any degree because it strikes at the sanctity of the marriage bond. But the fact that you are right and he is wrong is no guarantee of being comfortable and happy, is it? Jealousy can lead to attitudes and behavior no less sinful than his, and you cannot run this risk. Jealousy has been known to wreck homes, ruin opportunities, undermine physical and mental health, provoke violence. So you need every spiritual aid you can summon.

Cardinal Spellman has a wonderful story to guide anyone beset with spiritual perils. The thought of it may sustain you. A steamboat captain was asked by an anxious passenger, "Do you know where every hazard is in this river?"

"No, sir," the captain said, "I don't know where every hazard is in this river. But I do know where they are not, and that's where I do my sailing."

Develop, then, thoughts that will channel you into safe waters.

Remember that temptation is incomprehensible to those who have not experienced it. You cannot possibly judge this man, who needs your prayers and help. As for the other woman, can you take the advice Christ gave in the Sermon on the Mount?—"Love your enemies . . . pray for them which despitefully use you." This is difficult, yet we know that Christ did not ask the impossible or demand other than what is right and wise. Make what effort you can, however feeble, and put your "enemy" in God's hands. He is the loving Father of these two erring children, too.

Perhaps if you take a good inventory of yourself you can spot pretty accurately some failings that may have contributed to your misfortune. If so, work to change them, and the doing will help distract you from morbid thoughts. It may even readjust your life to happiness. Perhaps there is nothing on your part that brought this about. Your husband may even

love you deeply, but be in the throes of an obsession that has overcome him. If he were suffering from a hideous and revolting disease he would have your sympathy and care, even if it sickened you to be near him. You married him for better or for worse. Did you mean it?

Q. My daughter is in love with a worthless boy. It is breaking our hearts. It's not that he's a bad boy—he's just no good. We planned so much for her. I've prayed that she might be blessed with a good husband and a good marriage, but . . .

—J. Y. K., Flint, Michigan

A. It's impossible for us to judge this lad who "is not bad but is no good." Or whether you are justified in your grief, or are merely critical of what may be the answer God is sending to your prayers. Often, you know, we don't fancy the looks of the answer, and think our prayer is unheard!

We do know of one young girl who suffered from a similar romantic upheaval. This youngster had been forbidden to see or hear from the boy she loved. One day she happened to find a love (Continued on page 114)

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BEST PRODUCTION—Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn are superlative as lovers in "The African Queen," a thrilling and moving drama of war against storms, the jungle, and the German enemy in the heart of the Belgian Congo.

Movie Citations

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS



BEST COMEDY—In "Sailor Beware," it's the United States Navy vs. recruit Jerry Lewis.

Back in the thirties, *The African Queen*—a slim, not very successful little book by C. S. Forester—was sold to the movies. It has taken some fifteen years for it to be released as a finished production, made by Horizon Pictures for United Artists distribution. An inspired quartet, composed of producer S. P. Eagle, director John Huston, and stars Katharine Hepburn and Humphrey Bogart, has turned it into the Best Production of the Month—a romantic drama that is startlingly original, adventurous, sometimes improbable but always exciting.

Filmed on location in Africa, "The African Queen" is the love story of a British lady-missionary and a dissolute river-steamer captain (from whose boat the film gets its title) caught in the Belgian Congo during the first World War.

Huston has directed with a subtlety surpassing even his "The Treasure of Sierra Madre." His approach to every situation is fresh and stimulating, and the Technicolor camerawork is a triumph of the photographer's and director's art. The character drawing is finer than anything that has been on the screen in a long time. Both stars have given Academy Award performances, with Bogart demonstrating a hitherto unshown ability to project great sensitivity through a crude and gross exterior, and



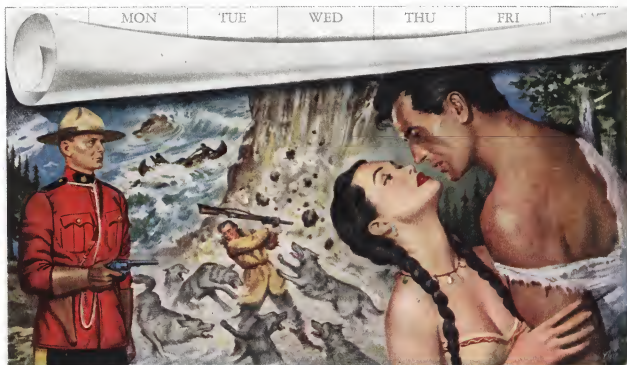
Romantic Dean Martin and his pal are hilarious as gobs unprecedented in naval history.

More Cosmopolitan Citations on pages 14 and 15

M-G-M

M-G-M's Movie-of-the-Month Calendar

MARCH



"THE WILD NORTH" starring STEWART GRANGER, WENDELL COREY with CYD CHARISSE is an unforgettable drama of savage passions and spectacular adventure. In an entertainment that is reminiscent of the magnitude and excitement of "King Solomon's Mines", M-G-M has now captured the breath-taking beauty and the untamed fury of the white jungles of the Northland in wonderful new *Anisco Color!*

APRIL



"SINGIN' IN THE RAIN" starring GENE KELLY, DONALD O'CONNOR and DEBBIE REYNOLDS in a musical extravaganza as gaily glamorous as Hollywood... in *Technicolor!*

MAY



"SKIRTS AHOY!" stars ESTHER WILLIAMS, JOAN EVANS and VIVIAN BLAINE as three bewitching Waves in a song-and-dance musical romance enriched with glorious *Technicolor!*



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Movie Citations

(Continued from page 12)

Hepburn eloquently portraying a passionate woman hiding beneath the rigid exterior of an icy spinster.

"The African Queen" is tremendous entertainment that cannot be praised too highly.

"Sailor Beware" is the fifth Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis comedy Paramount has made. In this one, producer Hal Wallis has tossed the pair into sailor suits, made Jerry



BEST WESTERN—Charming Susan Cabot is the wife of Jeff Chandler, once again playing the Indian leader Cochise, in "The Battle at Apache Pass," a fine example of how good a well-made Western can be.

allergic to women, and included Corinne Calvet for him to run from.

The lines are hilarious; there are eight good songs, pretty Marion Marshall, and a cast full of good actors, as well as the United States Navy. But the stars make it difficult to concentrate on anything other than Dean and Jerry as they romp all over Uncle Sam's first line of defense. The boys are in top form, and once again they have succeeded in making theirs the Best Comedy of the Month.

The Cosmopolitan Citation for the Best Western of the Month goes to "The Battle at Apache Pass," a Universal-International offering filmed in Technicolor against the magnificent scenery of Utah and Arizona. It is fast-paced, fast-played, and directed with real style by George Sherman.

The film's depiction of the bitter duel for supremacy between the honorable and peace-loving Cochise and the famed Geronimo, rival chieftains of the Apache Nation, is taken from the colorful history of the American Indian. The hero of "The Battle at Apache Pass" is Cochise, whose warriors, wrongfully accused of a crime against the white settlers, are

forced into a decade-long battle with the American Army.

Jeff Chandler's performance as Cochise is spectacular. Playing the same character in "Broken Arrow," one of the outstanding pictures of 1950, Chandler won a well-deserved Academy Award nomination. "The Battle at Apache Pass" is a much less pretentious production, but Chandler is equally great. It is not often that an actor is fortunate enough to find just the right part in just the right picture, and Chandler makes the most of it with his thrilling characterization.

Twentieth Century-Fox is presenting this month's most original film, "Phone Call from a Stranger," in which strip-teaser Shelley Winters, doctor Michael Rennie, traveling man Keenan Wynn, and lawyer Gary Merrill meet on a westbound plane. The "Grand Hotel" formula is always sound, but the novelty of this picture is that the suspense lies not so much in waiting for disaster to strike—the plane crashes early in the film—but in the subsequent actions of Merrill, the sole survivor of the wreck.

There is not a trite line or situation in this brilliant screen play by Nunnally Johnson. His theatrical know-how has enabled him to weave the drama back and forth so shrewdly that Shelley, Wynn, and Rennie, while technically out of the action, are always present—their lives explained, their tangled emotions analyzed.

The entire cast is excellent, undoubtedly inspired by the example and competition of Bette Davis; for, in a gesture that demonstrates once again her dramatic sagacity and artistic stature, she appears in a bit role in the last fifteen minutes of the film, and succeeds in making the picture really great. THE END



MOST ORIGINAL FILM—"Phone Call from a Stranger" stars Shelley Winters, Gary Merrill as passengers on a disaster-bound plane. Bette Davis' magnificent performance in a bit role adds the finishing touch.



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Jon Whitcomb's Page



THE GROWL GIRLS. The sound comes from way back in their throats, and not all your favorite singers can do it. But a growl is standard equipment for passages in low-down blues, and I've been keeping score on its foremost practitioners. The slickest growling can be found in recordings by these experts: Beatrice Kay. Martha Raye, Yma Sumac, Pearl Bailey, and the all-time Tonsil-Talent Queen, Ethel Waters.

STUDY IN FRUSTRATION. Classical way for beginners to infiltrate *The Theatre* is to get a job as understudy for one of the cast. Actors come down with

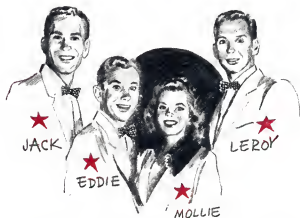


colds, sprain their ankles, fall down manholes, and in general aren't much luckier than the average Joe. Where actors differ from the rest of us, however, is that they go on working in the face of assorted disasters. Take Margaret O'Brien, for instance, who played two

weeks in "*Child of the Morning*" up in Boston with a high temperature and sniffles. A young lady named Melinda Markey waited in the wings, counting the sniffles and waiting for the star to collapse. (She didn't.) Melinda knew all Margaret's lines, attended every performance from start to finish, as her contract specified, and every rehearsal. Her salary for hovering and hoping: \$125 a week. Before the play closed to bad notices, Melinda had been ready, willing, and able for twenty performances. "That girl was sick," Melinda says, tossing her hair. "Should have been in bed."

EMERGENCY VAUDEVILLE. Not many suburban housewives have impromptu stage shows in their living rooms before dinner, but I met one recently who

did. While whipping up a cake, she answered a knock at the kitchen door and found a young couple shivering in the winter dusk. "Car broke down on the parkway," they said, teeth chattering. "The rest of the quartet is trying to fix it. Can we call Jon Whitcomb from here?" Our housewife brushed flour off her nose, telephoned me the S O S herself, rescued the other singers in her own car, lit a log fire, mixed cocktails, and when I arrived to collect my missing guests, was still behaving like a woman who had just written a textbook on hospitality. In the living room every light was blazing and a little boy and his grandparents sat in a row applauding while "The Sunnysiders" thawed



out their night-club routines. Nowadays Mollie Brady, LeRoy Hale, Eddie Dean, and Jack Bradley work at the Beachcomber Club in Miami Beach before larger, more sophisticated audiences, but none more enthusiastic. As we prepared to leave for my house, the hostess said wistfully, "It was such fun. Wish my husband could have heard you. But he's in New York tonight taking a singing lesson."

BORNY IN SAWDUST. I've always loved the circus, but my visits to the Ringling Bros. were always followed by a stiff neck. Consequently it's a pleasure to report that Cecil B. DeMille has licked all this head-swiveling by making a superb movie of "*The Greatest Show on Earth*." You can look straight at the screen and see dandy Technicolor close-ups of circus details that used to be a blur. The clowns are superclowns, the animals are exciting, and everybody has a front seat to watch Betty Hutton fly through the air. I loved it.




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Practical Travel Guide

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We have always wanted to see the cherry blossoms in Washington, D.C. Will you give us the dates?

—Mrs. L. M., Brockton, Massachusetts

A—Mother Nature, of course, sets the dates for the blooming of the cherry trees. But, based on her past performance, April 2nd to 6th has been set for the 1952 Cherry Blossom Festival. The big event of the festival will be an illuminated-float parade at night, in which all 48 states have been invited to make entries.

Actually, Washington has two cherry-blossom periods. First come the single blooms and then, several days later, the more spectacular double blooms. The blossoms are at their best about a week after the first announcement, which is widely reported in the newspapers. They last about ten days.



Cherry-blossom time in Washington, D.C.

On our vacation trip to Mexico we want to see something more than the big cities and tourist centers. Where can we find the "real" Mexico?

—C. M., Boston, Massachusetts

A—No matter where you go in Mexico you will find picturesque villages and colorful native life just off the main road. One of my favorite places is Oaxaca, where many of the pedestrians around the main square are barefooted Indians and where you walk a block from the center of town and feel as though you had traveled back four

centuries in time. Another spot is the Toluca Valley, only a day's drive from Mexico City, where the people live in tiny craft villages as they have for centuries. Also, the fishing villages by Lake Patzcuaro are truly native.

On your trip to Mexico you will find that despite modern highways, hotels, and motels, the picture-book Mexico is always just around the next bend.

We have made several automobile trips with friends and have always run into trouble working out a formula for sharing expenses. Have you a solution? —J. W., Ardmore, Oklahoma

A—Thousands of people have faced that problem, and finding a solution—particularly when you are dealing with personal friends—is not easy. Passengers on an automobile trip frequently fail to realize that depreciation, wear and tear, and servicing of the car both before and after the trip are just as much a part of the expense of a motor journey as gasoline is.

Here is my formula:

I consider my five tires and tubes worth about \$125. Figuring their life at 25,000 miles, I charge off 1/25th of their value, or \$5, for a 1,000-mile motor trip. My car is worth \$2,500. Setting its useful life at 50,000 miles, I take 1/50th of its value, or \$50, as depreciation on a trip of 1,000 miles.

Both before and after an extended motor trip, I have a complete check-up and service job by a reliable dealer. Although your car-instruction manual may say to change the oil and have the car greased only every 2,500 miles, you will find that a 1,000-mile trip on open highways puts added strain on the automobile because you are driving at high speeds and for long stretches.

I add the cost of these two jobs, the estimated depreciation on automobile and tires, and the actual cost of gasoline and oil during the trip, and then divide the grand total by the number of adults who are making the trip.

Turn to page 94 for this month's Budget Trip to Bermuda.

Send all budget-trip requests to **EDWARD R. DOOLING**, Director, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York 19, New York. Descriptive literature will be cheerfully furnished, but it is not possible for us to make individual replies to all the requests for information we receive.

"This 8-hour shower left me dry!"

"Again and again through the shooting of this picture, I was dripping wet. You know how drying *that* is to skin!" Happily, there was wonderful Jergens Lotion to use after every 'take'. There's no quicker way to restore softness to dry skin.



ESTHER WILLIAMS
co-star of
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's
"SKIRTS AHOY!"
Color by Technicolor

"To get this comedy sequence, I was literally doused for hours." What a relief to smooth on soothing Jergens! It's so quick and easy to use—never leaves any sticky film.



A scene like this is worse for hands than mopping 20 kitchens. So see why Jergens helps so fast. Smooth one hand with Jergens Lotion—the other with any lotion or cream . . .



Then wet them. Water won't 'bead' on the hand smoothed with Jergens as it will with an oily care. No wonder stars prefer Jergens Lotion 7 to 11



"For close-ups with co-star Barry Sullivan, my skin was smooth again." Jergens makes it easy to keep skin soft in spite of chores or chapping.



Keep your hands lovely. Use Jergens Lotion and see why it's used by more women than any other hand care in the world. 10¢ to \$1.00, plus tax.

How to Get It from the Government

Studying here and abroad, garden and kitchen aids, other timely items **BY STACY V. JONES**

LATIN-AMERICAN FELLOWSHIPS

Twenty or more one-year fellowships for graduate study or research in Latin-American countries are open annually to American graduate students who know Spanish, Portuguese, or French.

The United States Government pays for transportation both ways, and the receiving country pays tuition and a monthly maintenance allowance. In some cases there is also a small allowance for books and incidentals, but a student should have some pocket money of his own. For information, address the International Educational Programs Branch, United States Office of Education.

POINT FOUR JOBS

Foreign travel and rewarding work, if somewhat primitive living conditions, are offered to 750 men and women by the Technical Cooperation Administration, a new agency in the State Department. TCA is recruiting Point Four technicians to serve in Latin America, Africa, the Middle East, and South Asia, at salaries ranging from \$3,500 for clerical workers to \$10,000 for experienced specialists, plus living allowances that vary with the area.

Through the Point Four program (which drew its popular name from its position in President Truman's 1949 inaugural address), the United States is trying to improve the health, education, and know-how of the people of underdeveloped countries so as to help them become economically independent.

Most of the openings are for specialists in agriculture, health, and education, but there are places for men and women with training in many other fields. For the technical jobs, the general requirements are a graduate degree and three to five years' professional experience. Knowledge of at least one foreign language is desirable.

The process of getting a Point Four job takes about four months: FBI clearance alone takes three. The hiring is done by the personnel offices

of the cooperating "action agencies." If you're an agronomist, therefore, apply to the Department of Agriculture; if you're a medical officer, to the Public Health Service; and if you're a teacher, to the Office of Education. If you're interested in Latin America you may, however, address the Institute of Inter-American Affairs (now part of TCA), whatever your field. Work will be done in all Latin-American countries except Argentina. General information on the jobs, with a list of the hiring agencies, may be obtained from TCA.

GETTING INTO ANNAPOLIS

A boy who wants to enter the United States Naval Academy should lay his plans a couple of years before he finishes high or preparatory school in order to meet the exacting physical and scholastic requirements. First write the Chief of Naval Personnel for a copy of "Regulations Governing the Admission of Candidates into the Naval Academy." Then if you feel qualified apply to your representative or senator. Each is entitled to have five men in the Academy at any one time, and may have several vacancies to fill in a single year. Competitive appointments are open to other groups listed in the regulations, including regular and reserve enlisted men and the sons of regular officers and enlisted men.

KITCHEN ECONOMIES

High food prices are swelling the demand for copies of the Department of Agriculture's Leaflet 289, "Money-Saving Main Dishes," which contains 150 recipes tested by Government home-economics experts. The producers' current campaign to persuade us all to eat "Turkey for Easter" calls attention to another favorite, "Turkey on the Table the Year Round" (Farmers' Bulletin 2011). Agriculture's experts say that, with the meaty modern bird, there's usually no better buy than turkey. Single copies of either booklet are yours free from the Office of Information, Department of Agriculture.

FOUR-FOOTED PESTS

The best weapon against the mole, that diligent little fellow who tunnels through your lawn every spring, is the harpoon type of trap obtainable at a hardware store. Tests by the Fish and Wildlife Service have shown that poisons don't tempt the mole because he confines his diet to live insects, earthworms, and grubs. Trapping instructions are given in "Mole Control," 15 cents from the Superintendent of Documents.

A new poison hailed by the service as effective against rats and mice is warfarin, a University of Wisconsin discovery that is now the active ingredient in many commercial rodenticides. Look for the name on the label. If you want more information about the substance, write the Fish and Wildlife Service for its leaflet "Use of Warfarin for the Control of Rats and Mice." The Superintendent of Documents has "Rat Control Methods" and "Control of Destructive Mice" at 15 cents each. "Ratproofing Buildings and Premises" is a dime, and so is "Capturing Foxes."

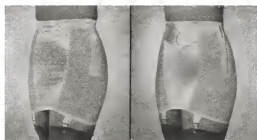
If you have some special animal or bird-pest problem, ask Fish and Wildlife for advice.

HEARING CLINICS

If Grandpa is getting a mite deaf, he can find out which hearing aid is best for him by trying various types at one of the hundred clinics operated by chapters of the American Hearing Society. A study by the National Bureau of Standards has shown that hearing aids should be selected by actual test. General advice and a list of the clinics are given in "Selection of Hearing Aids," a new NBS circular sold for 15 cents by the Superintendent of Documents.

STRANGE BUGS

The Bureau of Entomology and Plant Quarantine of the Department of Agriculture will identify an insect if you send it into them, and will tell you how to deal with it. But send the specimen; a description isn't enough.



Left—Here's an ordinary girdle with uncomfortable bones.
Right—Change to a "Perma-lift" Girdle with the Magic Inset, and enjoy the difference in lasting beauty and comfort.

Look for the Magic Inset and

Enjoy the difference

You want your girdle to make you beautifully slim and trim, but you want to be comfortable too. Your "Perma-lift"™ Girdle guarantees all you want and more. Be sure you get the right length, it's so important—and be sure to enjoy the amazing comfort of the Magic Inset.

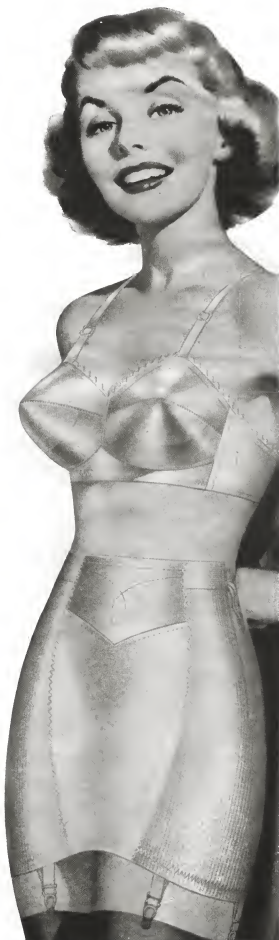
1. The Magic Inset eliminates uncomfortable poking, pinching bones.
2. The Magic Inset guarantees that your "Perma-lift"™ Girdle won't roll over, wrinkle or bind.
3. The Magic Inset never loses its "stay-up" smartness no matter how often you wash it or wear it—outlasts the life of the garment.

Have your favorite corsetiere fit you in the proper length "Perma-lift" Girdle today and enjoy the difference. Modestly priced from \$5.00 to \$18.50.



Perma-lift Girdles in **4** Lengths. Tall, tiny or in-between, there's a Perma-lift Girdle in the perfect length for you.

® "Perma-lift"™—A trade mark of A. Stein & Company—Chicago—New York—Los Angeles (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)



Girdle illustrated—No. 3715—\$8.50, Bra illustrated—No. 69—\$3

*The
Cosmopolitan Look
By
Virginia C. Williams*

FASHION EDITOR

Beauty in the fabric

Focus your attention on these striking fashions made of a new and very handsome Celanese acetate fabric. It has the lustrous finish of alpaca, holds its shape through a lifetime of dry cleaning, is comfortable to wear, and moths ignore it. **Above:** Wonderfully wearable suit with a short jacket, flared skirt with stitched pleats. Gray, medium-blue, pink. About \$40. Wear Right gloves. Echo scarf. **Opposite page:** Beautiful town suit designed to give a long lean body line. Its round collar, side pockets, and turnback cuffs are bound in black faille. Rustic-brown, turquoise, and



navy. About \$35. Bernard Workman hat. Josef handbag. Castlecliffe pearls. **Inset photograph:** Raincoat-greatcoat with a tremendous future, to wear with day clothes; good-looking enough to wear over your most elegant dinner dress. The shape of this coat, cut to wear with comfort over a suit, is new and important. Gray, turquoise, and red. About \$30. Kay Fuchs doeskin gloves. Town umbrella. The suits and raincoat, designed by Duchess Royal, come in sizes 8 to 16, and are available at all Saks Fifth Avenue stores; Jenny, Cincinnati; The Addis Company, Syracuse.

(Continued on next page)

WANT EXCITING NEW

Color

TO GLORIFY
YOUR HAIR?



TAKE
YOUR CHOICE:

Sparkling Color-Highlights Nestle COLORINSE

Make your hair gleam with glorious color-highlights and silken sheen. It's easy... with Nestle Colorinse! 10 glamorous shades that rinse in... shampoo out! 6 rinses 25¢*, 14 rinses 50¢*.



Richer, Temporary Color Tints Nestle COLORTINT

Give your hair longer-lasting color glamour with Nestle Colortint. Enrich your natural hair color or try exciting new color effects. Blend in streaked, bleached, dyed or graying hair. 10 shades. 6 capsules 25¢*, 14 capsules 50¢*.



Lighter, Brighter Hair Color

Nestle LITE OIL SHAMPOO HAIR LIGHTENER

Lighten your hair from 1 to 10 shades with new, revolutionary Nestle LITE Shampoo Hair Lightener. The ONLY non-ammonia hair lightener—can not make hair dry, brittle or straw-y looking. Patented conditioning oil base leaves hair soft and lustrous. \$1.50*, retouch size 50¢*, plus tax



The Cosmopolitan Look (continued)

Spring to Your Feet



New and pretty, the pastel-kid pump with a slender high heel and near cutout on the vamp to give it the feeling of spring. Comes in a wide range of pastel shades to wear with light or dark clothes. About \$15. By Tweedie Footwear.

Dress-parade pump to wear with all your full-skirted party clothes. It's an open-toe sling pump, held firmly to the foot by slender straps. Comes in dark calf or in black patent. About \$16. By Valley. At Thomas Irwin, San Diego.



Right for spring, the perennially favorite shell pump, in smooth, polished calf with a white underlay that shows through the perforated topline. In green, russet, or white. About \$12. By Velvet Step. At Saks Shoe Stores, Houston.

...It's News!



News for suits, this closed-top, open-back sling pump with slender white piping and slim bow decorating the vamp. Available in navy calf only. About \$16. Designed by Made-moiselle Shoes. At Lord & Taylor, New York.

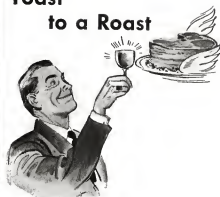
Spring sandal with a pair of straps crossed over the instep to give it distinction. Solid blue calf; black patent leather; combinations of pastel kid; and in cobra, either beige, or red with green. About \$13. By Queen Quality.



Featherweight pump for springtime walks in the city. Navy calf or black suede. Added for coolness and charm: a heart-shaped cutout of nylon mesh across the vamp. About \$11. By Enna Jettick. At Bloomingdale's, New York.

(Continued on next page)

Toast to a Roast



And a toast to the *best* who companions steaks, chops and game with Taylor's New York State Burgundy. Dry and crisp, the mellow maturity, the clear tang of autumn is in every ruby, regal drop! Take *nothing* less than Taylor's Burgundy (or Claret) wherever fine wines are served or sold. The Taylor Wine Co., Vineyardists and Producers.

TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
Wines and Champagnes



From the "Garden of the Vines" in New York State comes this Captured Flavor

From the famous cellars at Hammondsport, New York

Just right...any way you figure...

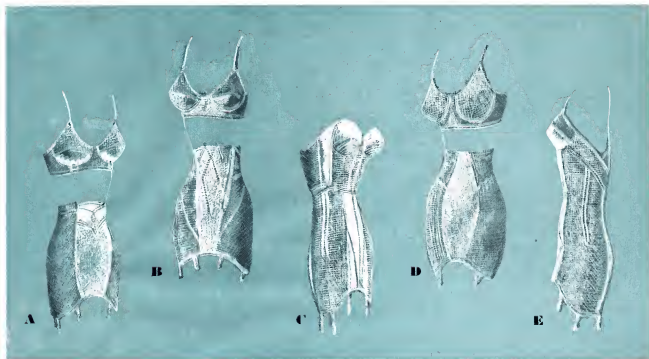


Figure flattery for spring fashions. **A.** Leno-elastic and satin Lastex girdle. 24 to 34. Under \$9. Sheer nylon bra. A and B cups, 32 to 38. \$2.50. Perma-Lift. Mandel Brothers, Chicago. **B.** Soft girdle with Leno-elastic front panel for extra support. 26 to 38. \$12.50. Comfortable satin-elastic bra. A, B, C, D cups, 32 to 42. About \$6. Warner. Saks 34th Street, New York. **C.** New strapless all-in-one of nylon Leno. B and C cups, 32 to 40 (odd and even). \$18.50. The Body by Frances Sider. Neiman-Marcus, Dallas. **D.** Lastex cinch-waist girdle. 25 to 30. About \$9. Good nylon-taffeta bra with stitched cups. A, B, C cups, 32 to 38. \$3. Formfit. J. L. Brandeis, Omaha. **E.** Light, boneless nylon power-net step-in combination. Perfect for the young figure. 32 to 38. About \$13. By Flexees. Saks 34th Street, New York.

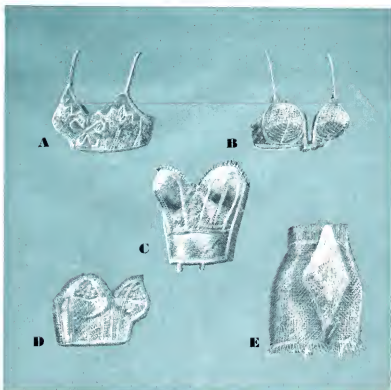
A. Nylon-lace bra with magic bow. 32 to 40. A cup, \$4.50; B and C cups, \$5. By Bali. B. Altman, New York.

B. Sheer nylon bra, shaped cups. A and B cups, 32 to 38. About \$6. By Peter Pan. At A. Harris, Dallas.

C. Satin long-line bra designed for ease. B and C cups, 34 to 40. \$5. Exquisite Form. Saks 34th, New York.

D. Strapless bra of satin and sheer nylon. A cup, 32 to 36; B cup, 32 to 38. \$1.50. Lovable. J. N. Adam, Buffalo.

E. Panty girdle of nylon power net. Frill trim. Small, medium, large. About \$6. Fortuna. Loeser's, Brooklyn.



Illustrations by de Mazon

Traditionally the Finest



Gracious hospitality is a treasured tradition of our Southland where good food and fine beverages are part of the art of living. That's why MILLER HIGH LIFE... the beer of traditional quality... has been so cordially received

...in New Orleans...and the other beautiful communities that grace the South.

Highlight *your* hospitality by proudly serving MILLER HIGH LIFE...

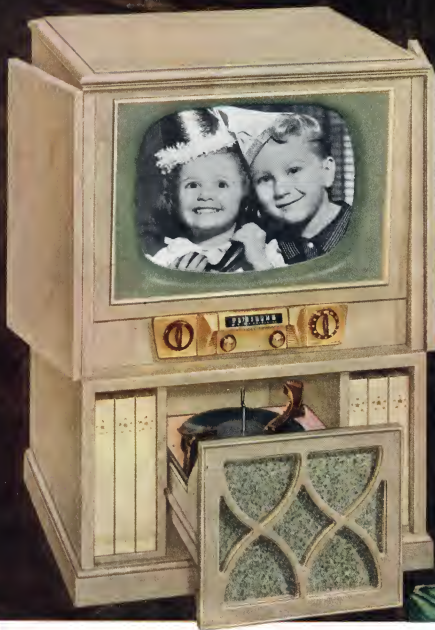
the Champagne of Bottle Beer. Brewed and bottled by the Miller Brewing Company ONLY...and ONLY in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Photography by Leslie Gail
Drawn by Faye Lester

Miller's
HIGH LIFE

The Champagne of Bottle Beer





NEW **21"**
Admiral

TV HOME THEATRE
IN A CABINET
ONLY 28" WIDE!

Featuring revolutionary new "cylindrical face" picture tube that stops annoying reflections. It's another Admiral "first"!



Take your choice! Television ... clear as the movies on a big family size 21" picture tube. Dynamagic radio ... a new thrill for your listening pleasure. Triple-play phonograph (33 $\frac{1}{3}$, 45, 78 rpm) ... up to five hours of recorded music

with one loading. Choose one ... choose all ... you're set for a wonderful evening with an Admiral. It's a complete home theatre ... yours in a smart compact cabinet measuring only 28 inches wide. In walnut, mahogany or blonde. At leading dealers everywhere. Admiral 17" TV ... as low as \$189.95





... a gray skirt, yellow sweater, tan polo coat, and innocent expression. A shocking, enthralling short mystery novel telling why some girls leave school suddenly and forever • By Hillary B. Vaughn

Marilyn Lowell Mitchell, a pretty eighteen-year-old freshman, after attending her Friday-morning classes at Parker College in Bristol, Massachusetts, lay down on her bed in Lambert Annex, explaining to her roommate that she was ill. When lunch hour came, Lowell changed into a skirt and sweater, slipped on a polo coat, and walked out of the dorm. No one saw her leave.

At dinner that night, three of Lowell's friends, deciding that she had gone to the infirmary, went over there to see how she felt. They were surprised

to learn that she had not been at the infirmary at all that day.

By midnight their surprise had turned to alarm, and they went up the stairs of the dorm to the door of the faculty resident's room. Hilda Gunther knocked at the door. When the faculty resident answered sleepily from the dark room, Hilda said urgently, "Miss Grenfell, Lowell Mitchell isn't in yet, and nobody's seen her since noon."

"What time is it?"

"Quarter past twelve."

There was the sound of creaking bedsprings.



LAST SEEN WEARING...

(continued)

and a slot of yellow light appeared under the door. Then the door opened and a pretty twenty-six-year-old brunette stood there tying the sash of her dressing gown and blinking the sleep from her eyes. "Lowell's missing? What happened?" she asked anxiously.

Peggy Woodling, Lowell's roommate, explained: Lowell had complained of feeling ill that morning, she had lain down on her bed, and she hadn't been seen since the lunch hour. "I don't know how sick she was," Peggy said. "Mitch never lets on how she feels about things."

"Maybe she went home. Did she fill out a blue card?"

"A blue card! Of course. She could have just made the one-thirty train."

"That must be it," Miss Grenfell said with relief.

"I suppose," Hilda said tentatively, "we ought to make sure."

Miss Grenfell compressed her lips. "I don't like to wake Mrs. Sherwood. I'm sure Lowell wouldn't leave without filling out a blue card." She hesitated. "Still, if there's any question—" She came to a decision. "Wait here while I dress."

Lowell had not filled out a blue card. Mrs. Sherwood said when the four girls roused her from sleep. "Why do you ask?" she added. "What's the trouble?"

Miss Grenfell explained.

The housemother's brow clouded. "Come in." She led the way to her parlor, sat down in a fragile chair in front of her secretary, stared absently at the desktop for a moment. Then she said, "We'd better call her parents."

Mrs. Sherwood's call was brief and terse. When she hung up she said, "She didn't go home," and the fright in her voice gave it an edge. "Mr. Mitchell is coming up tomorrow." She pulled a paper tissue from her bathrobe pocket to pat her brow.

Peggy said, sounding frightened, "What are we going to do?"

Mrs. Sherwood dialed another number. "Mrs. Kenyon? This is Mrs. Sherwood at Lambert. Something extremely serious has come up. One of our girls is missing. Her name is Lowell Mitchell. She's been gone since noon. I think you should come over right away and take charge, unless you would rather I call the police." She nodded vaguely while she listened, and her normally white complexion was gray in the unflattering light. She said, "All right. We'll wait for you there," and hung up. She rose unsteadily, clutching the chair. "You'd better all go back to the Annex. The warden is going to want to talk to you. I'll be over as soon as I get dressed."

Mrs. Kenyon was a gruff, masculine

(Continued on next page)

He wasn't going to kill her, but he wanted to shut her up—and, because he was mad, he wanted to hurt her.





LAST SEEN WEARING... (continued)

woman, tall and commanding. She questioned the girls at length, primarily about Lowell's dates and morals. She was obviously nettled by their insistence that Lowell had no special beau and that her morals were above reproach. She looked over Lowell's belongings and read her letters and a five-year diary, but found no clues. She pocketed Lowell's address book and phoned the Bristol hospital and morgue, without result.

"In the morning," she said, and there was no mistaking the vexation in her voice, "I'll have the campus police search the grounds. If we don't find her then, I'm afraid we're in for a mess. We'll have to call in the—police." She had as much trouble getting the word out as she would have an obscenity. She turned to the shuddering housemother. "There'll be unfortunate publicity and scandal, and we'll feel it in next year's registration. As for you girls, you're going to have to bare your souls. I don't think you'll like it very much. Now, is there anything you want to say before I go—anything at all that might have some bearing on this matter?"

The lines around the warden's mouth grew deeper as the girls looked at her in silence. She strode out.

At the breakfast table in Lambert the next morning, there was only one topic of conversation. Where was Lowell Mitchell? The news of her disappearance had spread like measles through the dorm.

Down by Parker Lake, campus police went through the boathouse, opening lockers and storeroom doors. They went up the stairs to the loft. Then they worked their way through the woods at the north end of the lake.

In Hancock Hall, the janitor climbed the ladder to the skylight and got out on the roof. Next he went down to the basement, got on a chair, and looked in the paper baler.

In the library, Mrs. Sheldon sent her shelf attendants scurrying through the stacks.

Across the river, Mrs. Gordon, the physical-education director, opened equipment lockers and turned on the swimming-pool lights.

By the time the grin-faced Carl Bemis Mitchell, father of the missing girl, swung down from the one-fifteen local and commandeered a cab, every inch of the campus (with the exception of Parker Lake) had been searched.

Mitchell went first to Lambert Annex. He burst in on a bridge game and said tightly, "I'm Carl Mitchell. Is there any news of my daughter?"

Hilda scrambled to her feet and took him over to Mrs. Sherwood, who called Mrs. Kenyon. After Mrs. Kenyon told him what steps had been taken, Mitchell, angry that it had not been done before, called the police.

Frank W. Ford, the grizzled, fifty-eight-year-old chief, took the call and immediately assigned Detective Sergeant Burton K. Cameron and Plainclothesman Donald C. Lassiter to the case.

Cameron gathered Mr. Mitchell and the others involved in Lowell's room, where he listened to and made notes of all the information that had been collected and questioned them at length about Lowell's activities. On being told that her home life was happy and that she got along very well with the girls at Parker, Cameron said, "Then we'll have to look for another motive." He studied the shine on his shoes and said, "Is it possible she might have been in trouble? In plain words, could she have been pregnant?"

Mr. Mitchell's face grew harsh. "Absolutely not."


"She never had sexual relations with men so far as you know?"

"She never had sexual relations with men, period."

When the girls had upheld this statement, Cameron said, "Then the best thing we can do is send out an alarm and try to have her picked up." He made a careful note of her vital statistics, had her clothes inventoried to find out what she had worn, and left, taking her diary and letters with him.

It was a quarter to five when he returned to headquarters (Continued on page 154)

She looked sullen, yet terribly frightened. "Please," she pleaded, "you've got to let me go. My parents will be frantic."



Ten Reasons Russia

The *very latest* on Russia's real intentions and strength by a noted anti-Communist and astute student of Stalin. Startling and important reading for us all! ★ BY EUGENE LYONS

The question uppermost in the minds of millions of people is, "Will there be a war with the Soviet Union?" We cannot hope to find a reasonable answer until panicky fears are set aside.

It is widely held that the Kremlin, trigger-happy and supremely self-confident, is ready and eager for the final showdown; that it will unleash a world war as soon as it is "provoked" or even without provocation. As a result, too many of us are living in dread, waiting for the blow to fall.

This fatalism is expressed either in jittery appeasements intended to avoid inciting the Soviets to the ultimate step, or in the frightened exasperation that demands preventive war. Neither attitude is worthy of a great nation or conducive to realistic policies. And the irony of it is that the despairing fears are without foundation in fact.

We know, to begin with, that America

will not deliberately start World War III. This at once brings us down to the question of the Kremlin's intentions. Will Soviet Russia knowingly precipitate an all-out conflict in the foreseeable future? An examination of the evidence, which is abundant, indicates that it will not.

Considering the relative strengths and weaknesses on both sides, Stalin and his Politburo would have to be in a mad and suicidal mood deliberately to touch off World War III. But they happen to be quite sane and, far from courting suicide, are concerned above all else with safeguarding their power. While cunningly making the most of our jitters, the Soviet leaders actually are more terrified of a general war than we are. They are realistic enough to know that they could not win it.

When we recognize this, we can capture the initiative in the international

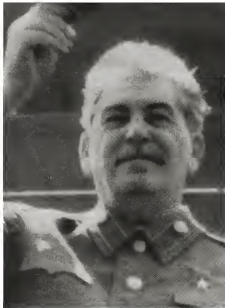
Won't Fight

arena. We can make *them* afraid of provoking us.

War is a possibility in this explosive world crisis whether any nation wants it or not. Common prudence demands that we remain alert and build up strength for the worst contingency. But there is no reason to scare ourselves to death by fixing our minds on Soviet Russia's military advantages—primarily its huge land army—while glossing over its weaknesses and handicaps, or discounting our own immense superiority.

Soviet Russia is weaker than is generally assumed. Its backward economy and transport, the low morale of its people and the dubious loyalty of its satellite nations, its bitter memories of the last war and the very character of Joseph Stalin argue against the idea that the Kremlin would knowingly ignite the final holocaust. Its leaders realize that a showdown with the free world would also involve a showdown with the Russian people and the captive satellite populations. They know that the occupation of Europe, even if they could accomplish it, would be not the end but the beginning of the real contest, as it was for Hitler.

The facts of the situation, when



STALIN, Europe's man of mystery. How accurately are we gauging his global designs? Have we been overestimating him?

stripped of deceptive propaganda, are convincing. Here are ten of those facts:

1. Nothing in the Kremlin's post-war conduct supports the belief that Soviet Russia wants a world war.

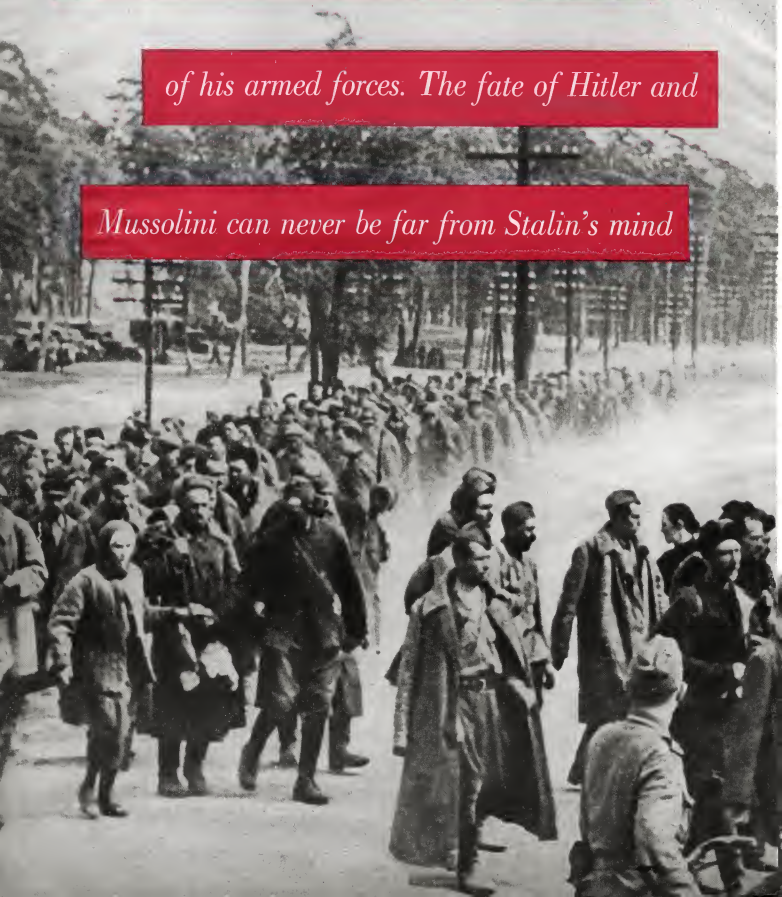
Had Stalin and his cohort been seeking convenient excuses to release their mili-

(Continued on next page)

No dictator can count on the absolute loyalty

of his armed forces. The fate of Hitler and

Mussolini can never be far from Stalin's mind



tary juggernaut, they would have had plenty to choose from: the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan, the Berlin airlift, our intervention in Korea. Besides, dictators have always been past masters at rolling their own "provocations."

There was a period, before American help stiffened the spirit of resistance in Western Europe, when Moscow could easily have overrun the entire continent. It might have swallowed up Finland, which dared to kick the Communists out of its government, or seized Iran, or reinforced Communist guerrillas in Greece to the point of victory, or smashed the Berlin airlift. Most significantly, it could have stamped out the deadliest threat to Soviet authority by crushing Tito's Yugoslavia.

It made none of these moves. Why not? Plainly because each of them packed the risk of a war to a decision. Instead, the Politburo limited itself to actions safely short of the ultimate challenge, avoided overt military ventures and, when things seemed too hot, managed to retreat under some face-saving pretext.

Whenever international tensions seem too close to the breaking point, Moscow is always ready with a "peace offensive." The Kremlin's one overt use of military force, the invasion of South Korea, was undertaken only after the withdrawal of American

forces and only after repeated assurances by Washington that we had written off the peninsula as indefensible.

For years the Western press and statesmen practically invited Stalin to march to the Atlantic by proclaiming that he could do it in a few weeks. He did not accept the invitation. And since then we have become militarily stronger. American production is rolling into high gear and the power of Western Europe, too, is beginning to expand. Would not a nation committed to "inevitable" war have struck when its enemies were weakest?

2. Stalin's character is a guarantee against the gamble of all-out war.

We should bear in mind that Stalin is no Napoleon glorying in military adventure, no Hitler given to emotional hunches and apocalyptic impulses. Essentially Stalin is the calculating conspirator, coolheaded and patient, with a genius for indirection and cunning intrigue. That is how he has played the game of domestic and world politics. There is no reason to suppose that he has changed his spots in the eighth decade of his cautiously plotted career.

Stalin's great achievements in expanding the Soviet empire were brought about by crafty exploitation of favorable circumstances rather than by frontal assaults. The Kremlin, of course, is guilty (*Continued on page 107*)

37

RUSSIAN PRISONERS captured by the Nazis early in World War II. Three million were taken in four months. Special Russian troops were detailed to block flight by front-line forces.





Should Your Husband

Is your husband stuck in a job rut? Or is his occupational record one of steady progress in terms of responsibility, money, interesting and absorbing work, and personal satisfaction? Is he in the right berth or has the time come for him to change his job?

Shrug your shoulders, lift an eyebrow, or say self-righteously, "I never butt in," but if you're honest with yourself, you know better. A man's family is the raison d'être or, at the least, a strong motivating cause for his career. What you do, say, leave unsaid—even the fleeting expressions that cross your face—can give your husband a boost up the ladder of success, or a boot down, can lead him toward a happier occupational spot or root him as effectively as cement to one he loathes.

Since you are bound to be in the business of job counseling at some point in your married life, it's smart to be prepared. This is one field in which ignorance is decidedly not bliss. The time has long since passed when employers relied exclusively on hunches, their self-styled "good judgment" of people, or something as vague as the clean-cut look. Today they are more likely to base their choice on the testimony of personnel experts and psychologists as well as on the vocational aptitude, personality, and interest tests developed after trial on thousands and thousands of people. The vocational-guidance experts have some advice for you as well as for your husband. Keeping their pointers in mind may help you when your husband is considering a job change—or before.

You should be able to spot the time your husband is due for a job change even before he knows it. Employment counselors, psychiatrists, family physicians, and wives who have been through it are agreed that the symptoms of a man's vocational bad health are very easily spotted:

RICHER MAN? POORER MAN? BETTER MAN? CHIEF?

**IT'S EVERY WIFE'S PROBLEM. BUT YOU
NEEDN'T GO GRAY WITH WORRY. HERE ARE TWO
EXPERTS WHO HAVE FIGURED IT OUT FOR YOU**

BY JANE WHITBREAD AND VIVIAN CADDEN

Change His Job?



1. If your husband is more and more irritable, depressed, full of unexplained tensions that he takes out on you, the children, or anyone handy, it's a sign that everything's not rosy on the job.

2. An excessive interest in hobbies is a danger signal. When a man who should normally be absorbed and interested in his work spends less and less time talking about it, and more and more of his energy on coin collecting or puttering at his workbench, he is saying, "I hate my job. All I want is to get away from it as much as possible."

3. The man who at the age of forty begins to talk about when he can retire, makes plans for that little farm he can buy when he gets away from "this rat race" isn't showing normal foresight—he's showing that he can't face the present.

4. The man who needs an alarm clock plus some heavy shaking to rouse him so he gets to work on time hasn't found the right job.

5. The man who spends the six months after his vacation talking about it and the following six months poring over travel folders and planning for the next one sees his job as something to get away from. Maybe he should get away from it—and for more than two weeks.

6. If your husband starts developing physical ailments, there's likely to be more to it than meets the stethoscope. Ulcers, migraine headaches, allergies that crop up in what used to be a fine, healthy specimen usually point to a growing dissatisfaction with a job.

Most women know and recognize these symptoms. If you haven't already prejudged the case and made it clear that you are (Continued on page 114)

The Book

with All the Answers

BY FULTON OURSLER

AUTHOR OF *THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD* AND *THE GREATEST BOOK EVER WRITTEN*

To all those who are bewildered and frightened in today's uncertain world, the Bible is the water of life. It has the answers to America's eight great problems—war, immorality, dishonor, crime, juvenile delinquency, racial and religious prejudice, atheism, and despair.

With aptness and precision, it offers solutions for the problems of individuals and for distracted governments; it is a practical handbook of peace, a legacy for the downhearted, and an invincible protection against the madness of the times.

The danger of war and the treachery of nations were familiar to the writers of the Bible; those who talk peace and practice war were no novelty: "The words of his mouth were smoother than butter, but war was in his heart: his words were softer than oil, yet were they drawn swords."

Our protection? Love God, serve him, and the promise is reaffirmed over and over in the Scriptures: "He shall give his angels charge

over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. . . ."

"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day; nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday. A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee."

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

St. Paul's words trumpet down the years: "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God."

Now, as always, in peace and in war: "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

All that we dread today has long been familiar: "And when ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars, be ye not troubled: for such things must needs (Continued on page 140)

Thinking people are returning to the Bible and bringing their children with them. Here is our most potent weapon against the three modern villains—fear, godlessness, and despair.

Edgar De Eria



IT WAS STRANGE HOW CATS, BY THE DOZENS, FOUND THE BOY IRRESISTIBLE.
SO DID THAT GIRL—WHO WAS MUCH MORE PERSISTENT • BY F. ANTON REEDS

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT G. HARRIS

On that warmish morning, Monkey Bradley and I were sitting in canvas chairs under the striped awning in front of the office wagon, from where we could watch the razorbacks getting the big top into the air.

Monkey abruptly ceased speaking and stared intently across the lot. A local yokel—the shockheaded type that shambles onto every lot in every town—was shambling across the circus grounds. A striped alley cat was slinking toward him from the direction of the cookhouse top, and it was the cat the big circus owner was watching.

The cat sniffed for a moment at the gangling youth's heels, followed him desultorily for a step or two, and then ambled back toward the cookhouse. The eager, expectant light died out of Monkey's blue eyes.

"For just a moment," he said, a dreamy, nostalgic something creeping into his voice, "I thought maybe that was Catnip Smith's boy. Catnip and Marie's. For all I know they might have settled down here. I suppose they had to settle down somewhere."

Monkey's eyes always get a shade or two bluer when he is yarning about the past. They were very blue now. He looked out across the circus grounds.

"It was in Kokomo," he said, his brass-band voice softening like a suddenly muted trumpet. "Kokomo or Elkhart. Season of nineteen twenty-five or six. Or maybe it was twenty-seven."

Monkey settled back in his chair *(Continued on page 151)*

He must have landed on a dozen cats at least. It was the doggondest racket a mortal ever listened to.

Catnip Smith Carries On



Women want

There was a time when women were looked upon as nothing but slaves for men. It's all changed now, but the question remains—did the girls *really* win?

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD



June 5, 1951, may go down in the history of American males as their "Lexington"—the day on which they officially opened fire in a new Revolutionary War—against American women. It was in Boston that the now historic event took place.

THE ONLY WOMAN MEMBER of the Massachusetts senate, Mrs. Leslie B. Cutler, who had already put through a law to insure women equal pay for equal jobs, introduced a bill that would permit *only* women to own or work in manicure shops.

Up rose Senator Charles I. Innes in righteous

wrath. "This is going too far!" he exclaimed. "*We have given women equal rights, and now they want to discriminate against men!*"

THERE WAS A STIR in the senate chamber and, as a unit, the thirty-nine male senators—Republicans and Democrats together—shouted down the bill, their voices blending with a swelling chorus from resentful males throughout the land.

What we've always heard, down through history, has been woman's cry, "It's a man's world." This used to be true. But in the United States the old complaint has become more and more open to question. Every year women have made new gains in every field of employment and public life. Social conventions that once hemmed them in have been broken down. The perils of childbearing and burdens of housekeeping have been vastly reduced, and improvements in environment have so added to women's inherent biological advantages that, on the average, they now have a longer, healthier life than men. This has led to an increasing flow of wealth to women—from legacies, insurance, etc., as well as from their



Athletic skill—as in Babe Didrikson Zaharias—brings a woman fame.



Beautiful women like Anita Colby make beauty counseling a career.



Beauty in authors, like Kathleen Winsor, sells books, like *Forever Amber*.

to be Weak

own earnings—to such an extent that almost seventy per cent of the nation's money is now in their hands. One could argue that women are truly “inheriting the land.”

Growing numbers of American males believe the new deal for women has become a raw deal for men: Hardworking husbands driven by idle wives with insatiable “gimmies”; divorced men taken for alimony rides; cops, judges, and lawyers who watch women in the courts literally getting away with murder; men who feel they've been ruined by domineering “moms”; and countless other males who believe they've been victimized by ruthless, selfish women.

THE MALE GRIPES boil down to this:

That American women today are spoiled—getting more and giving less than women anywhere else in the world. (Witness the thousands of servicemen who've taken foreign brides with the claim that “the American girl doesn't know what it means to be a real woman, a true wife and homemaker—or to make love.”)

That there are mushrooming numbers of parasiti-

cal women—“luxury” wives, lazy, rich widows, grasping divorcées—who toil not, nor spin, but live on the sweated-out earnings of men.

That modern women seek to abolish everything not in their favor, while holding tight to all their privileges; that they want to act like men but still be treated like ladies; and that they demand equality whenever it's to their advantage, but inequality whenever that will serve them better.

ARE THESE MALE COMPLAINTS justified? Millions of women won't believe it: The countless wives forced to put up with shiftless husbands; the penniless widows and multitudes of other women who have to work for a living, and see the best jobs and the best pay go to men; the talented women who've never had the opportunity to fulfill themselves or get jobs that men have had; the girls seduced and left pregnant by males who ran out on them; the innumerable worthy women passed over by men and eating out their hearts in loneliness; the devoted wives whose husbands have discarded them, after years of marriage, for empty-headed (*Continued on page 130*)



No mere man could dominate the cosmetic world like Elizabeth Arden.




Politics, playwriting, and beauty are combined in Clare Boothe Luce.



Senator Margaret Chase Smith is proof a woman can get male votes.



THE RELUCTANT BRIDE



The reasons a woman falls in love are beyond man's power to comprehend. Take Charlotte—who married George but didn't love him until . . .

BY ELIZABETH STOWE

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS

At least the ceremony didn't take long. A few "I wills" and an "I, Charlotte, take thee, George" and she was Mrs. George Arbuthnot, with her face turned for his kiss. Not much of a kiss, but that probably didn't matter. This wasn't supposed to be the romance of the century—just Charlotte and George finally getting around to it.

The people at the reception had a charming way of rubbing it in. There were those who darn well knew the score—intimates of the family who assured her that this was a "good, sensible marriage"; relatives who squeezed her hand and said stanchly, "You and George have the important things, Charlotte. Remember that"; her friends and George's who skipped the goosing and kidding of all the other weddings and played it safe with "Have a good time down at Sea Island, kids" and "Give our love to Pete and Kay and Ginny and Chuck" and "Play a little golf for me, you lucky people"—as if this were a farewell party instead of a wedding.

She stood there, feeling a mile high and pretty ridiculous in all that white satin, clutching her bouquet, smiling, smiling. Would they never stop coming? Only a hundred guests had been invited. What were they doing? Coming around twice?

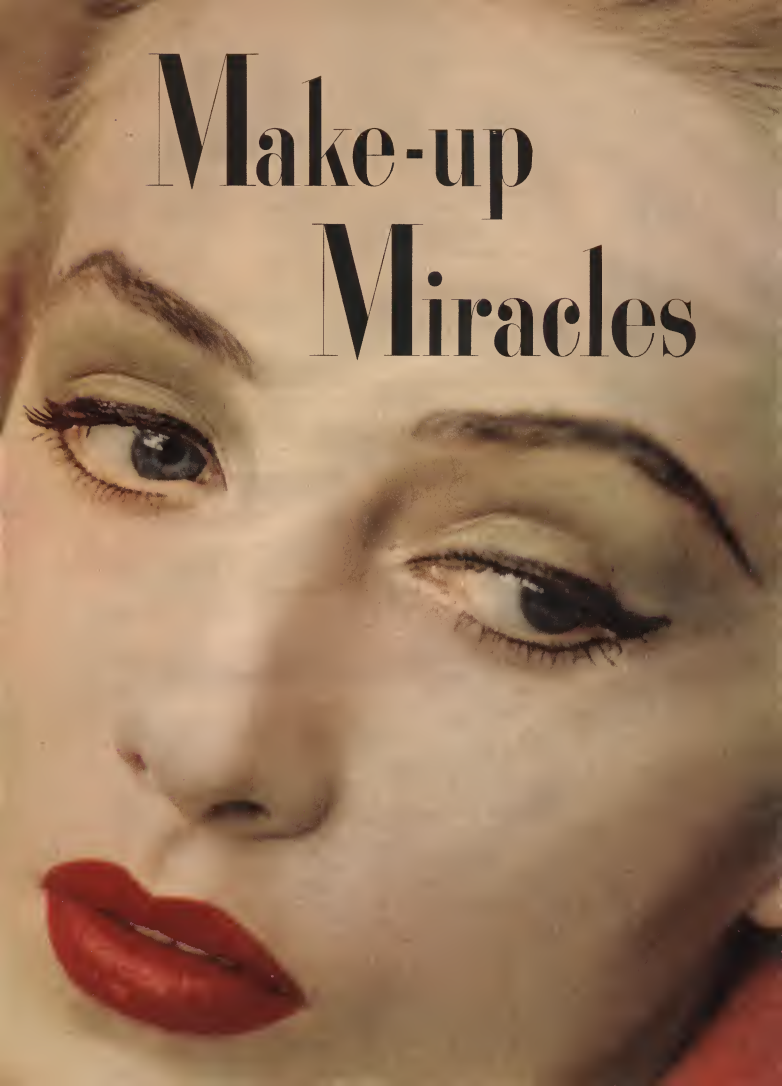
Finally it was over. Finally she was upstairs in her room, changed into her going-away suit, bending to kiss her mother good-by. Quite teary about it, too—and surprised, for she'd expected only relief. She supposed she really loved her mother. It was just that she didn't like her very much. It was hard to like someone who had always regarded you as the embarrassing product of a lot of ancestral genes nobody had any way of knowing about in advance, the baby daughter who wouldn't stop at a dainty five feet three or a willowy five feet six, but kept on to a monstrous five feet ten.

"Well, dear," her mother said calmly. "I shan't worry about you, George is a good, cautious driver, and you'll be out of this nasty weather as soon as you get a little south."

"There are other things facing *(Continued on page 82)*

"You're beautiful," he said. "I'd do anything for you. If you so much as hinted, I'd do it."

Make-up Miracles



Love grows on trifles—subtle yet provocative effects any girl can achieve. Put your best face forward and that man will find it unforgettable

A COSMOPOLITAN SPECIAL FEATURE

PHOTOS BY JAMES ABBE, JR.



QUEEN ELIZABETH WAS A VAIN LADY. flattered and courted by suitors. But she bathed only once a month, and the soap she used was terribly harsh. She reeked of crude perfume, and the things she put on her face would horrify you. She would have traded a castle for the tooth paste, permanent, shampoo, breath freshener, face cream, and nail lacquer you accept as necessities. The scented soap and deodorant you buy for a few cents at your drugstore would have **created a sensation** at her court.

BEING A SMART WOMAN, Elizabeth did the best she could with what she had. She knew that the world takes you at the value you set on yourself: **Believe you are beautiful,** treat yourself as if you are precious, and the world will credit you with being something out of the ordinary.

HOW ELIZABETH WOULD HAVE ENVIED you the speed and ease with which you take on that irresistibly attractive air—that fresh, wholesome **spandy cleanness** that is the foundation of the American girl's good looks and charm.

THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS you live in a time when you have so much to work with—a time, moreover, when **there is no stereotype of beauty** and the modern eye is more often fascinated by the singular than by a face of classic symmetry. Beauty now is not a gift you were born with; it is a matter-of-course miracle that happens every day at your dressing table. **It is an aura you create.**

IN THE BEGINNING, your mirror may reflect nothing exceptional. Maybe it even shows a feature you deplore. But you don't fret. **Apply the magic of color** to skin, lashes, lips, fingertips. Give a special twist to the current hairdo to make it your very own. Just a few small touches, and you'll become that special girl that a certain man can't get off his mind.



(Continued on next page)

Make-up Miracles (continued)

WANT A NEW COMPLEXION? You can have it in a minute with one of the marvelous new skin finishes. They're yours in cake, liquid, or cream form, and in an amazing variety of skin tones, ranging from a faint hint of color to a glowing tan. Smooth on a few dabs of the right shade of the right make-up foundation, and you create a **pretty illusion** practically indistinguishable from the real thing.

FOR EXAMPLE, IF YOUR FACE is too round or too square, you can make your contours appear more delicate by shadowing the full jaw from ear to chin with a darker tone. Nose too wide? Draw a high light down the center, and blend it with a darker shade on each side. Nose too long? Cut its length by darkening the tip. In the same way, you can shadow a protruding chin to make it less noticeable, or highlight a receding chin to bring it forward. There are many more of these harmless **flattering stratagems**. Practice, and your own artistic eye will guide you to them. Once you realize what they do for you, you will never again be content with your own bare face.

AND THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING of the miracles you can create with a make-up base. Have you pronounced crow's-feet or deep creases under your eyes or around your mouth? Use a colorful tint, and stretch the skin as you apply it. A few strokes wipe out the shadows and **you look far younger**. Even more surprising, if you have the slightest talent for art, you can actually create the illusion of more finely chiseled features. Light and shadow make this magic: A light tone emphasizes; a dark one minimizes.

IF YOU ARE PLAGUED BY STUBBORN, conspicuous freckles and a desire for a clear, even complexion, experiment with shades halfway between the lightest and darkest tones of your skin. If your skin is basically



good but is marred by red or brown blotches, a soft, medium-shade foundation, not too light, will do wonders for you. If you are pale, sallow, or grayish, you'll never know how young and vibrant you can look until you liven your face with a **film of color**. If a pink or

creamy skin tone would make certain clothes more becoming, a tinted face finish will do the trick.

NINETY-NINE OUT OF A HUNDRED WOMEN cast away on a desert island would emerge clutching a lipstick. For any sensible woman who cares a jot about her looks, **lipstick is indispensable**. It's her badge of courage, her talisman of youth. Men have been unhappy about it; they used to grumble at the way it came off on them, not to mention cups, spoons, and cigarettes. And women have sought constantly for a more permanent color that would not need renewing so often.

NOW IT IS HERE. The stain-type lipstick **clings faithfully** until it is deliberately removed. Applying it is very simple. You merely set the color for five minutes, then blot to remove the surface oil.

THESE NEW "INDELIBLES" are a special boon to the woman who wants to shape a mouth prettier than her own. For example, if your lips are lopsided, fill a lipbrush with color and paint both sides to match. If



too-thin lips give you a prim expression, build up the bow a bit at the sides and center and round the lower lip; your mouth is **immediately more appealing**. If your lower lip turns out in a sulky pout, a little artwork will soften it. Let make-up extend over the lip. Powder it. Then, with your brush, draw a new outline one-sixteenth of an inch inside the natural line. It's amazing what a difference that slight change will make.

EVEN THE MOST BEWITCHING LIPS of all—those that seem always on the brink of a smile—can be sketched by any talented hand. This is the trick: Redden the lower lip right out to the corners, but let the color on the upper lip end a trifle inside the corners, and give it the faintest upward turn there. This bit of chicanery takes patient practice, but it is **highly rewarding**, especially for that mournful and aging feature—a mouth that tends to droop.

WOMEN HAVE ADOPTED LIPSTICK with universal enthusiasm, but it is remarkable how many, through lethargy or prejudice, still fail to beautify **their most important feature**—their eyes. The flapper of the twenties—brave but gauche—plucked her eyebrows to a single hairline and beaded her lashes to a spiky row. That grotesque fashion happily passed, but for the majority of women, there was nothing to take its place—until recently.

NOW MANY A GIRL who has tentatively used the modern soft eyebrow pencil has been delighted by its well nigh miraculous results. A few brief, comma-shaped strokes transform scanty, too light, too short, graying or irregular eyebrows to the modern ideal—thick, definite, clean-lined arches.

THE NEW TECHNIQUE OF PENCILING a line at the lash-base of the upper lid gives **drama and importance** to your eyes. Extend the line slightly beyond the corner and give it an upward turn, and your eyes seem longer. Too small eyes seem unbelievably larger after this treatment—line the upper lid and draw the corner a trifle farther out with pencil; darken and thicken lashes with mascara; softly shadow lids; emphasize and perfect eyebrows. And now that mascara comes in subtle tones of blue, green, and purple, besides the familiar brown and black, you can go as far as you like in creating a color scheme as tantalizing as it is unconventional.

THE FACT IS, beauty is unpredictable these days. If you were born with fine, regular features, you still must add a **dash of spirit and life** to meet the competition of your sisters who put on such a pretty face. And if you are not beautiful in the strict, classic sense, there is nothing to keep you from being piquant, interesting, exciting, or fascinating.



(Continued on next page)

Make-up Miracles (continued)



Beauty is work—thought, alertness, taste, attention to significant detail. All may be acquired if the will to beauty is as strong as the wish

WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO CREATE BEAUTY? Cynthia Douglas, twenty-one, claims she uses only what any girl of her age ought to have—and she owns **forty separate items**, not counting extra perfume scents and shades of make-up. Basic cleanliness and neatness require eleven items, hands and nails nine, skin **four**, make-up six, miscellaneous three and, in addition, she has seven different kinds of brushes. In her six months as a fashion model, the most important single lesson Cynthia has learned is to substitute system for casual, spasmodic schoolgirl methods of personal grooming. Spurred by candid—and sometimes caustic—comments of photographers, editors, and art directors, she has learned never to show up for an appointment with limp hair, sleepy eyes, or unlacquered nails. Time she once wasted in day-dreaming and puttering is now spent in keeping clothes in apple-pie order, curls crisp and polished, and nails impeccable.

HER NATURAL FASHION SENSE has sharpened, too. Her green eyes are now quick to detect any new trend in hair styles, lipstick colors, clothes, or the costume jewelry she loves and collects as fast as her purse and finicky taste permit. Until recently she wore her hair in a poodle cut, but the upkeep was considerable, and she decided that a smoother fashion would set off her oval face better. So she **let her hair grow** and now sweeps it back off her face without a part—an interesting change from the center- or side-parted styles she has always worn.

CYNTHIA HAS AN OVAL FACE, wavy hair, and ivory skin, but she unhesitatingly points out that her features are irregular, her locks become mousy and straight if she postpones a shampoo even one day, it takes her a full hour to dry the four coats of lacquer with which she adorns her nails, and finally that, like so many girls, **she dislikes her nose**. The tip spreads out too much to suit her.

TO MEND THIS FAULT, she carefully blends a flick of make-up base, one shade darker than she uses elsewhere, over each nostril. Cynthia has naturally well-shaped eyebrows which she brushes carefully into line. She emphasizes her green eyes by lining the lash-base with brown pencil and tinting her lids faintly with gray-green shadow. She makes her lips a bit fuller than they are, and delights in trying new shades. Her choice is wide, for pink-, clear-, and yellow-reds are all becoming to her. Cynthia is a striking example of the attractive American girl, who may never reduce it to a mathematical formula, but whose beauty secret is simply this: **beauty is half plain good grooming**—the rest is a look, a liveliness, a dash that any woman may acquire.

(Continued on next page)

Make-up Miracles (continued)



BRENDA FRAZIER KELLY

was the first debutante to become a public celebrity. In 1939, her flowing locks were a familiar sight in newspapers and national magazines, and all over the country they were imitated as fast as nature allowed. Then, refusing to be dictated to even by a style of her own making, she emerged lovely as ever in short, crisply groomed hair.



INGRID BERGMAN

won the coveted leading role in "For Whom the Bell Tolls." To play the little Spanish girl whose hair had been shaved off, she cut her own to a short, curly mop that had an unprecedented sex appeal, and American women quickly copied her. Now her classic beauty is emphasized by a simple, casual haircut. On Bergman, it still looks good.



FAYE EMERSON

attained a degree of success on her TV show that years of competent acting in second-rate movies had not brought. Her sleek blonde coiffure, backed by an enormous bun and topped with feathers, flowers, or jewels, was as distinctive a trade-mark as the famous necklines. Then a poodle cut proved the personality didn't depend on the packaging.



VERONICA LAKE

sprang to fame peering around a curtain of golden hair. When the public's eyesight and safety were threatened, the Government stepped in. In response to official pleas to dam the waves of glamour swirling through the nation's war plants, Veronica pinned up her hair for her country. Charmed by the results, she boldly reached for the scissors.

Photos by I.N.P.



THE GLEAM AND GLOSS, the silky feel and smooth look so admired by men, is wonderfully easy to attain with modern shampoos. Straggly lackluster hair like that at the right is unforgivable when a quick shampoo gives the sparkling results above.



ONCE YOU MASTER the technique of home permanents you can style the wave to your own hairdo. You'll find the process so easy and the results so rewarding you'll get out your kit at the drop of a bang. And if your hair still lacks excitement—tint it!

*The strands of a woman's hair have a singular beauty. They can be more powerful than the stoutest of cables—
if they are properly placed, washed, and—yes!—colored*

NOTHING MAKES SO MUCH DIFFERENCE to your appearance as a change in your hair. This can be very simple—like the transformation of dull, stringy curls to a shining cap of burnished gold, accomplished solely by one of the wonderful new **soapless shampoos**. Because hair washing is now so easy, you think nothing of two or three shampoos a week, if they are necessary to keep your hair fragrantly clean and full of bounce.

YOU CAN CHANGE YOUR HAIR STYLE as often as fashion's whim—or yours—dictates, thanks to the home permanent. Pick one up at the drugstore. For a dollar plus and a morning's time, you can convert the most stubbornly straight tresses to biddable ringlets. And now that custom has finally swept away the old taboo about hair coloring, changing **the color of your hair** is regarded as casually as changing the shade of your lipstick. So if you think muddy or gray hair is holding you back, go to it. Maybe you'll find your beauty hangs by a hair.

THE END

Which Diets are Dangerous?

BY LLEWELLYN MILLER

PAINTING BY JOHN LA GATTA

How can you tell a good reducing, or weight-building, or normal diet from one that may lead to serious trouble? Which diets are dangerous, and why?

There is nothing simple about nutrition. Brilliant men spend their lives researching it. On the other hand, there are some basic rules anyone can understand. This is a report on a few of the things doctors know about improper eating.

Because self-prescribed and extreme reducing plans are so prevalent, let us examine them first.

RAW-VEGETABLE-AND-FRUIT DIET. Any doctor will assert that such a diet is an express route to serious trouble, yet thousands of people prescribe it for themselves. They have the mistaken idea that this is a health as well as a reducing measure, that it "cleanses the system" as it takes off pounds. It doesn't. It is much more likely to produce either constipation or diarrhea and other deleterious results.

Every time a warning is sounded against this useless and dangerous diet, someone is sure to say, "What about George Bernard Shaw? Lived into his nineties—physically and mentally vigorous right to the end—vegetarian all his life! What about him?"

It is this kind of confusion about diet that makes doctors tear their hair. A raw-vegetable-and-fruit diet is an entirely different thing nutritionally from the so-called vegetarian diet.

A vegetarian, if he remains in good health, is

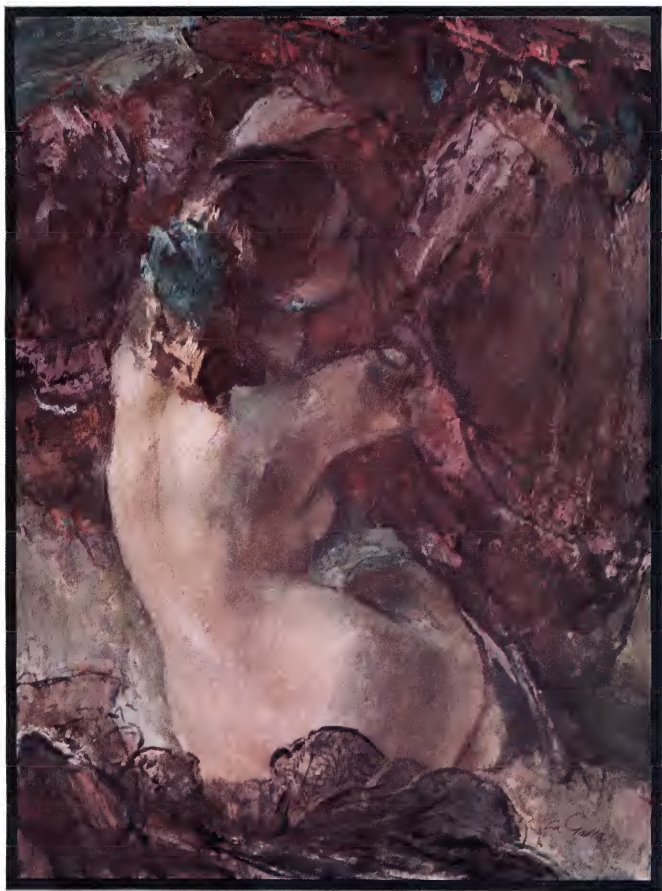
adding quantities of milk, eggs, and cheese to his ration of vegetables, fruits, cereals, and nuts, and so is getting enough of the animal proteins we all must have. He is not on a strictly vegetable diet at all.

If you try to lose weight by eating nothing but vegetables and fruits, nature will give you a sharp warning that it will not tolerate such a lack of the protein that is best supplied by lean meat, poultry, fish, eggs, milk, and cheese. Within a day or two you will feel weak. This weakness will not pass, no matter how doggedly you stuff yourself with great quantities of carrots and celery and apples. You will lose weight, but not necessarily much fat. The lost weight will be stolen from your muscle tissues, and that will rapidly put you in low gear. Your skin will become dry and scaly. You will be jumpy and cross. You are almost certain to develop a nagging headache and a listless inability to concentrate on anything but how much you hate the world and yourself.

The promise that you can "eat all you want and reduce" on this diet is an empty one, because your appetite probably will flee when you are past those first anguishing hunger pains.

This diet is bad news for everybody, but people who are roughage sensitive should take special warning. Doctors believe many cases of colitis have been started by this diet.

BANANA-AND-SKIM-MILK DIET. This is another deficiency diet that (Continued on page 119)



To insure health and beauty, what must every diet contain? Here, in a carefully checked article, are the things everyone should know before beginning the ordeal. A complete analysis of diets that can hurt—even kill!

All the women at the cocktail

party were



CAPTAIN'S TABLE

fascinating, if a little strident and more than a little dangerous!



To all wives who regard themselves as drab and unworthy—especially to those who are married to ambitious young men surrounded by beautiful and ambitious young women—this enthralling novel is dedicated • BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

Ben Pratt turned away from the notices on the bulletin board in the main hall of the ship and said to his wife, "Just as soon as we get under way, we'd better go below and fix ourselves up in the dining room, Kathy."

Kathleen—who couldn't quite believe that she was here, and that at any minute this ship would leave New Orleans for Caribbean ports that until now had been only names on maps to her—asked, "What do you mean, 'fix ourselves up'? You're surely not hungry already, after that enormous lunch at the hotel?"

"No, greenhorn," he said fondly, "I mean that we want to get assigned to a table for the voyage. We don't want to get stuck by the galley doors or off in some corner. The steward is usually pretty helpful. He sizes people up and tries to arrange congenial groups."

Two women passed them, ignoring everyone

except each other. One was young and so good-looking that the end of Ben's remark became a little absent-minded as his eyes followed her. The other wore brown orchids that matched a perfectly tanned skin. Kathy heard her say, "You know, Angie—she was Sybil Motley. They're in one of the sun-deck suites."

"Couldn't we sit by ourselves?" Kathy asked Ben.

"You don't want to do that, do you? You want to meet people."

"Yes, of course. But just to eat our meals by ourselves would be such fun," she said almost pleadingly.

"We'll do anything you like," he promised.

A young man came up briskly and asked if Ben was Mr. Pratt of the Midas Oil Company.

"That's right," said Ben.

"I've been trying to" (Continued on page 144)

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

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Jon Whitcomb



OWNER MUST SACRIFICE

Anyone who has ever,

under pressure, bought or sold a

Whether for love of nature or fear of atomic bombs, many people are moving to the country. Some build, some buy. The perils of building may be lessened by hiring an architect, but there is no corresponding counselor for the would-be buyer of a house that already exists. All that can be done for him is describe the real-estate business as it is, interpret the findings, and invoke on his behalf the guidance of Divine Providence, which, in today's real-estate market, he will certainly need.

The first faltering steps toward home ownership are frequently taken via the classified-advertising sections in which the current owner (or agent) holds out a helping hand. The ads are studded with encouraging phrases like "Owner transferred," "Owner must sell," "To settle estate," "Bargain," "Sacrifice." These are part of the mysticism of the industry and not to be taken literally. "Transferred" owners, by the very fact of their transfer, still have jobs and are not in a sacrificial mood. Executors do not settle an estate by selling below the market because the heirs, when they are not themselves the executors, would have them in jail. When, in rare



house will consider this more truth than jest ★ BY PHIL SOMERS

instances, the protectors of widows and orphans do exert themselves toward a quick sale, the property is pounced on by the probate judge or one of His Honor's predecessors, or by associated brokers or lawyers who know a buy when they see one, even though they have not seen one for a long time. The homeseeker who answers ads has as much chance against these insiders as the spectator at the menagerie would have diving after fish in competition with the sea lions. And where there is no distress selling, there are no bargains.

So the renunciation of bargain-dreams is the beginning of wisdom in real-estate adventures.

The aspirant's next task is to familiarize himself with the intricate ceremonial practices of the industry. Although he is far from ready for actual buying, he must know the procedure in order to engage in reconnaissance and, at a more advanced stage, in fictitious or simulated buying. The latter corresponds to the playful struggles of puppies, which are nature's preparation for the real dogfights of later life.

The introit, so to speak, of the trading ritual is the "asking price," which represents a rough idea of the amount the owner does not expect to get. Somewhere below it is the *(Continued on page 117)*

In battle, there's a thin line between being a hero or a coward, and sometimes only the man himself knows which side of the line he is on • BY BILL BROWNELL

"Young" Anderson—his right name was Le Roy—had a bulletin board on his bedroom wall. Beneath it a table radio blared a pop tune. It was May in Philadelphia. His furlough was about over. He buttoned the khaki poplin shirt, knotted the forest-green necktie into a half Windsor, shoved his right arm into the olive-drab lke. Then he stopped to look at the bulletin board.

In its center his mother had put up the picture she had made him get from Brand's so they could always remember him just as he was.

He put his left arm into the jacket. There was a stained red-felt pennant, with "Central" in cracked-paint letters. Celia had held while she sat in the cold drizzle last fall watching him play in the final game of the year. Let's see. They'd lost that game. Man, what a miserable day that had been. But he had made

the one good run to set up the only touchdown, and then he had recovered a fumble. No, that had been another time. Anyway, in the last minutes of the game Coach Kelly had called the seniors out one at a time, and the stands had really roared. When it was his turn to jog to the bench they had screamed "Yea, Young" three exciting times. Not bad.

He began to button the jacket. There was a brown, shriveled thing that had once been a gardenia; he had bought it for Celia to wear at the R.O.T.C. dance. Some snapshots. Some ticket stubs. A model-airplane propeller. A sign, which said "This Door Not Working," that he and Sid had taken from a subway car the time they'd gone up to New York with the Hi-Y. A map of that trip showing their trails. His graduation program, signed by all his (Continued on page 91)

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ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGI

The Coward

He was a long way from Celia, and yet she had never seemed closer. Her sweetness pervaded



everything, even the foul hole that was temporarily his home—and could be his grave.



*First Star
of Television*

Mary Sinclair, a young lady of parts—and good ones—is one of the most sought-after actresses on TV—for these excellent reasons

BY HYMAN GOLDBERG

After a lifetime spent in the theatre, where he had produced more than his share of outstanding successes, among them "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" and "Pal Joey," fifty-nine-year-old George Abbott felt eminently qualified to pass judgment on the histrionic capabilities of any girl. And he felt that his judgment had additional authority in the instance of the girl, his junior by more than thirty years, who stood before him, since he had been living with her—a privilege granted impresarios not quite so often as is commonly thought—and thus had had the opportunity to see her express every emotion from extreme bliss to extreme rage. The girl was his wife, the former Mary Sinclair.

"My dear," said Mr. Abbott, sublimating the role of husband for the cool, critical tones of the renowned theatrical producer, "I'm afraid you'll never be an actress." Mr. Abbott paused for a moment. "Not unless," he added thoughtfully, "you can get the part of a barmaid."

Mary Sinclair, now the former Mrs. George Abbott, was not amused at the time. But she has come to think this anecdote of her married life vastly entertaining—because she now has a contract that says in black and white she is not only an actress, but a highly paid, highly successful, and highly sought-after one.

The black-haired, dreamy-eyed Miss Sinclair, a singularly ornamental young lady, recently became the first television performer to be signed by a major network to a long-term acting contract. This contract assures her a yearly income in five round, fat, delicious figures that will grow increasingly round, fat, and delicious each year. At the time she signed the contract with the Columbia Broadcasting System, Miss Sinclair had made thirty-six appearances in leading dramatic roles, fourteen of them on "Studio One," which is widely conceded to be one of the most successful and professional jobs of dramatic production in television. Her other appearances were on "Pulitzer Prize Playhouse," "The Billy Rose Show," "Suspense," "Starlight Theatre," and "Man Against Crime."

In these productions, Miss Sinclair had essayed such disparate roles as that of a girl who progresses from the age of eighteen to eighty during an hour-long program; the lorn, febrile heroines of classics like *Wuthering Heights*, *Jane Eyre*, and *The Scarlet Letter*; flibbertigibbets in parlor comedies; gun molls; and cruel, wicked, coldly beautiful women who wreak havoc wherever they go, among whomever they meet, regardless of sex.

"The cruel-female parts are the ones I get the biggest kick out of," remarked Miss Sinclair not long ago to an acquaintance with whom she was drinking tea in her Park

(Continued on next page)



Mary Sinclair and Luther Kennett, director of the Globe Theatre in San Diego, Mary's home town, chat together on Faye Emerson's TV show.



As Kate in "The Taming of the Shrew"—not a part she plays in life. Mary claims that she has tamed down considerably since her divorce.



Faye Emerson was warmly appreciative of Mary's guest-appearance performance since Mary is now about the busiest girl on the video waves.

Television Star (continued)

Avenue apartment. "It's wonderful to let yourself go and be as mean and ornery as you can, when in real life you've got to be sweet and charming to everyone."

Mary Sinclair won her first major triumph in New York only two days after she arrived from Los Angeles, where she had worked as a model for I. Magnin, the high-fashion, high-priced women's specialty shop. A beauty and personality contest was being held by the Society of Illustrators, an organization of artists, to select the best model in New York. Mary hastened over to the contest arena and promptly won over seventy-five other girls. The prize was a hundred dollars.

"I needed it badly, too," Miss Sinclair says, "because I'd come to New York with only thirty-five dollars. And I got another break at the contest. I met a couple of girls who worked for Harry Conover's model agency. They told me to see him, and I went right to work for him."

Mary is five feet six inches tall and measures thirty-five, twenty-four, and thirty-five inches at the bust, waist, and hips. She now weighs a hundred and twenty pounds, which is twenty pounds less than when she arrived in New York. "I wasn't fat," she says. "I was just what you might call voluptuous. At Magnin's, I had modeled bathing suits. They had a girl in the stock room there who wanted to model

bathing suits, but they wouldn't let her because they had me. Her name was Esther Williams."

One day in the Conover office, she let slip the fact that she had studied stenography and typing in high school in San Diego, and it reached Conover's ears. He needed a secretary, and he offered the job to Mary.

"I didn't tell him," she says, "that the only time I was a stenographer I was fired after two days. The man I worked for said I didn't seem to be cut out for stenography. I asked him what he thought I was cut out for, and he looked me over and said, 'Well, maybe modeling.' So I became a model."

Conover, however, didn't seem to be as captious as her previous employer, and Mary got along just fine.

Mary was living at the Barbizon Hotel for Women, where most models live at some time during their careers, and it was there that she met a tall, beautiful blonde named Jane Abbott. Miss Abbott was a successful model with the John Robert Powers model agency, but she, like Mary, was agitated by vague ambitions. The two girls decided to pool their meager savings and talents and open a dress shop. Jane Abbott knew something about design, and Mary had friends in the garment industry in Los Angeles who agreed to let her have dresses on consignment. They found a store on Lexington Avenue, on the second floor of a walk-up building, but before they could open they ran out of cash.

"We knew a man, a very nice, middle-aged man," says Mary, "who offered to (Continued on page 102)



In slacks and flat heels, Mary still has enough glamour to get one of New York's notably blasé cabbdrivers to hop out and open the door for her.



An eager fan catches up with Mary. Requests for her autograph are no longer a novelty since Mary has turned into an authentic celebrity.



TV's first long-term, exclusive-appearance contract keeps Mary so busy she has to study her script while downing a quick lunch of mashed potatoes and gravy. Mary's favorite dish—"it quiets my nerves"—it apparently has a perverse effect on her figure, which has dropped twenty pounds from a voluptuous hundred and forty.

**Don't Stop Smoking —
Please !**



THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT THE WAGES OF VIRTUE CAN BE
TERRIFYING INDEED—ESPECIALLY TO THE PEOPLE WHO MUST
ENDURE THE SUFFERING OF THOSE WHO HAVE "JUST SWORN OFF"

BY AGNES LYNN MARSHALL

On a sunny June morning my heretofore amiable spouse stopped smoking—and everyone in the household began to suffer. He snapped. He carped. He criticized with a virulence that had nothing to do with the fact that the eggs were too soft or the grass needed cutting. I wept regularly. I considered every form of suicide I had ever heard of. I sent the children to visit their aunt and gave the maid a long vacation.

And when, with a bang of fist on table, he bellowed, "I just quit one morning, and it hasn't made any difference in my disposition at all," I would respond meekly, "No, darling, it hasn't. It's really remarkable."

I was so bewildered and disturbed that I went to see our family physician, a cheerful man who makes his patients feel better even before they begin to report their aches and pains. I found him short and distraught. When I proffered my cigarette case, he demanded, "Can't you see I'm not smoking? I figured if your old man could stop I could, too. And it's doing us both a world of good."

"How long?" I wanted to know.

"Since yesterday. I've carried a pack in my pocket all this time, and I haven't even wanted one."

"How is your wife taking this?"

"Fine. Fine," he barked. And then, after a hesitation, "She's in Canada."

As it did not seem the psychological moment for questioning him about the

disastrous effects of my husband's strength of character, I crept out. Since then, however, being acutely nonsmoker-conscious, I have observed that there seems to be a certain common denominator among people who stop smoking. The tobacco addict who is abstaining from the weed is nervous and tense to the point of abnormal irascibility. But he is so pleased with his self-denial that he lives under the illusion that he is a model of serenity. He is smug. No woman with her first baby or her first mink coat was ever so irritatingly complacent. His jaws are in a maddening state of perpetual motion—always full of candy, peanuts, or chewing gum. And, naturally, he gets fat.

Where there is sound reason for giving up smoking, the whole painful process is definitely worth while. It is absolutely necessary, for instance, to stop smoking when there is a pathological condition of the surface veins, particularly in the extremities, doctors call peripheral vascular disease. It is essential in the care of ulcers; some eminent specialists will not treat a patient who will not cooperate in this respect, for smoking does affect gastric secretions. It is advisable in treatment of sinus trouble and bronchitis, and in cases in which the tissues of the nose and throat have become allergic to tobacco, so that it causes stopped-up head, snuffling, postnasal drip, and the characteristic "cigarette cough."

Some people (Continued on page 99)

BASEBALL IS NO FUN

BY WILLIAM C. HEINZ

At 3:57 P.M. on October 3, 1951, a marketing manager for a national distiller was working in his office high in the Empire State Building, checking statistics on blended-whisky sales in Illinois. The window behind him was open.

"All of a sudden," he says, "a shout came up from the street, thirty-five floors below. No one had to tell me what had happened. I knew the Giants had won."

October 3, 1951, has come to be a sort of Pearl Harbor Day of sports. People who were not at the Polo Grounds in New York where the Giants were playing the Brooklyn Dodgers in the third play-off game for the National League pennant can tell you exactly what they were doing when, with the Dodgers leading, 4 to 2, in the last of the ninth inning and with two men on base and one out, Bobby Thomson, the Giant third baseman, hit the home run that won the game and the pennant for the Giants.

In Brooklyn, for example, a housewife sat in her living room in front of a small radio. In the kitchen water was gushing out of the faucet. It was gushing from a faucet in the bathroom sink, too, and the bathtub faucet was wide open.

"When the Dodgers are in trouble," she says,

"I go around the house and turn on all the faucets. Then they get out of trouble. This time they didn't."

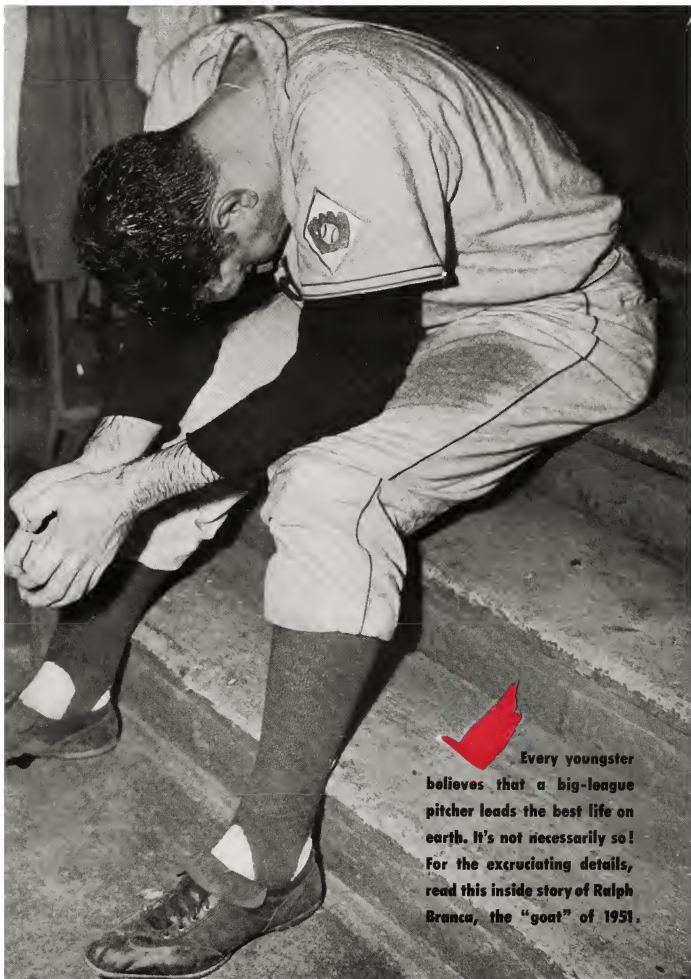
Veteran sportswriters were not exaggerating when they described this as the most dramatic ending of a pennant race in baseball history. It was certainly one of the most memorable of all single sporting moments, and it had as its victim the man who had been called in from the bull pen to pitch to Thomson—a six-foot-three-inch, 215-pound, now twenty-six-year-old Dodger right-hander named Ralph Branca.

"I had been warming up from the fifth inning on," Branca says. "In the fifth and sixth my arm was bad, but in the seventh it started to get loose, and when they called me in I was glad, because all ballplayers like to be put in a spot where they can be a hero."

The walk in from the bull pen seemed very short to Branca. He did not hear the crowd because he was concentrating on what he would have to pitch to Thomson. He does not remember how he felt or what he thought about while he was taking his warm-up pitches, and then he threw a fast ball past Thomson for a strike.

"I said to myself," he says, "I said, I'll waste the next one. I'll throw it up and inside. I'll put





Every youngster believes that a big-league pitcher leads the best life on earth. It's not necessarily so! For the excruciating details, read this inside story of Ralph Branca, the "goat" of 1951.



HIS PITCH cost the Dodgers a pennant; nonetheless, two weeks later Branca married the boss's daughter.

overspin on it, so that if he does go for it, he'll pop up. I threw it where I wanted to throw it, and he hit it. I saw it go and start to come down. I said to myself, Sink. Sink. Sink. I saw it go in.

"I turned," Branca says, "and looked at Jackie Robinson and Pee-wee Reese. I saw Eddie Stanky jumping on Leo Durocher's back in the third-base coaching box, and then I walked to the clubhouse."

In the clubhouse Branca sat down on the steps and sobbed. It is an impressive thing when any man is seen crying, and the sportswriters say they never will forget the sight of this big, strong young man sitting on the steps, his elbows on his knees, his hands together, his head hanging, crying.

"The New York sportswriters were all right," Branca says. "They didn't bother me; they gave me time to get over it. One guy from out of town, though, that I didn't know, came right at me. I don't know what he was asking, probably what I threw and how I felt, but I said, 'Why don't you leave me alone just a little bit?' He hounded me, so I got up and went to my locker and he hounded me there. Finally I said, 'Why don't you leave me alone? Get out of here.'"

The first ballplayers to come up to Branca were Carl Erskine and Clem Labine, two pitchers who had also been working in the bull pen. The pitch, it turned out, was to cost each regular player on the Dodgers not only the honor of playing in the World Series but \$3,606, the difference between first place and second.

"Erskine and Labine both told me the same thing," Branca says. "They said, 'Forget it. It could have been us. If he'd called us in it would have happened to us. He was going to hit a home run. It was fate.' Then Preacher Roe and Pee-wee and Jackie came up. They said, 'It just had to happen.'"

Many Brooklyn fans, some of whom claim they wept as soon as they learned Branca was coming in to pitch in this spot, may argue this opinion of Branca's colleagues. Most baseball followers, however, having come to understand that Branca is a clean, kindly, conscientious young man whose record has been spotted with minor misfortunes leading up to this climax, are more interested now in the effect of this catastrophe upon him.

"When I was pitching in high school," Branca says, "we had a winning streak of twenty-six straight. We played Yonkers Central in Yonkers, and a kid hit a single that went through the center fielder's legs for a home run and we lost, one to nothing."

"I probably felt worse about that one than I do about this. This one lasted a half hour, and that was the end of it. I went up, and I took my shower. I've been around. I did my best. I threw the pitch where I wanted to throw it. That was it."

It is probable, too, that although technical errors and lesser tragedies plague a ballplayer, this one, in its bitterness, acted as an emetic. Branca says that after he had driven the less than twenty miles to his home in Mount Vernon, New York, he was empty of it.

"I started getting letters," he says. "The first day I got twenty, and fifteen of them were drop-dead letters. The next day I got about fifty, and there were only about five nasty ones. After that they were good."

"Then, about ten days later, I got a phone call from a friend of mine. He said, 'Have you got over last week yet?' I asked, 'What happened last week?' It just didn't enter my mind for a few seconds."

"I walk along the street, though," he says, "and some kid, one of these fresh kids, will come up to me and ask, 'Are you Ralph Branca?' Then he says, 'Do you know Bobby Thomson?' That starts a chain of thought."

Of course he knows Bobby Thomson. Only the fans feel animosity; the players are not enemies off the field. In 1948 Ralph Branca and Bobby Thomson barnstormed an exhibition circuit together, and drove together in Branca's car from New York to Indiana.

"I went to the World Series," Branca says. "I went to root for the Giants because I'm a National Leaguer. Before the last game I went into the Giant clubhouse, and I saw Thomson."

"I said, 'How are you, Hawk?' That's what the ballplayers call him. He said, 'How are you, Ralphie, my boy?' I said, 'All right.' He said, 'Don't worry about it. I don't know why I even swung at that pitch. It was high. I must be wearing my belt around my neck.'"

The things others do not know about big-league baseball, of course, are the things that no man can know about it until he comes up to the big leagues and stays there long enough to learn that it is not all he dreamed it would be. In America almost every boy dreams at some time of becoming a big-league ballplayer, just as Ralph Branca used to dream about it. This is the story of Branca's dream and what happened to it:

Ralph Branca was one of the seventeen children—thirteen of whom are still living—of John and Katherine Branca. They lived in Mount Vernon in a two-and-a-half-story brown-shingled house at 522 South Ninth Avenue, a street of aging, crowded houses. For a while John Branca, who was born in Italy, had a barbershop on Sanford Boulevard or, as (Continued on page 105)



HERO BOBBY THOMSON (left), whose home run off Branca won last year's National League pennant for the Giants, gets chagrined congratulations from Branca.

What Our Next President's Handwriting Reveals

F.N.P.



Taft



Dewey



Truman



Stassen



Eisenhower



MacArthur



Kefauver

The expert who analyzed these handwriting specimens was not told the identity of the writers until he had completed his job. The result? A definitive, searching, even disrespectful look at possible future Presidents • **BY DR. ARTHUR G. HOLT**

EDITOR'S NOTE: You show your hand when you show your handwriting. This is conceded by the most respectable psychologists. Dr. Arthur G. Holt, author of these analyses, was formerly employed by the Vienna police department to scrutinize criminals' handwriting to ascertain how dangerous the wrongdoers were. Dr. Holt, one of the few handwriting psychologists in the world today, is convinced that personality is infallibly mirrored in handwriting. As a test of his theory, we obtained, from private sources, samples of the handwriting of most of the leading 1952 candidates for the Presidency. Dr. Holt was given these specimens with no indication of who wrote them. Some of his observations are startling, indeed. Only history will tell—of one of them—whether his impression was correct.

*Subject to your reaction
I am inclined to believe the
student request is reasonable
and should be met*

Almost always calm, this man has a self-control so consummate no one can pierce it. Inwardly he is restless and tense and not so physically robust and self-assertive as he appears. He has periods of melancholy when he is alone. He can readily adapt himself to all kinds of people and situations. He has few ideas of his own, but cleverly adapts those of others. A tendency to excessive pride in his attainments forces him to put himself into the limelight. He is happy only when he feels he is influencing crowds.

I'm still telling Mark Twain stories

Neither diplomat nor actor, this man is moody, impatient, aloof, and difficult to influence. Vanity is not the driving force behind his desire for public life. Since he lacks a sense of humor and can be only caustically sarcastic, he hasn't many friends. He does not understand human nature: Flatterers can deceive him, and people who are blunt with him may be condemned. If people irritate or disgust him, he can drop them very quickly. He will surrender a position in public life only if he is forced to do so.

*But we can no longer
give support in this country
to the plans for totalitarianism.*

All the qualities of a leader—independence in thinking and acting, determination in execution, clarity in solving problems, keen observation—appear in this man. He is conscious of his responsibilities, and indifferent to the opinions of others. His superior intellect, his varied mental interests, and his invariably correct judgment predestine him to be the center of attraction. He is a perfectionist. He is not sentimental. He likes a sharp battle of wits and eventual agreement on the course he has prescribed.

*With the Affectionate Regard
and High Esteem of his Loving
relatives*

Extremely shrewd and an exceptional administrator, this man cannot readily be influenced. He is sly enough not to let others see his cards; he gives them a completely misleading picture of his hand. If he seems to act impulsively, he is really being deliberate, but he sometimes acts unreasonably. He wants to be taken seriously and assumes an air of importance. Occasionally he is arrogant. Despite his skillful handling of people, he is not gregarious. He pretends to be friendly, but really does not care for people.

*It Butch - In memory of the three
spas together in the war against
Axis - will never again.*

Defeat is difficult for this extremely ambitious man to take. In spite of his outer poise, he is a daredevil and likes to be in command. A man of few words, he means what he says. His criticism is biting. When he is disgusted with people, he drops them. He can be both modest and humble. He can come to terms with foes—if he thinks he can deal with them more effectively that way. He can memorize minute details, and by combining them get a complete picture to help him plan clever moves. He is an indefatigable worker.

*To Mr. Frank Chum -
With best wishes*

An air of superiority—so compelling people help him attain his desire to rule them—is evident in this man. He is extremely authoritative. He has many enemies because he is so outspoken. He is a brilliant strategist, always finding ways to clean up a muddled situation. Once he has made up his mind, he follows a straight course. He is robust for a man of his years, and has lost not one iota of his mental elasticity and fiery spirit. He is not emotional. His ambition overleaps itself and may do him harm.

*May have realized already
Many parents fears*

A benign influence is exerted on people by this man. He clings to decorum and aspires to national prestige, but is not given to bluff. All his actions are subjected to his conscience. In spite of his poise, he is hypersensitive. He can take a joke, but as an adversary he can become very unpleasant because of his good memory and chilling sarcasm. He must do faultless work so no one can reproach him for having overlooked anything. He strives to get along well with everyone.

TURN TO PAGE 118 FOR THE ANSWERS

Are Nice Girls Safe



Photos by Gloria Hoffman

Remember those wild rumors about servicewomen during World War II? True or not, they're still circulating, along with newer, equally damaging stories. Here's a serious examination of the morals of our feminine forces



in the Service ?

BY INEZ ROBB

Do nice girls wear the uniform of Uncle Sam? Are women safe in the WAC, the WAVES, the WAF, and the Women Marines, and in the nursing branches of Navy, Army, and Air Force?

Is service in uniform compatible with virtuous womanhood?

Let us dismiss, for the moment, the devastating insult to the nation and its women implied in these questions and consider only that such queries are raising hob with all branches of the armed services and seriously handicapping them in this time of crisis.

The Joint Chiefs of Staff, in the face of a pressing national emergency, are trying desperately to recruit 72,000 women into the armed services by July 1, 1952.

These women are essential for the efficient operation of the military services in an endless variety of tasks, here and abroad.

The enlistment of 72,000 recruits will bring the number of women in the armed services to 112,000, the absolute minimum needed—in the opinion of the Joint Chiefs—as a cadre to train the masses of women who would be needed if the cold war turned hot.

Here is a place in which women can serve their country. Yet if the goal is achieved, it will be a major miracle, because our citizens seem deeply troubled and uncertain as to whether a good woman can make a decent career for herself in the armed services.

The apathy of the nation toward the recruitment of

(Continued on next page)

Wave recruits at Bainbridge, Maryland, training station enjoy social and recreational activities, but taps are at 9:30 sharp. The directors of the women's armed services insist that all enlistees provide A-1 character references.





New recruits are met by a member of the training-center staff on arrival at Bainbridge. During their nine-week training, they'll draw \$75 a month. One year later, if all goes well, girls are eligible for petty-officer ratings, and they may choose a special field. WAVES enlist for from four to six years, can then extend for one year or re-enlist.



Second day in the service for WAVE recruits includes a complete physical checkup (chest X-rays, blood tests, psychiatric exam), a trip to supply room for uniform.



At Bainbridge, recruits walk four miles a day to meals, in spite of which most of them put on weight. These girls are drawing their first Navy food ration.

(continued)

women is a concrete problem with which the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the splendid women who head the women's services are equipped to deal. But it is a difficult problem and it is compounded by the amorphous but very real, strong, and emotional resistance to the basic idea of women in uniform. This is not new; the resistance has been there since the organization of the women's services in 1942. The services are lucky that the resistance today is merely passive; in the war years it was active and hostile.

The question of whether a woman can join the armed services and still be virtuous arose before the WACS, WAVES, WAFS, women Marines, and nursing services were even founded. Doubtless it plagued the Amazons. Certainly it raised hob with and seriously embarrassed the British government during World War II. And it was a potent factor in the American recruitment program when the armed services were begging women to join and help win the war.

This filthy, surreptitious insinuation has never before been discussed frankly and openly. The Government, the high command, and the heads of the women's services have tiptoed cautiously around the subject, apparently on the theory that it would conveniently go away if ignored. But this policy of timidity has not paid off, and the women's services have been seriously penalized.

For some inexplicable reason the general public—women as well as men, both here and abroad—find something obscenely funny about a woman in uniform. She is, although in lessening degree, the innocent and undeserved object of foul and unfunny gutter wit. Why this is true is something for psychiatrists to explain. But it is a hard, distressing, and ugly fact. In England

during the awful winter of 1941-2, in a period of dreadful crisis, the British government was forced to waste precious time in investigating the morals of its women in uniform.

The scandalmongering had reached such fantastic proportions, particularly about the ATS (women's branch of the British army), that Parliament felt compelled to hold a full-dress debate on the subject. It was a humiliating spectacle to see the House of Commons, the mother of parliaments, obliged to consider the virtue and decency of devoted women in uniform on whom the government was dependent for such essential tasks as the manning of its antiaircraft batteries in the home islands.

The Commons, after investigating, came up with a blistering defense of the women who, in fact, needed no defense. They were not, as charged, "little more than prostitutes." They were not pregnant en masse. The corps was not plagued by Lesbianism.

It was a shocking experience, and it was with a bitter taste in my mouth that I returned from that winter spent in a nation making every sacrifice to win the war.

But a much more shocking experience awaited me when I came home in the spring of 1942. When I reached Washington, Congress had just authorized the creation of the WAC. Not one member of the corps had yet been recruited; so far it was purely a paper creation. Yet I had not been in Washington an hour when I began to hear the obscene stories about American women in uniform that I had heard repeatedly in England about British women in uniform. The stories had leaped the Atlantic intact.

A half-dozen senile senators, their counterparts in the House, and Lord knows how many men in uniform tried to whisper this smut in my ear, under the impression it was wit. It was one of the most distressing and depressing experiences of my life. It was obvious already that

(Continued on next page)



The training-command C.O., Captain Frederick Walsieffer, talks to all arrivals. Any girls unhappy after four days are sent to a psychiatrist, may be released.



Two seamen who have completed recruit training at Bainbridge work at the base. For promotions above this rank, they must compete with men in Navy examinations.

(continued)



Countless menial jobs are part of a WAVE recruit's training, but there is a lighter side: Base facilities offer bowling, Ping-pong, motion pictures, and television.

the unsuspecting American woman soon to be in uniform would be forced to run the gantlet of obloquy.

The snickering broke into nation-wide guffaws in June, 1942, within forty-eight hours after the first contingent of WACS, all officer candidates, assembled at Fort Des Moines, Iowa. The fact that the Army in issuing uniforms provided these women with pink step-ins struck the nation as indecently funny, although pink lingerie has been standard for American women for decades.

Gutter wit flourished. The Army, alarmed by the furor, asked the press to get the pink pants off the front page.

From then on, as the WACS, WAVES, SPARS, and women Marines appeared, it was open season on women in uniform. The new groups were beginning to understand what the Army Nurse Corps, composed of some of the world's noblest and most selfless women, had suffered for years.

All kinds of vice, immorality, and loose living were charged against women in the services. Two of the foulest and most vicious stories in circulation charged that women were being recruited by the armed services for overseas service as prostitutes behind the battle lines, and that pregnancies were so numerous that the United States Government was forced (Continued on page 124)

Wide World



Women in our armed forces, like these at the U.S. Naval Training Center in Great Lakes, Illinois, are essentially civilians in uniform, their leaders point out. They earnestly want the respect of the nation they serve.



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The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to 52¢.

The Reluctant Bride

(Continued from page 47)

me besides a trip," Charlotte said dryly. "Certain things, as you put it, 'will be expected of me.' I'm your little girl, Mother. Can't you emote?"

"Oh, really, dear!" her mother said. "You're twenty-six years old, and besides it's just George. It's not as if you were going off with a stranger. You will be sure to give my best to the Nortons and the Godwins, now, won't you?"

"No!" Charlotte said, suddenly angry at her mother for not emoting and at the weather for sleeting, at all the people who didn't know this was a "good, sensible" marriage, and at all the people who did. She was a bride for the first and last time in her life, and she wanted—Oh, she didn't know what she wanted, but it wasn't to give her mother's best to the Nortons and the Godwins.

"I don't think we'll ever get to Sea Island, Mother. I think we'll meet with some disaster along the road."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, dear! What possibly could happen to you' and George?"

Someone came and took her new luggage, her golf bag, tennis racket, salt-water-fishing gear.

George came, and she took his arm. They went downstairs and out through the rice to the driveway. They climbed into the new convertible he had bought for the trip. They waved. The car crept over the ice to the slushy street.

"Hello, Mrs. Arbuthnot," he said.

She smiled very brightly. She hurt as much for him as for herself. She guessed she always had—from the day she had met him fourteen years before, the new boy at Miss Kennedy's dancing class, pimply, all hands and feet, and skinny, with that caved-in look around the chest and middle, scuffling miserably out onto the floor to get her shoe, the last in the pile at the shoe dance.

In high school, whenever she had needed a date, she had always asked George—partly because she felt sorry for him, and partly because she knew he'd accept. He'd always asked her—probably for the same reasons. It was the same on holidays down at Sea Island and when they went away to college and afterward, back home, until people expected it of them. They weren't individuals anymore—they were Charlotte-and-George. The original need was gone, maybe, but the habit was formed, and there was no beautiful other woman to help him break it, no thrilling man to help her. So that night last October, coming home from the club, they had said they weren't getting any younger, they had said they had "the important things," they had exchanged a determined kiss at her door, and he had shoved a small, square, velvet box into her hand.

SHE LOOKED down at the two-plus carats on her finger. "Did you know," she asked slowly, "that when the Whitfields got married, they didn't have any money and she had to pawn her ring?"

"You won't have to," he said. "I came well-headed, dear."

Dear. She swallowed. He'd been calling her that ever since the engagement, bless his heart. It was sweet of him, and never so long as she lived would she tell him that "dear" only succeeded in reminding her of her mother.

Famous Hollywood Stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo for Glamorous Hair

"Thirteen all the way to the ferry?" he asked.

"Thirteen all the way to the ferry," she said dully. It wasn't that she didn't love Sea Island and the Godwins and the Nortons and Ginny and Chuck and Pete and Kay. It was just that this was her honeymoon, dammit.

AS DARKNESS came, the sleet froze back into ice, but George was a good, cautious driver. They stopped for dinner at Dover. Nothing was said about stopping for the night. They crept on and on. Embarrassment rode with them now, the agonizing embarrassment of two people who knew how they should feel and didn't, the bride and groom whose marriage had everything except the one usual ingredient: They weren't in love and never had been and never would be, Charlotte thought dimly.

Finally, halfway down the peninsula, George stopped the car in front of the Mar-Del-Va Inn. "How's this? Look all right to you?"

"Fine," she managed, and she began telling herself that George wasn't pimply anymore. His face was really quite impressive because there was kindness in it and strength and intelligence. He didn't cave in anymore, either. His six-foot-four frame had filled out to two hundred and fifteen pounds. Why, by comparison, she was quite petite. Maybe he was still all hands and feet on the dance floor, but not down at Arbuthnot, Inc., apparently. People said George's father might as well retire. George already knew more about engineering and getting contracts and handling the men than his father ever had. Oh, it was quite a pep talk she gave herself. And it did no good whatever.

"A lovely room," she said when the boy had been tipped and sent away.

"Not bad," George agreed quickly. He peered through the Venetian blinds. "Not much of a view, though."

"What a shame," she said nervously. As if it mattered. Jet-black outdoors now, and they'd be leaving first thing in the morning.

"Uh—" He cleared his throat, "uh, how shall we do this? I mean"—he glanced at the bathroom—"would you rather undress in there or out here?"

She swallowed. "I don't care, George. Which would you rather?"

"Well—" He hesitated. "There's more room out here. So why don't you take this?"

She didn't know why she needed more room, but he probably meant to be gallant and that was sweet of him, so she said, "All right. Thanks."

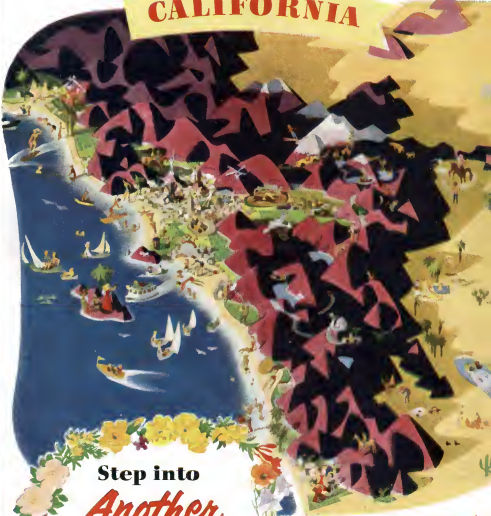
"Well—" He grabbed his smallest bag, cast her an uneasy glance, and fled.

Opening her overnight case, she stared at that filmy white thing she was supposed to wear, according to her mother. Grimly she undressed, pulled the gossamer stuff over her head, and then glanced in the mirror at the direct hazel eyes, the pleasant, wholesome face, the short, sandy hair, the body that was slim and in fine proportion. Why, she didn't look nearly so much like someone who went around winning lifesaving badges and hating men as she did in pajamas! She even looked a little like a bride. If only she could feel like one!

He came out in blue-and-white-striped pajamas, obviously brand-new. He walked toward her awkwardly yet manfully, like an obedient little boy who has been sent

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downstairs at bedtime to kiss the visitors
good night.

“You look pretty,” he said, “dear.”

LATER, as she lay half awake, trying not
to move because every time she did
he stirred in the next bed, she heard the
sudden violent wind. A hurricane may-
be, she thought. That would do it: no
ferries operating, causeways closed. But,
of course, it was past the season for
hurricanes. Might be a blizzard, though,
isolating her and George from all that
lay behind and all that lay ahead. No—
she saw the stars out the window—no
blizzard. It was up to her then. She was
normal, wasn't she? Women had dreams
of how things should be.

In the first dim light, she propped
herself up on one elbow and stared across
at him. He seemed to be asleep at last.
She crept out of bed and into the bath-
room and unlocked the window. She
stole back to the closet where his suit
was hanging. She found his book of
traveler's checks and his wallet in his
inside coat pocket, carried them to her
largest suitcase, wrapped them in a black
nightgown someone had given her at a
shower, and stuffed the wad deep into
one corner, her heart thudding, her eyes
on George.

He didn't stir.

She had done it for him, too, she
decided. He was normal, too.

Oddly exhilarated, she crept back into
her bed and closed her eyes. So her
mother didn't think anything could hap-
pen to Charlotte-and-George, huh? She
yawned luxuriously and fell into a deep
sleep.

Sun was streaming in the windows
when she awoke. George was sitting on
the edge of his bed, fully dressed, looking
at the road map. He hadn't missed his
money yet, she decided. He always kept
a few small bills with his change in his
side pocket. These might last for hours—
but not all the way to Sea Island.

“Good morning,” she said.

“Well—” He put down the road map.
“You sound chipper.”

“I am,” she told him. The future held
she knew not what. But one thing for
sure: It wasn't a good, sensible honey-
moon anymore.

His side pocket paid for breakfast and
the bill at the desk, but there seemed to
be only a few coins left.

They climbed back into the car. The
sky was cloudless and the wind had died.
“Better today,” George commented.

“Much better.” She smiled and reached
for the road map. Now, where would be
a good remote place for a couple of peo-
ple without any money to get stranded?

“Would we have time for a small detour?”

“Sure.” He glanced at her curiously.

“Well, any minute now,” she said,
“we'll come to a road that goes over to
Chinco'eague, the home of the Chinco-
teague oyster—the kind that is so big
and long. It's twenty or thirty miles out
of our way, though.” She felt she ought
to be that honest.

“What the hell?” He shrugged. “This
is our honeymoon.”

He gave her courage. “The only one
we'll ever have,” she said. “Together,
anyway.” She slid across the expensive
seat cover until she was sitting close to
him. “I want to be silly, George. I want
to be romantic. Don't you?”

“Sure.” His voice was dubious, but
game. He lifted his right arm off the
steering wheel and dropped it around

her shoulder, a thing unprecedented for him. It was sweet of him, bless his heart—and a lick in the right direction.

"There's our turn," she cried gaily. "Left, George. Left!"

The car skidded as he obeyed. "I'm not used to one-armed driving," he said, as if she didn't know. He grinned and pulled her a little closer. "Romantic, huh? Well, if I get too funny, be sure to giggle."

"You won't get too funny," she assured him. "Besides, if I giggle, I'm supposed to. Brides are supposed to giggle." She patted his hand that drooped so clumsily over her shoulder.

They crossed Mosquito Creek. Then, squinting into the sun ahead, they saw a long line of white-frame buildings clustered on the far shore of a narrow, glittering bay. As they crossed the bridge to the town, he withdrew his arm. "No fishing. No loitering. No necking on the bridge," he said.

She laughed and moved back to her end of the seat. He'd really done very well, she thought gratefully. He'd really been very cooperative, bless his heart.

"**M**ATT PETERSON just come in," the man rocking on an open porch said. "That there's his wharf. Might not have enough oysters to sell to sports, though. He's got himself a business with a truck."

They parked the car and crunched down Matt Peterson's oyster-shell walk. A couple of weather-beaten men were tying up a weather-beaten oyster boat.

"Matt Peterson?" George shouted.

One of the men turned. "Yeah?" There was extreme irritation in his voice.

Charlotte swallowed. It happened like this sometimes. You arrived somewhere full of hope, and you met hostility. "I don't think he has enough to sell to sports, George," she said sadly.

He ambled over to the two men anyway. They exchanged words Charlotte couldn't hear. Then Matt Peterson wiped his right hand on his pants and held it out to George. The other man picked a shovel off the wharf, jumped up on the boat, scooped, and threw a clattering shower of oysters down at George's feet.

George grinned at Matt. Matt grinned back and handed George an oyster knife.

"Come on, bride!" George yelled.

She blinked. He had told them! George, usually so conservative, had turned the spotlight on their honeymoon!

"You're lucky you're a bride, dear," George said. "Mr. Peterson isn't selling to ordinary sports these days."

"You got yourself a fine-lookin' woman," Matt observed. He smiled. "Well, hope you enjoy the oysters, missus." He went back to his work.

They ate three dozen right there on the wharf without benefit of lemon or sauce, forks or crackers. They dripped juice on their clothes and laughed at the three enormous cats who appeared from nowhere to beg to be of assistance.

Matt just looked helpless about the charge. "Oh—dollar?"

George reached into his side pocket. Out came his hand with a half dollar, a nickel, and some pennies. His other hand went inside his coat.

Here it comes, Charlotte thought.

George's expression didn't change. He said calmly, "Can you give Mr. Peterson a dollar, Charlotte?"

"Yes," she said hastily, fumbling in her purse. "Yes, of course, dear."

She was scarcely breathing as they got

back into the car. She had expected George to blanch or swear or bellow "I've been robbed" or something. He only said quietly, "Funny thing. My wallet was missing when I put on my suit this morning. So were my traveler's checks."

"Oh, George!" She couldn't meet his eyes. "Why didn't you say something about it before?"

"Well, you seemed pretty happy when you woke up and—well—" He shrugged.

That was George, unselfish enough not to want to spoil her mood.

"The bathroom window was unlocked," he told her.

"It was?" She was glad he'd noticed.

"What would you suggest?" he asked.

"I'm fresh out of a driver's license, too. That was in the wallet, of course."

She hadn't thought of that. "And you drove over here without it," she marveled. That wasn't like George. He was usually so legal.

"Well, you wanted to come." He reached for her hand. "Incidentally, you're taking this calamitous news very well, dear."

Her fingers tightened around his. "So are you!"

He smiled. "Well, the local police can

FAVORITE FEARS

Maybe you know someone who fears running water or blue ink? Who is afraid to make decisions or eat chicken? It can happen to your friends as well as the celebrities whose secret phobias are revealed on page → 141

probably fix me up with some sort of special driving permit. I can phone Dad and have him wire down some money and identification."

"Oh, no!" She felt desperate. "I hate to start running to your dad for help the first day of our marriage, don't you? Please don't phone him, George."

He stared at her a moment. "Okay. We can get in touch with somebody else."

"No, George," she begged. "This has happened to us, and I think we ought to solve it ourselves."

"Well—" He rubbed his ear. "What would you suggest?"

She opened her pocketbook and the coin purse inside. "Twenty, thirty, thirty-five dollars," she counted. "And sixty-six cents. Let's have our honeymoon on that." She smiled hopefully. "Maybe it's destiny, George, and we shouldn't fight it. Maybe the fates planned it so we'd get stranded right here."

"The fates, huh?" He began playing with her rings.

"It wouldn't be so bad," she said. "It's really a picturesque little place, don't you think? There's water all around so there ought to be some fish we can catch. And we can take walks and—" What else she didn't know. "I bet we could have a lot of fun here."

He raised both eyebrows. "You make

it sound like just the spot you've been dreaming about."

"Well"—she flushed guiltily—"at least we wouldn't be starting off our married life with explanations and embarrassment and police stations."

"But how about all the people who're expecting us?"

"We could wire them," she decided.

"Wire them what?" He grinned. "We're keeping our troubles to ourselves."

"Well"—she avoided his eyes—"there's something everybody should understand. I mean no one could possibly think anything of it, George, if we just said we'd decided we—"

"We what?"

She made herself look at him. "—want to be alone."

He didn't laugh, just looked at her gravely. "It's a deal."

There was a sign on the front door of the Hotel Bluefish: CLOSED FOR THE SEASON. They drove on to Chincoteague Lodge, near the end of the island, still open for hunters.

Charlotte felt a little sick as George turned away from the desk with a "Sorry. I'm afraid your rates are a little beyond us." George had never had to say things like that.

The boy carried their bags back out to the car. It hurt to see George handing over his last fifty-cent piece.

"A honeymoon with oysters, huh?" He brushed her nose with his fist. "Well, I'm glad they're so cheap."

"Here!" She handed him her entire thirty-five dollars and sixty-six cents. "I'm sorry I didn't bring more, George. You take it."

"You keep the sixty-six cents, dear," he said grandly as they re-entered Chincoteague's main drag. "For when you're poking in all these exotic little shops."

She had to laugh, looking at the strictly utilitarian line of small-town stores. "We need gas," she observed.

"Oh, no!" he told her. "As soon as we find a flophouse we can afford, we'll park the car and walk. I shouldn't drive without a license and, besides, walking's cheaper."

They turned down a side street and saw a sign in front of a small white house: THE CREPE MYRTLE TOURIST HOME, MISS J. TULLER, PROP.

HE PROVE ON to the next block to hide the car. "Try to look as insolvent as we are," he instructed, loading himself with luggage.

She glanced at him to be sure he wasn't bitter. He didn't seem to be. In fact, he looked rather gay and intrigued with the situation.

Miss J. Tuller was a roly-poly little woman with a bright-pink face, tightly curled white hair, and a cane she seemed to swing more than use.

"My arthritis pained me terrible all night," she said cheerfully, hopping up the narrow steps to the second floor. "And I been cleaning rubble out of the yard all morning, so you'll have to excuse my dust. I got this room here."

Charlotte felt the doorknob brush the top of her hair as she entered. George had to duck. The room was pink and white, like Miss Tuller herself. On a dainty little rocker there was a white cushion embroidered with the pink sentiment: "To Auntie." White rosebud decals and a number of framed poems decorated the pink walls.

George bumped his head against the

ceiling light but said courteously, "Immaculate, Miss Tuller. And what are your rates—uh—by the week?"

"By the week?" Miss Tuller frowned and rubbed the side of her nose with one plump finger. "Well, most sports come in the summer for the pony pennin'—that's July, you know—and for when the boats go out with fishin' parties. There ain't a hotel charges less'n five dollars then, and I'm just four. That's a night."

"This is a bit off season, though," George smiled. "Don't you think twenty dollars a week would be a fair winter rate?"

Charlotte took his hand. Bless his heart! Haggling for eight dollars! "We'd be glad to help you clear the rubble out of your yard and so forth, Miss Tuller," she said. "We'd like to stay. You see, we just got married and—"

"Well, how about that?" Miss Tuller beamed. "Well, ain't you the handsome couple! So big and fine. The Lord brought you together, I know. Made you in heaven for one another. Well, I'd be just so pleased to have you. And twenty dollars is ample." She started downstairs, calling back to them, "Start makin' yourselves right to home."

"We've got only fifteen dollars to eat on," George said. "But I saw Matt Peterson eyeing my watch."

"Oh, no!" she told him. "I'll hock my ring first. Lis'en!" She cocked her head. "Listen, George. Something's dripping." She ran across the hall to the bathroom. "The bathtub's only a little bit bigger than a birdbath, George. We can wash our chins and our knees all in one fell swoop."

"That'll be efficient." He stared skeptically at the little rocking chair. "Should it rock us or should we rock it?" He sat down gingerly on the edge of the little bed. The springs objected with a loud dissonance.

HE TRIED lying on the bed then, but his ankles and feet hung over the end. "Aaaaah!" he yawned. "Didn't sleep very well last night. This feels pretty good."

Bless his heart! She snatched the little

"To Auntie" cushion and tucked it between the footboard and his ankles. She untied his shoelaces and pulled off his shoes. "There, darling, does that feel better?"

"Darling?" He rolled his head toward her and smiled. "That sounds nice, dear. I like that." He groped up for her hand.

"The preacher said it would be all right for you to take a nap with me. You didn't sleep very well last night, either." He pulled her down beside him, keeping her hand, pressing it against his cheek, half across his mouth. Her palm covered his lips, his warm breath.

"Mmmm," he inhaled. "Attar of oyster."

"That's not very romantic, George."

"I guess not." He kissed her palm. "You tell me what you want me to say. What do you want to hear on your honeymoon?"

"I don't know, George. Something nice."

"You're beautiful," he said. "How's that?"

"That's nice."

"I'm glad you're not short. Short girls have always given me the creeps. How's that?"

"That's nice."

"I'd do anything for you," he said. "If you so much as hinted, I'd do it. Maybe that's not romantic, but it's true."

"It's romantic," she decided. "You're doing fine, George. Just fine."

He snored—but quietly, like a cat purring, she thought, and the sound filled her with content. He hadn't snored that morning, she remembered, but of course sometimes people did and sometimes they didn't. With George, she didn't care. He was sweet either way.

Brisk, thumping steps on the stairs woke him. "Missus?" Miss J. Tuller's voice called outside the door. "I fixed a little dinner for you and mister, case you don't want to go down to the café."

They went downstairs, through the living room—a glory of bright braided rugs, canaries, crocheted afghans, family photographs propped against vases and lamps, flowered wallpaper, and framed mottoes. Pale French-fried oysters, soupy cole slaw, gray string beans, and coarse

corn bread were on their plates. Charlotte closed her eyes a moment. Poor George! He always knew the best restaurants and their specialties. Down at Sea Island, just waiting, was William, the Godwins' cook, one of the best in the South.

"Well! Well!" George remarked safely. "This is going to be a dinner to remember. Uh—I didn't realize you served meals, too, Miss Tuller."

"Lots of sports buys the food, and I cook for all of us."

"It's a deal," George told her.

"I knew you was goin' to be real comfortable sports," she beamed. "Like havin' a family. Will you bless the dinner, mister?"

George gulped, but bowed his head.

SO BEGAN their stay in Chincoetague. They walked from one end of the island to the other and from one side to the other, on the bias, crisscross, every way. They went to the grocer's and looked for bargains. They went to what Miss Tuller called "the pictures" and munched popcorn. They went to church with Miss Tuller and heard about the sins of lust and drink and vanity. One blue day they bought hot dogs and built a fire on the needle-strewn sand in the pines beyond town. They fished off Matt's wharf and from a rowboat he lent them. Oh, there was plenty to do—helping Miss Tuller with her work, hearing about her "arthritis" and the big event of Chincoetague's year, the roundup of the wild ponies that roamed nearby Assateague Island.

"Nobody knows for sure where they come from," she said, "but every July the men goes over and rounds 'em up and herds 'em into the channel and swims 'em across. Then sports comes from all over and buys 'em. The money goes to the fire department, and what ponies ain't sold the men swims back."

George was fascinated. "Maybe Matt'll take us over," he said.

"Sure," Matt agreed that afternoon. "Been intendin' to. My wife'd want me to, this bein' your honeymoon. She was real sentimental about such things, Mary was. And there wasn't no place around she liked better'n Assateague. We used to go real often and I kept right on after she died."

"Was she a local girl?" Charlotte asked.

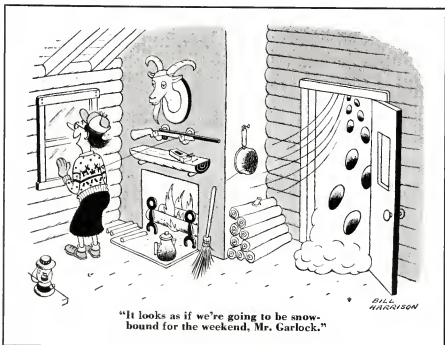
"Yeah," Matt's eyes puckered up. "Knew her all her life. She always said it took a lot of knowin' and a lot of likin' to make good lovin'."

Charlotte and George exchanged glances.

They didn't get much of a look at the ponies. The unkempt, motley little group on the shore sneaked in terror and stampeded off. But Charlotte and George were moved by the glimpse of wild things, the lonely island, and the kindness of Matt in sharing his shrine with them.

Matt added a lot to their mood—Matt and Miss Tuller. They eavesdropped sometimes on Miss Tuller's telephone calls. She seemed to be keeping half the town informed about them. "They look at each other so sweet, honey," she would tell some unidentified caller. "It goes real deep. You can tell."

One day, after overhearing a conversation between Miss Tuller and a neighbor, Charlotte confided, "You haven't been the only man in my life," hoping that



"It looks as if we're going to be snow-bound for the weekend, Mr. Garlock."



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SHORT STORIES WITH A POINT • BY ALBERT MOREHEAD

Ambition Fulfilled

Every veteran movie star must have wanted to do it; now it has actually been done.

Ruth Lyons, on her "50 Club" TV program, was interviewing Gloria Swanson. Said Ruth: "I remember



Glamorous Gloria

seeing your pictures when I was in school." Replied Gloria: "What were you doing there, teaching?"

Confidence Game

This one has been fooling the gullible for years and, judging from occasional newspaper reports, it still works. All you need are a one-eyed man and a couple of dollars in capital.

A man walks into a fruit-and-vegetable store and browses around the bins. Suddenly he rushes up to the proprietor with a hand clapped over one eye.

"My glass eye dropped out and fell into one of those bins," he exclaims, "and I can't find it!"

The proprietor helps him search, but no glass eye shows up. Finally the man turns to go.

"I can't wait any longer," he says, "but I must have my glass eye. It's very valuable, and I'm far from home and can't get another right away. My name is Jones and I'm at the Superior Hotel. Let me know if you find the eye. I'll pay a hundred-dollar reward."

An hour or so later another customer in the store exclaims, "Look what I found!"—and displays a glass eye.

"I'll take it," says the proprietor quickly, reaching out his hand.

"Oh, no, you won't," the customer retorts. "This is obviously a very valuable

glass eye. There may be a reward for it. I'd better take it to the police."

But the greedy proprietor won't let that happen, and finally settles by giving the customer fifty dollars.

Then he hotfoots it over to the Superior Hotel to collect. But the hotel never heard of Jones, and the "valuable" glass eye turns out to be a hunk of glass worth a dollar or so.

Crosbyana

When Bing Crosby got his first movie contract and filled out the publicity department's usual questionnaire, on the line that asked "What will you do for publicity?" he wrote "Anything!" And underlined it. But the time came when Bing was represented by five different publicity departments and wouldn't even talk to any one of them on the phone. (The five belonged to Paramount, Decca Records, his radio sponsor, their advertising agency, and the network.)

Bing and Joan Fontaine made a movie ("The Emperor Waltz") in which they played many romantic scenes together.

They were away on location for six weeks, being idle most of the time because of bad weather. When they got back, Joan's friends asked her, "How did you like Bing?"

She answered, "I don't know—I never met him. He was always surrounded by four writers, except on the set, and then there wasn't time!"

Crosby and Hope read each other's contracts, and whatever concession either of them has been able to wrangle out of a studio or sponsor, the other is sure to ask for at the next meeting. When Bing "struck" for the right to put his radio show on tape (instead of having live shows) his clincher was that he had been so busy he hadn't been home for dinner all month, while Hope had been home twelve times!



Bing & Bob

would make her seem more of a prize. "There was a handsome man on the beach down at Sea Island once, George. With jaded eyes. He said I was magnificent. He wanted to sculpture me."

"Sculpture you, huh?" George looked suspicious.

"He asked me to come to his studio."

"Did you?" George looked concerned.

"No," She smiled ruefully. "There have been lots of men who asked if I had a shorter sister."

He looked belligerent. "Some people are awful damn witty."

"There was a basketball player at college. Taller than you, George. I used to have Cokes with him after class. He asked me to the Miami Triad, but of course I was going with you."

"Why didn't you break our date?"

"Oh, I couldn't have done that!"

"Why not?"

"I don't know," she admitted. "I just couldn't have, that's all."

"Yeah," he said slowly. He squinted up his eyes as if his thoughts were far away. "Yeah, I know."

"Tell me about the women in your life, George. How about when you were in the Navy?"

"Nothing to tell," he said.

"Didn't you ever go to the U.S.O. out in San Francisco and meet a girl and ask her for a date?"

"Maybe," he admitted. "But—"

"Was she—was she beautiful, George?"

"Oh, I thought so at the time, but—"

"How many dates did you have with her, George?"

"I can't remember—" He stared up at the ceiling. "Seven or eight, I guess."

"Seven or eight!" She tried to laugh.

"How about all those business trips you've taken? Did you ever take somebody's secretary out to dinner?"

"I guess so," he said.

She realized she was getting mad. "How many?"

"How many dinners?"

"No!" She wanted to hit him, and she couldn't understand it—wanting to hit George, of all people. "How many secretaries?"

"I don't know," he said. "Not many."

"The other night," she accused, "the night at the Mar-Del-Va Inn, you certainly knew what to do. How taught you? That girl out in San Francisco?"

"Good Lord!" he said. "You didn't expect a guy my age to be as innocent as a—"

"Why not? I was."

"Yes." He put his arms around her. "That was nice. I liked that."

"Don't." She pulled away. "Don't, George. I can't stand it."

He dropped his arms. "Me, you mean?"

"Yes," she heard herself say. What was the matter with her? "Don't pamper me anymore, George. Don't be silly and romantic. It isn't fun anymore."

"Okay." His voice was new—quiet, dead, and definitely hostile. "I'm just along for the ride anyway. Tell me what you want, and I'll do it."

"I don't want to tell you what I want anymore."

"Okay." He looked at her strangely and left their little room, shutting the door softly behind him.

It was their first quarrel, she realized, and suddenly she was ashamed. He hadn't done a thing really except answer her questions. So there had been a girl

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EVENING:



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*externally-caused

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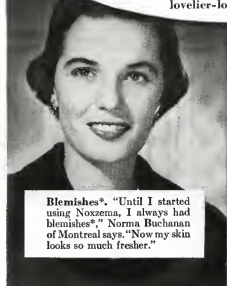
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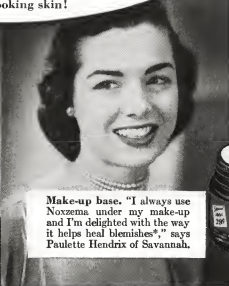
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“Tampax is many, many times smaller than the external forms of protection. Furthermore, it requires no belts, pins or other supporting devices.”

“No odor with Tampax. And it cannot create bulges, ridges or edgelines which otherwise might ‘show’ through snugly fitted suits or dresses.”

“Tampax cannot be felt by the woman or girl while wearing it. And you need not remove it while tubbing, showering or swimming.”

“Buy Tampax at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. A month’s supply will go right into your purse. Economy box will last four months (average)... Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.”

in San Francisco. So there had been secretaries. Why not? He hadn’t even been engaged to her then. He would be true now, she knew, if it killed him. Oh, what was the matter with her?

He came back upstairs in about half an hour, and knocked on the door. “May I come in?”

“Of course,” She ran to meet him. “Forgive me, George.”

“For what?” He smiled. And the quarrel was ended, the funny quarrel she couldn’t understand.

Things were different after that though, she noticed. No matter what he said to her, it never sounded clumsy. Being called “dear” didn’t remind her of her mother. She found herself putting perfume behind her ears before breakfast, borrowing Miss Tuller’s iron to press her prettiest dresses, running downstairs to help Miss Tuller with the meals so the food would look better and taste better—for George.

On the gray stormy morning of their first-week anniversary, they went out oystering with Matt. That was the morning she saw him wearing George’s watch.

“Thirty-five dollars,” George admitted.

She was terribly touched. Why, that was one of the finest watches made, a gift from his father, and he had sold it for so little, without telling her, without complaining.

“Frankly,” he said, smiling, “we needed the money more than the time.”

Of course, she thought. Wires to Sea Island, groceries for three, money for church and “the pictures” and popcorn and oysters. “But he’ll ruin it out here in all this spray, George.”

“It can take anything,” he said proudly.

As soon as she was alone in the little pink bedroom back at Miss Tuller’s, she sneaked a fifty-dollar bill out of George’s hidden wallet. She ran down to Matt and persuaded him it had all been a tragic mistake. She tucked the watch and the fifteen dollars’ change back into her black nightgown. Then she sat on the floor by her suitcase and cried.

George came upstairs from helping Miss Tuller with the furnace and caught her crying. She said it was just because it was their first-week anniversary and she always cried on special days and he might as well get used to it. “Let’s dress for dinner, George. And afterward let’s turn on the radio and dance.”

“Beginning to miss Sea Island?” he asked, just like that, out of nowhere and for the first time.

“Are you?”

“I asked you first,” He smiled.

“I’m not—yet.”

“Then I’m not either, dear.”

SHE DIDN’T believe him. Watching him crouch down to tie his tie in front of that ridiculous little mirror, watching that beautiful, immaculately tailored coat go on, she sighed. George didn’t belong here. He belonged among people of distinction. At the bar of an exclusive club. At the wheel of a fine yacht. Women, desirable women, should be catching their breaths at the very sight of him.

He glanced at her curiously. “What’s on your mind, dear?”

“Oh”—she turned away—“I was just thinking I should be getting ready for dinner, too.”

Her dress was silk, one of those over-all Middle Eastern prints, draped and strapless. George whistled. He put his

hands on her bare shoulders. “You look ravishing, dear.”

She felt strangely weak and trembling. “Happy anniversary,” he said, bending his head suddenly, kissing her.

She clung to him and smiled mistily. “Happy anniversary, dear.”

He was staring at her. “You’re getting pretty good at that.”

“So are you!” she assured him.

“I’ve been wondering how that thing looked on you,” he said. “That and the black thing. When are you going to wear it?”

She stopped breathing. “What black thing?”

“The thing you keep the money in.”

She watched, speechless, as he walked over to her suitcase and opened it. He reached into the precise corner and pulled out the wad of her black nightgown, heavy with treasure. He carried it over to the bed, unrolled it, put on his watch, tucked his wallet and traveler’s checks into his inside coat pocket. He spread the black nightgown out on her side of the bed.

“George, let me explain, I—”

He turned to face her. “Don’t ever take up crime as a profession,” He grinned. “You’d go to jail your first try. Why, even if I’d been asleep, the way you unlocked that bathroom window and

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

TALKING POINT

Richard Armour

I like small towns and villages,

In this I'm quite sincere.

There may not be a lot to see,

But, boy, the things you hear!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

rattled those coat hangers and unsnapped your suitcase—”

“You’ve known all along.” She swallowed. “Why didn’t you say something, George?”

He chuckled. “Well, at first I wanted to see what you were up to.” He walked over to her, put his hands on her shoulders again. “And after I found out, it sounded like a pretty good idea.”

“You knew where the money was,” she marveled, “and still you sold your watch.”

“Well—” He shrugged. “I thought maybe you’d think that was romantic.”

“I did,” she said. “Oh, George, I did!” “And you bought it back for me,” He smiled. “That was romantic, too. We’re a pretty romantic pair, I’d say.”

“Are we?”

He kissed her again. “What do you think?”

She shook her head groggily. “Isn’t it amazing, George, after all these years? There’s a lot to this business of practice, isn’t there—and getting in the mood?”

“Don’t kid yourself,” he grinned. “The Lord brought us together. Made us in heaven for one another. Just ask Miss Tuller—or me.”

“Or me!” She laughed.

He looked back at the bed and blew a kiss to the black nightgown. She took his arm, hugging it close, and they went downstairs.

THE END

The Coward

(Continued from page 62)

pals, with some wisecracks by Shorty Pelletier and a phrase in Celia's familiar backhand. Stuff like that.

And his picture. It bothered him to look at the soft-focus picture of himself in his recruit's uniform. That Brand was a cornball to make a guy look like that, practically like a girl. He had been popular—a letter man, president of two clubs, third on the Celebs' poll. The picture bothered him.

She never said, but he knew his mother wanted the room to stay just the way he'd left it—and the picture so they could always remember him just as he was. Only he wasn't like that at all. He was no apple-cheeked, dreamy-eyed prissy. Besides, for cripes' sake, he was coming back, wasn't he? It was only occupation duty. The war with Japan had been over more than four years. He put on his garrison cap.

THEY WERE in a small woods that looked like it had been a park a long time ago. There were empty ammo boxes, empty ration cans, empty howitzer cartridge cases, everything empty. The ground was rutted where the trucks had pulled back through here. There were lots of cigarette butts. A week ago his outfit, if it had been there at all, would have been policing up those butts. It was August in Korea. A week ago this had been a park.

"I won't bull you," the lieutenant said. "If I knew what was going on I'd tell you. So forget that. The troop info officer is back at the beachhead after thirty-caliber belts, and besides, he doesn't know, either."

The lieutenant wasn't a bad guy. He had taken the shiny bars off his field jacket and smeared mud over the painted one on his helmet. With the bars gone, he got added respect. That was because they all knew it was not just courtesy anymore. This frowning young blond with the M-1 over his shoulder was going to take them up to the enemy and then tell them what to do.

Young listened. The flat pound of artillery and the cough of small-arms fire echoed irregularly through the hills. It was closer now. He heard the lieutenant:

"So here's the deal. Since we landed yesterday, the Eighteenth Division has been pushed back another three miles." The lieutenant pointed. "We're about thirty miles—an hour by jeep—northwest of Pusan back there. We're going up a thousand yards or so and take Charlie Company's place in the line."

The lieutenant looked around at the guys. He wasn't being nasty or show-off or anything, just looking. Young couldn't guess what he was thinking.

"When we get there, there's only one thing we have to do," the lieutenant said. "We have to stay there." He was watching them closely. "Because there's no place left to pull back to."

The sun was down now, although it had not shown through the mist before, anyway. The first and third squads went ahead. The second would be reserve on the first tour. It was like a Stateside training exercise. Private First Class Le Roy M. Anderson—the guys all called him "Young"—was thirteenth in line, last man in the first squad behind the lieutenant. He had the BAR.

"CHEERS FOR CHUBBY"



THE CARTOON characters shown here—Mr. and Mrs. Chubby—are the "stars" of Metropolitan's new film, "Cheers for Chubby." This film humorously presents a serious subject—the health hazards of overweight.

Medical authorities report there are some 25 million Americans who, like the Chubbys, are overweight—or who tip the scales to a point at least 10 percent higher than is best for their physical and mental health.

Today, doctors are urging all overweight people—especially those beyond

age 30—to bring their weight down to normal and keep it there throughout life.

This is because excess pounds may place a burden on vital organs, particularly the heart. Obesity may also shorten life as it is closely associated with heart and circulatory diseases, gall bladder trouble, diabetes, arthritis, and other disorders.

Here are some facts that the Chubbys learned about reducing—facts that may help everyone to get the greatest benefit from a weight-reduction program.

1. **Avoid all "quick and easy ways to reduce."** Chubby tried exercise only—and found that he had to run 36 miles to shed one pound! Mrs. Chubby tried the latest reducing fads with even poorer results. They found that so-called "simple ways to reduce" do not work—and that self-treatment with reducing pills may actually be dangerous.
2. **Consult the doctor for advice about reducing.** The doctor helped the Chubbys to lose weight safely. He prescribed a balanced diet that would not only remove excess pounds, but would also allow the Chubbys to eat a variety of appetizing, nourishing foods. He also helped them to develop a new set of permanent eating habits.
3. **Follow a balanced diet while reducing.** The Chubbys' reducing diet was planned so

as to protect their health while reducing. They found that they could eat a variety of foods—lean meats, fish, vegetables, butter, fruit, milk, eggs, and whole-grain or enriched breads. These foods provide the protein, vitamins and minerals needed for building and repairing the body.

4. **Develop new eating habits.** The Chubbys learned to avoid those dishes that teem with "hidden calories," such as gravies and sauces. By firmly adhering to their new eating habits, they lost weight safely—from two to three pounds a week. They also increased their chances for additional years of happier, healthier living, because they knew that—the shorter the belt line, the longer the life line!

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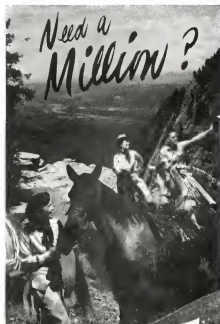
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TOURIST BUREAU, Santa Fe, New Mexico
(A division of the Highway Dept.)

First they tiptoed quietly. Then they got tired of that and slogged along more naturally for a while. Then, for the last two or three hundred yards, they got quiet again.

At Charlie Company's reserve squad the lieutenant waved them close and reminded them in a hoarse whisper, "This front is too wide for a platoon, more than twice too wide, going by the manual. We'll be quite a ways apart. That makes communication tough. So pay attention for signals and orders. I'm damned if I'll tell you twice. Understand?"

IN THE dusk, they crept and crawled up a shallow ravine behind brush and scrub to the skirmish line. As they got nearer their positions, they spread farther and farther apart. After Young had called softly to his man, let him slide out of the hole, crawled back past him, and then eased into his place, he noticed and was alarmed at the distance to the next man.

The guns were quieter. Except for random puffs of smoke in the distance, nothing seemed to be going on. The hole was foul. Young set his BAR into position and sighted along it to see if it could traverse his assigned field of fire. He laid out some spare clips of ammo where they would be handy. Then he looked down. When a guy had to live in a hole in the ground, it got foul, is all.

He dug some earth out of the bottom. He must be taller than the other guy. Finally he had cleaned out the hole. He put the last few handfuls behind his head on the paradox, the mound of earth that backgrounded his outline. It smelled like the fresh dirt of his mother's garden.

An hour had gone by. It was getting dark fast. Although he looked out after every handful, he had seen no enemy. He had looked as far as he could see,

some four hundred yards across the open into the haze, and seen no one. He felt alone.

Nobody to talk to. Celia—he remembered her letter in his pocket. Reading one of Celia's letters was just like hearing her talk. He wasn't the talky type; he was more the strong, silent letter man. That doesn't mean he wasn't thinking. He had a good head, and as long as you were alive and conscious, you were thinking. Thinking was like talking, only silent. And in the Army there were lots of times you couldn't talk—during lectures, at attention or at ease, on parades marking the Japanese holidays—and in foxholes before the battle. Your mouth is shut so much you get to thinking you're talking when it's only in your head.

Later on, after the mortars had started and he had crouched, shaking, in the hole, with his imagination running wild, whispering dumb and silly things when one burst with its ear-splitting roar only a few yards away, he realized that this was the first phase of an attack. They must still be quite a distance, couple hundred yards at least. His squad was scattered so wide it made a dead mortar target. Chances were one in a thousand anybody staying in his hole would get hit. Waiting, he thought how maybe he would be in a panic now if they hadn't convinced him in training that the thing to be most afraid of was letting yourself get afraid. Fear made you do crazy things and got you killed. Knowing that kept him under control. Abruptly he noticed he had been hitching at his belt. It was so tight he couldn't breathe. Where the hell was everybody, anyhow?

In the lull after the mortars, Peterseim in the next hole signaled that he had a message to pass on. They crawled rapidly toward each other in the dark.



"You all have a list of people who haven't paid their taxes yet. Only remember—You aren't to collect it yourselves. Just scare hell out of them!"

"Lieutenant says wait for him to fire the first round."

"Of course," Young muttered.

"Yeah, well, he wanted to remind us."

It was a long time before Young heard the noise. A tiny rattle. He thought of a rag-bound foot accidentally loosening a pebble to let it roll with a tiny rattle down a bank. His eyes burned from staring at the dark. His fingers and neck pained from the tension of his pose at the gun. He was suffocating. It felt like the time he was kneed in that game with Union. He strained to relax and felt his stomach flutter. He had been frozen still so long the roots of his hair ached from the webbing in his helmet.

The second rattle was louder, he guessed only thirty yards in front of him. What the hell was the lieutenant waiting for? The lieutenant was way over there in the middle of the line between the squads. Here on the left flank, the gooks might be a lot closer. Cripes, if the lieutenant didn't wake up pretty quick it would be too late.

And then he heard the noise, loud as death and not five feet away. He screamed savagely, swung the gun at it, and jammed back the trigger. His BAR roared and bucked and cast a violent light as the slugs spat out. Two hundred yards away an enemy machine gun opened on him, and as his empty clip kicked out and he reached for the next, a long curved stream of hot tracers probed for him.

At a cyclic rate of fire of six hundred rounds per minute, it took under half a second for the four slugs to strike, two into the parapet, blowing fresh earth back into his face, one like a dozen broken razor blades into his outstretched right arm, and one like thunder against his helmet. For Pfc. Anderson, the fight was over.

THE SMELL of earth was like his mother's garden. No, it was more like the field where they flew the model planes. The planes smelled like banana oil and high-test fuel, like alcohol. Alcohol. He opened his eyes to blinding light. His head throbbed, and he knew instantly where he was. Base hospital on Honshu. They had flown him out.

He felt uncomfortable. He looked around the little white room. Two beds only. Clean sheets. The gooks, the North Koreans had nothing like this. When they got hit they laid in a dirty field aid station. Or maybe they just stayed in their dirty foxholes and kept on firing. His platoon, squad, Petersein, the lieutenant, they were still back there in their dirty foxholes fighting.

"Greetings, Young," a curly-headed kid in the other bed said. "Welcome back to FECOM."

Young wondered what the others had thought when he left. They had all pulled duty together since they landed in Japan last June. They had kept the roster fair, and he had left them in the hills above Pusan to fight without him.

"Young," Curly repeated. "That's your name, isn't it?"

"Yeah, that's my name."

"That's what I figure," he said. "Guy was in here looking for you. Sounded like he asked for Young."

"What guy?"

"I don't know. He'll be back, he said."

"How long have I been here?"

"Not long, last night. You were probably hit yesterday or night before last."



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Curly looked down from Young's face. "They had you doped up—account of your arm probably."

Curly held up a bandaged foot. "Look at that, eh? Not bad. I got the Purple Heart, a nice vacation with meals in the sack, and wait till you see the looker we got for a nurse. Wait till she gives you the alcohol bath in bed. Wow—"

Young didn't look down right away. He was thinking about the hours of waiting in that hole, ending with dirt in his eyes and a feeling like a dozen broken razor blades caught in the flesh of his right arm so if he pulled away it would cut to shreds. Jeez, he'd get it when his mother saw that sleeve all torn and—What was he thinking, anyway? Maybe his arm. He heard the tinny sound of music far away, pop tune, name band, disc jockey. Then the nurse turned

off the radio so as not to disturb the sleeping soldier who had been shot squarely in the right elbow joint by a Russian-made machine gun.

YOUNG kept the arm. It didn't look too bad. The nurse's name was Rosy. Before they put on the plaster cast, Rosy opened the temporary cast and unwound the layer of gauze, and they saw it together. Dead-white except for the blue-red gashes, and a little puffy and hairy. She touched the back of his neck with her fingers. Some tone in her voice made it particularly feminine, almost intimate. Young saw the arm through the same kind of haze as the one he had looked through when the barber at the Lexington, on that New York trip he had made with Sid, had held the hot, fragrant towel to his eyes and nose and

slowly massaged hair tonic into his scalp. "There," Rosy said softly, "that's not bad, is it? You had a messy arm, but Major Carpenter says it's going to be okay. You had a goose egg on your head, too, and a little concussion. They think you were hit with a shell fragment. It didn't actually touch you, just glanced off your helmet. It's all right now. You'll have some headaches for a while."

Rosy's fingers glided up and down. "The arm will heal up pretty much. The bullet caused a compound fracture, broke the bones. Your elbow may not work quite the way it used to."

"Rosy." He put his face in her lap. "Damn it all, Mamma."

He excused himself for calling her Mamma. The nurse was a second lieutenant, a commissioned officer, and he didn't mean to call her Rosy, either. Later, when it was time, she gave him his terramycin and his alcohol bath and left him drowsy.

CORPORAL Gozewska came in after dinner. Young felt pretty good and told him he'd be all right soon. Gozewska was from the second squad. It was he who had called for Young before. Curly hobbled in on crutches from the dayroom, and the three of them lay around and talked.

"The perfect wound," Curly said, pointing at his foot. "I can't kick a football anymore. So what? I'm here living the life of Riley with my meals in bed and a terrific nurse—"

"Go on," said Young. "You said all that."

"How'd it happen, Curly?" Gozewska wanted to know.

Curly was eager to tell, and Young felt a blush for not having thought to ask. Curly had got it at Taegu. There was a short tank duel there between a Red medium with an eighty-eight and a U.S. medium with a ninety. Curly was a rifleman in the cover of our tank. He saw the Red first and called into our tank over the phone that hangs at the back. In the action, he hurt his foot.

"Who won?" Gozewska asked eagerly. "Them or us?"

"We did," Curly said proudly.

"Our tank knocked out the Red tank?"

"Hell, no. They hit a mine," said Curly.

"Who, the Reds?"

"No! Jeez, you aren't listening to me."

"You mean our tank hit the mine?" asked Gozewska.

"Of course," said Curly.

"Then how the hell did we win?"

"A Limey rocket team hit the Red tank."

"Englishmen?"

"Yeah, so this gook with the burp gun jumps out from behind the Red tank to burn the Limeys just in time to catch a round from our tank's ninety."

"Jeez," said Gozewska.

"Yeah," said Young, "but how'd your foot get hurt?"

"Well, that—" Curly hesitated. "When our tank hit this mine it lost a tread and spun half around."

"So?"

"It ran over my foot."

They flinched at the thought of a medium tank running over a guy's foot. Curly looked tough, and they admired him. Curly held up the Purple Heart ribbon.

"Tomorrow," he said to Young, "they'll give you one."

That was the way they started to talk about Young. He told them how their



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company had been suddenly pulled off occupation duty in Japan and shipped across the straits to Pusan. They were almost all recent high-school graduates and the lieutenant was a good guy because he used the same latrine they did, and once when he bawled a guy out for not keeping up on the march, he'd then carried the guy's pack a ways. But if you thought he was soft, you had another thing coming, because for a college man he could sure talk like a stevedore, eh, Gozewska?

WHEN Young got to the point in his story where something made him hesitate, he let Gozewska carry on.

"We took Charlie Company's place in the line," Gozewska said. "I was in the reserve squad about fifty yards behind the lieutenant. I said to myself, reserve will be the tough deal tonight, I'll bet. The second squad always gets the tough deal. Sure enough, after the mortars stop about one A.M., I am trying to catch a little sleep when all hell lets go." He threw up both hands.

"BARs, machine guns, M-1's—there's one hell of a fire fight going on." He clucked his head. "I decide we're spread out so thin they'll sure get through us somewhere and then the old second squad'll have to crawl out and plug up the hole."

"Did they?" asked Curly anxiously. "Break through, I mean."

"I don't think they would of," said the corporal, "except for one thing. These gooks are cute. They'll throw a stone or do something else to make noise and draw fire. Some yellow bastard on the far left of our front loses his nerve and leaves go a BAR clip at nothing at all and gives away his position so they get the drop on us. They pour it out on him, knock him out, and before the second squad can get over there, they are in and rolling up our line sideways. Then I don't know exactly what happened except the next platoon sent a reserve squad over and everybody is shooting at once and pretty soon the gooks run out of moxie. They leave a lot of dead, a dozen anyhow."

"What happened to us?" asked Curly. Young was unable to look away from Gozewska.

"We take over the positions again," answered Gozewska. "Me and some other guys are wounded. At the battalion aid station I meet Young out cold with a big dent in his helmet and a bloody arm. They fly us back."

"Anybody killed on our side?" Curly asked.

Young hated Curly. "That's funny," said Gozewska. "We must be better shots than the Reds. Only guy killed on our side is the lieutenant."

Young told Curly and Gozewska that his head ached, and they let him alone. The officials came with his Purple Heart, and he said the same thing. He told Rosy he wanted to be alone. They could give him the medal some other time. Rosy tried to smooth his forehead, but he rolled away.

"Sure," she said, "let me know when you're ready."

He never let her touch him again. He stopped looking at her. The day she told him he was scheduled to see the disposition board he waited until she left the room before he sobbed, Mamma, Jesus, Mamma.

His thoughts were so loud in his head

when Curly limped in from the hobby clinic on his new cane that he asked him carefully whether he had ever said anything in his sleep.

"Such as what?" asked Curly, looking at the new cane.

"Oh, anything," Young said. "The lieutenant or anything."

"What lieutenant?" asked Curly, paying more attention.

"Just tell me," Young said tightly.

"Now, I sleep like a log. Say, you see my new cane?"

But Young wasn't interested in the new cane.

"Listen, Young," said Curly, "you'd ought to get over to that hobby clinic once. Give you something to occupy your mind."

It was October in Japan. At the disposition board, Major Carpenter read off Young's medical history. Diagnosis: concussion—simple, primary, no hemorrhage; fracture—compound, multilateral. Treatment: manual adjustment of the fragments, massive cast, terramycin. Response: Major Carpenter pointed to the X-ray. He said it was impossible to apply complete reconstructive traction to a dozen separate bone fragments. The bone was set; the arm had healed rigid, extended. It could be supinated, pronated, but not flexed. Digital mobility was unimpaired, and with regular exercise the upper musculature would not atrophy badly.

Young had tried using his arm. He couldn't crook it. The jagged cuts were healed, and the color was better. He could wiggle his fingers, and it wasn't sore much anymore. He could twist the hand around and swing the arm from the shoulder. But the elbow was solid, and he couldn't crook his arm.

"Anderson," the major said kindly, speaking on behalf of the board, "the Army doesn't forget its heroes. You can have a medical discharge, of course. You're entitled to a twenty-per-cent disability. That's forty dollars a month. A Veteran's Administration personnel consultant will see you get all your benefits and a job." He paused.

"But, Anderson, the Army wants to keep its heroes. Men like you make fine instructors. You release general-service men for combat duty, and what's more, you can tell recruits what it's really like, tell them the right way to handle themselves under fire. What's the matter, son?"

It was only a headache, he said. Rosy, who had been there, silent, nodded to the major. Young said it was very nice, sir, but he wanted out.

LEROY ANDERSON's mother was a puzzled woman. Young watched her through the porch window.

"It was so happy to have him home, you know, being he was hurt only in the arm, and it could have been so much worse. Before he came back, the nights I lay awake tossing and turning!" She rolled her eyes upward. "Lloyd would say to me, 'Pre, what in the world ails you?' and I'd tell him, what if Le Roy was only trying to spare our feelings by saying his wound was nothing?" She lowered her voice. "You always know wars change boys into men and they don't want to talk about it and if you leave them be they come around. But he's taking so long." Priscilla Anderson said.

Young climbed the stairs to his bedroom and took down the picture of himself as a recruit.

It was November in Philadelphia. The

football coach from Central High dropped by to see him.

"How's it there, Young?" the coach said.

"I'm fine, Mr. Kelly."

"Coach, Coach, not Mr. Kelly," he said, slapping Young on the left shoulder. "I got great news for you. Listen, what do you say the best halfback Coach Kelly ever trained comes over and helps the old alma mamma build a new team? We start spring practice in a couple of months, and I need a line coach bad." He winked like when he sent them out for the second half. "I guess that's not too much for a wounded war hero, huh, Young?" He saw something in Young's face and spoke quickly. "Now, don't you give it a thought, Young. I already talked to the superintendent before I came over here. That stiff arm doesn't hurt a thing. We want you to coach, not play."

THE HEADACHE excuse didn't always fit. The pennant was gone from the bulletin board. Most of the fellows, except Sidney, were in service. Sidney's glasses looked an inch thick. Young and he had been pals ever since the stamp-collecting phase when they were twelve or thirteen. Sidney came over during the holidays. They talked about the old days.

"You know, Young—" Sidney said.

"What's that, Sid?"

"It's funny. Did you ever think what it would be like if you had a map with a trail showing everywhere you've been? Take the two of us. My trail started in Harrisburg, came up here to Philly, wound around, went summers to Cape May, down to Washington with the Civics Club, up to New York that time. All around. But never west of Pittsburgh. Your trail and mine first crossed when we were just kids, about twelve. But yours went to the other side of the world and back. And now here they are crossed again."

They sat a moment and thought about it. Sidney went on. "We're back together. My eyes and your arm. But, damn it, Young, I wish I'd had the chance to get mine like you did, a hero."

"Why don't you go spade in the garden, Young?" his mother asked. "While it's thawed. Do you good to get outdoors."

But Young wouldn't and he wouldn't see Celia, either. She called on the phone, but when his mother covered the mouthpiece and whispered, "Are you home?" he shook his head.

The bulletin board was gone. It was gone, and in the dark a voice was intoning, "No place left to pull back to. No place left to pull back to."

Young's head was ringing painfully. He wondered if he was going to be sick to his stomach. Then he found himself staring at a spot below the light rectangle where the bulletin board had hung. The radio—jive tunes and disc jockeys. The gang had all been up here one time or another and heard the big bands over his radio. They had sat and listened to the short wave, too—to the police calls. Young reached over and turned the radio on.

He awoke with a start. His mother was standing over him. It was morning.

"You fell asleep, Le Roy," his mother said, "in your clothes." She turned the radio off.

After that Young listened to the radio every night. Gradually he stayed up later and then slept later the next day until at last his sleeping hours were from dawn



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until sundown. He got a big map of the city and sat with it, hunched up to the radio, listening and then tracing with his finger on the map. Otherwise, he seemed to be just thinking.

When his mother could stand his absentminded no longer and suddenly burst into tears, Young heard her distracted pleading silently, and silently agreed to go and see the Veterans Administration personnel consultant.

"Look, Anderson, if you won't tell me, you won't." The consultant was baffled. "I've seen guys like you before. Something happened over there that makes you feel guilty or afraid. You can't keep running away from it." He saw he was close to the quick. "Sorry, fella, I don't mean to needle you. Only this hobby of listening to the short wave all night—if you're doing that as a dodge to get away from everybody, I warn you, it won't work."

Young winced. If he told them why he was doing it they would think he was off his rocker. Maybe he was, at that. Maybe this was what it was like.

Then he returned to his radio. When it finally came, it seemed to be the thing Young was waiting for. He listened again to be sure, squinted hard at the map, and leaped to his feet.

It was only eleven-thirty, and as he raced down the stairs to the front door, he passed his startled parents. They stood there, headed for bed, and saw him burst out the door, the cleats of his shoes scuffing across the threshold.

"My God," he heard his mother sob, "he's wearing his football shoes!"

It was too late to explain. They would have to wait and find out. He cut left across the yard and ran full speed down the lawns to the boulevard. His cleats clattered the three or four strides across the asphalt to the grassy center island, and then he was sprinting silently again. The boulevard was quiet and dark, lined with the homes of the well-to-do, some of whom were still not back from Florida. Number 458, 462, 466; here it was, 470. He stood behind a tree in the center of the boulevard, breathing heavily. Someone must be watching. Someone had called the police. They might even see him and, in the dark, misunderstand, but it didn't matter. Young had turned to face it now, and there was no more pulling back.

He stepped lightly across to the lawn of 470. It was a large brick colonial house, completely dark. His cleats took him easily up the bank to the shadow of a clump of bushes. In a moment he was moving again, along a hedge parallel to the side of the house. As he went farther away from the dimly lighted street it became darker and darker until, when he finally did discover the forced window, he wasn't really sure he saw it. But, yes, and it all fitted. The police call had said a neighbor reported a prowler entering the grounds, and here Young was, less than two minutes out of his room, and if he wasn't crazy there was a window open right ahead of him. He was holding his mouth wide open to silence his breathing. A drop of sweat trickled down his temple. A twinge of self-doubt caught him as the possibility and the consequence of mistake occurred to him.

Then he heard the special sound of the police patrol car not far away. They'd be here in a minute. That could spoil everything. But the prowler—yes, there

was a prowler—had heard it, too. A darker shape had appeared for a moment in the open window. Young tensed himself.

He felt the skin on the back of his neck crawl as he prepared to move. And then the shadow disappeared. In such darkness, shapes and shadows are uncertain. The eye, fixed too long on one thing, blinds to it. One instant the window seemed to hold a darker shadow; now it was gone. He had heard nothing. Had the prowler jumped down into the blackness at the foundation? Or gone back into the house? Or—Young felt a vertigo—had there been no shadow?

Suddenly Young seemed to see a shadow directly in front of his face. Before he could steel himself, he gagged gutturally in surprise. That single noise drew a startling answer, the sharp intake of a human breath, well aside from the window he was watching. And the familiar klutz of an automatic pistol being cocked. He had let his deliberately chosen enemy slip away right before him and, more, he had made enough noise to reveal himself. An almost hysterical, almost joyous fierceness sprang up in him, made his nostrils dilate and his senses strain. So now it was a duel. The two of them, Young and the Enemy, alone, unseen, in the dark, seeking each other.

Carefully Young ran his fingers along the ground beneath him. There—no, his right arm was stiff, try the left.

Awkwardly Young drew back his left hand and threw the rock along the walk. He heard in instant succession the clatter of a rock, like a skipping, the panicky shout of the prowler, and then the blast of the pistol. After that it was a blur.

The gun flash showed the crouching figure aiming at his decoy. In a brief eternity of jangling silence, he plunged toward the glare-blinded figure, cleats driving him into a vicious tackle. Simultaneously he felt the wild vigor of attack, the deafening explosion of the pistol, a sharp knee; then wet earth in his face, the siren, the whistle, the rushing feet.

And then he was standing, his ears still ringing from the pistol shot so near him, swaying between two policemen whose flashlights showed a third policeman struggling to lift a stunned and bloody tough to his knees.

THE DETECTIVE lieutenant looked again at the cleated shoes and the stiff arm and said, "Football hero, war hero, and what would you call this—police hero?" He grinned appreciatively at Young. "Few more citizens like you, and we'd be out of a job. Not bad, huh, fellows?" The men nodded, smiling. "Tell the average citizen there's a thug in the yard, and he'd go into a gold-plated panic." The lieutenant grew serious again as he looked at Young. "Combat wounded, though, I suppose that's where you develop the nerve."

"Thanks," Young said. "If you want to hear the time I was really panicked, though, listen to this."

It was spring in Philadelphia. He could tell the lieutenant about the night he earned the Purple Heart the hard way. He could tell his folks, too. If he wanted to, he could help Coach Kelly. He could call Celia. Yes, he would do that, all right. In fact, he could do anything. Maybe even be an instructor in the Army. It was going to be spring from now on.

THE END

Don't Stop Smoking— Please!

(Continued from page 69)

subject themselves to the horrors of giving up smoking because of something that they've heard. They have an idea it causes high blood pressure; it doesn't. They think it causes heart trouble; there is no foundation for this fear. Some doctors limit or even prohibit smoking in the treatment of coronary-artery heart disease, but even this is highly controversial.

Some fearful folk think that smoking causes sinus trouble. It unquestionably aggravates the membranes during a sinus attack, but tobacco is not the cause of either acute or chronic sinusitis. There are, of course, people who develop an allergy to tobacco, just as they may become allergic to ragweed or leathers or crab meat; the symptoms of allergy to tobacco are much like those of chronic sinus trouble, but the cause is vastly different.

There are those who think that cigarettes, pipes, or cigars make them nervous. This is not true, either. Some harbor the notion that smoking is the reason they have poor appetites and are losing weight. Loss of weight and appetite is a signal for an appointment with the doctor, for it may be a symptom of any one of a large number of conditions, but it is not the result of smoking. The only possible relation is that the immoderate smoker may be dulling his senses of taste and smell and may therefore be losing all interest in food.

As anyone who has made this herculean effort will testify, to stop smoking requires the greatest fortitude. Some make one attempt and give up forever. Others are like downed fighters who manage to struggle back to their feet at the count of eight.

Dr. Harrison Flippin, distinguished respiratory-disease authority of the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine, says the first time he tried he was able to abstain for three months; the second, for two weeks; the third, for seven years—so far! As a realist, Dr. Flippin does not say, "I have stopped smoking," but only makes the guarded comment, "I'm not smoking."

Others, however, have such confidence in their strength of character that they can decide to stop—and do. They are, however, always willing to tell you in considerable detail how simple and easy it is.

Secretary of Commerce Charles Sawyer, for example, explains:

"I used to be a pretty heavy smoker—I was averaging at least three or four packs a day. One night about fifteen years ago it occurred to me that it didn't make sense. We had five small children, and I figured I was setting them a bad example. So I put out the cigarette I had in my mouth and said, 'I will not smoke again, ever!' And I never have. That's all you have to do. Make a decision."

APPARENTLY this fine gesture was wasted on the young Sawyers, for the four older ones smoke, and the youngest gives every evidence of following their not Father's, example.

Other people are less equable and are willing to concede now that they were

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I Wish I'd Said That!

A game to increase and improve your vocabulary

BY LINCOLN HODGES

Here's an exercise in the art of conversation. First comes a statement made to you; then three replies you might make, only one of which proves that you get the drift. If you pick 9 or 10 right, you're superb; 8, just wonderful; 7, average-plus. Correct answers are explained below:

1 The story delineates her career.

- (A) It's very flattering. (B) It's not complimentary.
(C) It's quite descriptive.

2 He declined with alacrity.

- (A) With promptitude. (B) With gratitude. (C) With fortitude.

3 He played a concerto.

- (A) All alone? (B) With the orchestra? (C) Looks like an accordion.

4 When did you matriculate?

- (A) My birthday's in January. (B) I entered school in May. (C) My wedding was in March.

5 That obviates the need to go.

- (A) Clarifies it. (B) Removes it. (C) Emphasizes it.

6 What an inspiring invocation!

- (A) It's a moving prayer. (B) It's a great career.
(C) It's sound advice.

7 It was the largest capitulation in history.

- (A) A record census! (B) A huge surrender! (C) A mass execution!

8 It's a program of great magnanimity.

- (A) It's gorgeous! (B) It's tremendous! (C) Sure is noble.

9 His peccadilloes are harmless.

- (A) They're well tamed. (B) They're mild attacks.
(C) They're minor faults.

10 This fabric seems sleazy.

- (A) Weight too flimsy? (B) Pattern too flashy?
(C) Finish too shiny?

ANSWERS

1 C Delineate (duh-LIN-e-ate) comes from the Latin *linea*, line, and means to outline; to describe.

2 A Alacrity (uh-LACK-rah-tee) means eager promptness or willingness in doing something. Its Latin root means lively.

3 B A concerto (kun-CHAIR-toe) is a musical composition to be played by a solo performer accompanied by an orchestra; like many other musical terms, this one comes to us from the Italian.

4 B To matriculate (muh-TRICK-u-late) is to enroll—usually in a college or school. The Latin *matricula* was a public register.

5 B Obviate (OB-vee-ate) is from a Latin word for prevent; it means to remove (difficulties, etc.).

6 A To invoke is to address in prayer; an invocation (IN-vo-KAY-shun) is a prayer.

7 B The Latin *caput* means head. Capitulation (kuh-PIT-u-LAY-shun) is a treaty or similar agreement to surrender, because such agreements were usually drawn under several heads.

8 C Magnanimity (MAG-nuh-NIM-uh-tee) comes from the same Latin words as magnanimous (*magnus*, great, and *animus*, mind) and means noble or high-minded.

9 C A peccadillo (PECK-uh-DILL-oh) is a trifling fault, even though the same word in Spanish comes from *pecado*, a sin.

10 A Sleazy (SLEE-zee) means thin, lacking strength. It is applied to fabrics.

a little edge. One American Airlines official confides that when he had to stop smoking because of his ulcer, he asked the company, in its own interest, to give him a job where he was not obliged to meet the public.

WOMEN suffer personality changes during this experience just as men do. One gentle Boston woman, of a family whose name is known to every school child, went completely fishwife. For instance, when, one day, she went to park her car on a lot attended by a friendly lad, and the boy said, "You're sorry, ma'am, but the place is full," she shot her car up the drive and shouted, "You go to hell!" "And you know," she told her daughter later, "I could feel it coming out, and I couldn't stop it."

As a rule, a person who gives up cigars, cigarettes, or his pipe, regains his equanimity eventually. Every bewildered household should console itself with this fact. The day will come when the reformed habitué will be peevish only after his second cup of coffee in the morning, or possibly in the evening after the children have gone to bed, when he puts on his slippers, pours a mild highball, and settles down with the papers. But sometimes the strain is too great.

A good many years ago, George Creel, distinguished writer, close friend of President Wilson's, and the father of wartime propaganda, stopped smoking. A man of high spirits and gaiety but a low boiling point, he has never had what any stretch of imagination could consider a stolid temperament. When he deprived himself of tobacco, the effect on his family was something like that of a pneumatic drill tearing up the pavements twenty-four hours a day combined with an armored battalion in constant attack and a water tap dripping all night. Finally his wife, the late actress Blanche Bates, shoved a lighted cigarette against his teeth and cried out, "Smoke, dammit, smoke!"

People who tell you how much better you feel after you give up smoking never warn you how much worse you feel at first. For example, you may suffer acutely from gums and teeth that hurt like the mischief every time you eat any sweets. Apparently the inside of the mouth sometimes builds up a resistance to nicotine, and when the drug is summarily withdrawn there is a reaction. That wears off. One's nerves jump. That sleep you expect to bless you as a reward for bravery becomes more elusive than ever. Women often tremble, break the dishes as they wash them, and become so weepy and depressed they think they are suffering from change of life.

As I sit here, writing the foregoing, my study smells stale and stuffy and I am not sure what pure, clean air is like. There is a trail of butts, far from pretty, beside me. My son wonders how such a fastidious housekeeper can tolerate the ashes that constantly litter the rug under my desk.

But I never toy with the idea of giving up cigarettes. I have demonstrated all too well that it demands great courage and self-control. I know, when I face myself, that I lack sufficient strength of character to stop—and I would hate to prove that! Also, everyone associated with me would take to the tall timber.

And anyhow—I like to smoke!

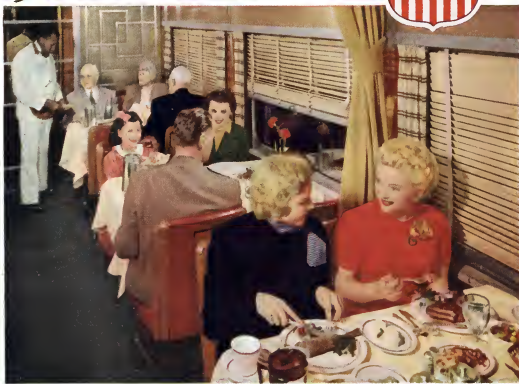
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First Star of Television (Continued from page 66)

lend us some money. We needed six hundred dollars in a hurry. It was purely a business proposition, and we were sure of this man because all he could talk about was his family. He used to show us pictures of his wife and his five-year-old son, and he seemed kind and harmless. He said one of us should come up to his office and get the check. Jane went. An hour later she called me up. She was a little bit hysterical. She wanted me to come and rescue her. It seems he'd been chasing her around his office, and she had finally escaped and locked herself into an adjoining room. I went up and got us both out of there. But not before we got the check."

Their avid benefactor's money didn't last very long, however, and the two girls were sitting in the Barbizon one evening worrying audibly about their future as merchandisers when a girl named Isabelle, who lived on the same floor, wandered into the room.

"She was all covered with minks and jewels," Mary says, "and she sat there listening to us. After a while, she said, 'You girls need some money?'"

"We said we did need money, and Isabelle said, 'Well, I think I can get it for you.' She said she had an 'admirer' who'd given her the mink and the jewels, and she was sure he admired her enough to supply her with money also. He did, too. He put up a thousand dollars, we made her a partner, and we opened up shop."

There was a steady stream of people walking up the stairs of the building in which Mary and Jane had their establishment. "We were puzzled for a long

time," says Miss Sinclair, "because most of them were men, sporty-looking types, and a lot of them wandered into our place asking for Alice May or Jenny Lou. They were just as puzzled as we were. It was some time before we discovered that all the men were looking for a couple of girls who had an altogether different kind of establishment on the floor above us."

ABOUT this time, Mary Sinclair met George Abbott. "I was invited to a party by one of the girls at Conover. It was at the St. Regis Hotel, very fancy. I was very much impressed. There were a lot of people at the party whose names I recognized from seeing them in the newspapers all the time. I was introduced to George, also, but I had no idea who he was. I was having a wonderful time until some man pinched me.

"I'd been pinched before, of course, by high-school boys, but this was different; it was a very serious, expert sort of pinch. I didn't think anything like that could happen at that kind of party. I just had no idea such people acted like that. I was shocked and upset. I found out later that the man who pinched me was the most notorious pincher on the East Coast. He's very important and dignified looking, but I suppose every man has to have a hobby of some sort.

"I looked around and saw this nice-looking, middle-aged man. I went over and told him what had happened and asked him please to take me home. It turned out to be George Abbott."

Mary didn't know who George Abbott

was, she says, until she returned to the Barbizon and one of the girls asked her who the distinguished-looking man who had brought her home was. The girls at the Barbizon were dazzled, and told her about Abbott's fame in the theatre. He was sure to help her career, they said.

"He sent me flowers the next day, and we made a date," says Miss Sinclair. "As far back as I can remember, I had wanted to be an actress. In Los Angeles, every cent I made as a model went for drama lessons and tuition with little-theatre groups. And while I was working for Conover, I constantly made the rounds of all the producers' offices, looking for parts. I could never get past the office boys."

Abbott didn't help her, though. He wasn't thinking of a stage career for her. One night in a taxicab, he proposed to her and they were married that week, in March, 1946, less than a year after she had come to New York. Mary was twenty-four and Abbott was fifty-nine.

"It was a big mistake for both of us, aside from our ages," says Miss Sinclair. "I was very childish, more childish than my age entitled me to be. And George, who has a daughter about my age, had been living alone for about sixteen years."

Abbott was reluctant to help her in her quest for a theatrical career, but he had begun to back the dress shop before they were married. By the time he finally gave up the enterprise, he had sunk about fifty thousand dollars into it.

Through her marriage, Mary became acquainted with all the leading theatrical producers. It did her no good to know

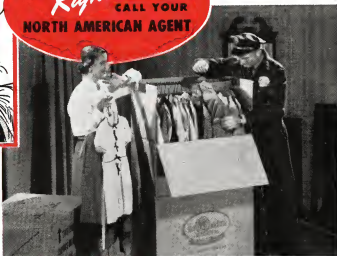


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them, however, although, as the wife of George Abbott, she had no trouble getting past the office boys. But all the producers had the same reaction. "Why should I take a chance on her," the producers would say, "if her own husband won't? If she could act, George would give her a part, so I guess she can't act."

In 1947, however, Abbott relented and put up fifteen thousand dollars to get Mary into the stock company at Ogunquit, Maine, and there she played featured roles in "The Little Foxes," with Ruth Chatterton, in "Fatal Weakness," with Peggy Wood, and in "Marquise," with Lillian Gish. In 1948, she played in summer stock at Stockbridge, Massa-

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

NEW YORK—BOSTON

Miriam Hemmendinger

Little lad upon the aisle,
Won't you disappear a while?
Must you, lurching, go and come,
Blowing, bursting, bubble gum?
Vanish, settle for a spell!

New Rochelle.

Little boy with gaze unblinking,
That's the tenth time you are
drinking,

You'll regret it 'fore we stop!
Now you've got a lollipop,
Now you've strapped a holster
on. . .

Stamford, Conn.

Fiend in denim, minute minor,
Where're your keepers, in the
diner?

Hour on hour just the same,
"Whatcha doin'?" "What's your
name?"

All the car is weary, tense. . .
Providence.

Tiny terror of the coaches,
Stilled too late, the end approaches.
As I totter past your figure
Sleeping with suspicious vigor,
You are rosy, I am gray. . .

Back Bay.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

chusetts, and Skaneateles and Southold, New York. That fall, she was asked to make a movie short about skiing—because she knew nothing about skiing.

"Sinclair Lang, the wife of Otto Lang, the ski master at Sun Valley, got me the job," says Mary. "Her husband was going to make a short demonstrating that it is possible to learn how to become a skillful skier in eight days, and he was looking for a girl. Sinclair told him about me, and I got the job. I learned how to ski in eight days, but I tore a ligament in my knee on the eighth and last day. I haven't been on skis since."

Several days after her return to New York from Sun Valley, Mary ran into an old friend, Robert Freyer, at lunch. Freyer, who had been the stage manager at Ogunquit when she played in stock

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there, had become, and still is, head of the casting department of CBS-TV. He told her that Worthington Miner, who produces the "Studio One" shows and a good many of the other CBS-TV programs, was looking for a girl to play in "The Dybbuk." Freyer gave her a note to Miner. "He asked me to read for him, and when I'd read two lines," she says proudly, "he stopped me and said that was enough, and gave me the part."

From then on, Mary Sinclair rapidly became the most sought-after young actress in television. In 1949, she was getting a thousand dollars for a role in an hour-long program, and in the same year she left her husband.

"I'm pretty sure now," she says, "why the marriage didn't work out. I wasn't looking for a husband—I was looking for a father. When I was five, my parents separated. I missed my father terribly. Even as a child I was drawn to older men, to my friends' fathers. George wasn't looking for a daughter, though; he already had one. He wanted a wife."

After her divorce from Abbott last summer, Mary Sinclair went to live in the Park Avenue apartment of one of her best friends, Julia Trissell, now a buyer at Bergdorf Goodman, whom she had known when they both worked at I. Magnin's in Los Angeles. "I really had a time," says Miss Sinclair. "I went nightclubbing every night in the week with every glamour boy in New York. Some nights I'd go to dinner and a show with one glamour boy, and then, after he took me home, I'd go dancing with someone else. I've tamed down considerably since."

When an apartment became available directly beneath the one she was sharing, Mary rented it. She pays three hundred dollars a month for it. "I suppose the rent is pretty high," she says, "but I like living here, aside from the fancy address. It's comfortable. I don't understand money, anyway, because I never had any of my own before."

SHE UNDERSTANDS money well enough, however, to realize she can't take care of it. She has acquired a financial manager who handles her money and doles out to her fifty dollars a week for expenses. She pays her maid, Mattie, whom she shares with Julia Trissell, out of that sum. Mattie and Miss Sinclair used to split the fifty equally, but recently Mattie asked for and got a raise in pay, so now Miss Sinclair has only twenty dollars a week left for herself.

Her manager pays her rent, her bills at stores, and her charge accounts at restaurants. He scolds her severely if her bills run too high. He gave her permission to buy a car, but when the bill for it came in, he screamed with anguish. "I told her to buy a Ford," he says, "and she did. But it cost more than a Cadillac. I called her up and asked her how a Ford could possibly cost so much money, and she said, 'Oh, I suppose it was all those extra things the salesman suggested.' I checked up and found that it had everything a car could possibly have attached to it. If it had a bathroom, you could live in it."

Not long ago, a friend asked Mary Sinclair what she would like most out of life, aside from material gains.

"I'd like someday," she said unhesitatingly, "to play the part of a barmaid. I'd like to show George Abbott that I really could play a barmaid, and play it well, too."

THE END

Baseball Is No Fun (Continued from page 73)

it was called then, Sixth Street. Later he found work as a machinist, work he still does.

There are six brothers, three older than Ralph, and two younger. They all played baseball as kids. Their heroes were big-league ballplayers. They all wanted to be big-league ballplayers. In the family scrapbooks there are snapshots of Ralph at three years of age, and Johnny at four and a half. Each posed with a bat.

The older brothers, Jules and Ed, taught Ralph and Johnny to play catch with a hard ball in the driveway. Ralph and Johnny started saving bubble-gum cards with pictures of major-league ballplayers on them. When Ralph was ten they formed their first team, the Vandies, and they later played together in the junior and senior leagues and in Davis High School.

Ralph and Johnny shared a bed. They would fall asleep nights talking about baseball. On the nights before games they found it difficult to sleep, so they would sit up in bed for hours, pounding their fists into their baseball gloves.

All the Brancas were Giant fans. Their favorite ballplayers were Carl Hubbell, the pitcher, and Mel Ott, the outfielder who was later to manage the Giants. While Ralph and Johnny were still in high school an older sister, Ann, wrote to the Giants, the Yankees, and the Dodgers, telling about her brothers and asking if they might try out. All the clubs answered, but when the two boys tried out with a hundred other kids at the Polo Grounds they never got a chance to throw a ball. At Yankee Stadium Ralph threw a long time while Chief Bender, who was conducting the tryouts, watched him. Then the two brothers went home and waited, but they never heard again from the Yankees.

For the Dodger tryout they had to report to the Celtic Oval, in Brooklyn, a two-hour subway ride. They got up at seven o'clock. It was raining. They weren't going to go, but then they decided to take a chance and, although the skies never cleared, the rain stopped.

"I wasn't fast enough," Johnny says, "but they liked Ralph and took him over to one side."

FOR A LONG while they heard nothing. Then, late in August, Ralph got a card from Joe Labate, then a Dodger scout. "Can you pitch batting practice for the Dodgers Saturday at Ebbets Field? Let me know at once." The Branca home was riotously excited.

"Red Skelton was at the field making a movie," Ralph says. "It was called 'Whistling in Brooklyn.' I remember the guys laughing at the yellow laces he had in his baseball shoes. I remember Frenchy Bordagaray and Billy Herman and Dolf Camilli and Mickey Owen and Larry French in the clubhouse, and some of them were spitting tobacco juice on Skelton's shoes."

"I remember best of all," he says, "that Durocher was there and that he was talking a lot, and then he watched me throw. The catcher pointed out a target and, with Durocher watching, I hit it ten times in a row. I came back home and told the family about it."

He pitched batting practice for the Dodgers several times. When he graduated from high school they signed him

to a contract with their Olean, New York, club for ninety dollars a month. The next year, in 1944, when he was eighteen, he signed with Brooklyn.

THE DODGERS brought him up late in the season. "I remember putting on a Dodger uniform for the first time," Branca says. "I would have liked to have my picture taken, but I was too scared to ask a photographer."

On Memorial Day he had sat in the stands in the Polo Grounds with his brothers and rooted for the Giants as they beat the Dodgers. Late in September, in the Polo Grounds, he entered his first major-league ball game, coming in to pitch in the third inning with two out and the Giants beating the Dodgers, eleven to two.

"That walk in from the bull pen," Branca recalls, "took ten days. I struck out Kerr, and the next inning I struck out Voiselle and Rucker and somebody popped up to the catcher. In the fifth inning someone grounded out, Ott popped up, and Weintraub hit a home run. My first impression of Ott was that he wasn't so big, but that his hands seemed to be right over the middle of the plate. That night I felt good because I'd got him out."

From the moment he first reported to the Dodgers, reality began to work its way into Branca's dream, in small ways at first. He was surprised, for example, to see the players eating sandwiches and having Cokes in the clubhouse before the game. He had thought that all you did at a ball park was play baseball.

His first year at spring training he was impressed by the organization. He was impressed by all the young pitchers who could throw hard. They worried him a little. He says, however, that after a season or two of spring training you realize that most of them are going to disappear into the minors.

"I watched the older ballplayers," Branca says. "One guy was a great player, but he drank a lot. I was astonished. I said to myself, But how can he

be such a good player when he drinks?"

The season he played at Olean was Branca's first time away from home so his first road trip with the Dodgers became an adventure. He was fascinated by every city and every detail.

"I didn't know anything about signing checks for meals," he says. "I tried to watch somebody else. In every town I'd have to ask how to get to the ball park, and how long it would take."

It was different and exciting but after a while making road trips becomes a task. It no longer makes you feel good, Branca says, to be stared at in railroad stations. You get tired of riding on trains and eating out and living out of a suitcase. Each year the first trip isn't bad, but the second one is not so good and the third one is the worst. The road trips will be even harder to take, now that Branca is married. Ann Mulvey, whose father owns a twenty-five-per-cent share of the Dodgers, became his bride last October.

WHEN BRANCA first came up to the Dodgers his major worry was that he would be wild. But, he says, as you go along you come to know so much about pitching that there is much more to think and worry about. The more you know, the more difficult the job becomes.

"Now that I have control," he says, "I have to worry not only about where to throw but what to throw. When I first started, if I got the fast ball over I'd throw the curve. Now I have to think not only about getting the fast ball over, but about where I am going to throw it."

"You learn you've got to mix them up to everybody. With Dick Sisler it used to be that if I pitched him high I'd get him out. If I pitched him outside and high, he'd hit a lazy fly. If I pitched him inside and high I'd strike him out. Now he's a good high-ball hitter, because the whole league pitched him high."

In 1947 Branca won twenty-one games for the Dodgers. For three years he had been trying to learn, watching others, asking others, listening to them. All the



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things he heard and saw were like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, and in 1947 they fell into place.

"I'd be pitching a ball game," he says, "and I'd do something and think, Where did I learn that? I'd remember it was something Art Herring or Whit Wyatt had told me. A situation would come up, and I'd handle it in a way that was entirely new to me, and I'd seem to do it without thinking it out."

When you win twenty games or more it puts you among the pitching elite. This is not what you dreamed it would be either, however, and it does not make your job easier. You have established a standard for yourself, and the standard haunts you. You come to resent the fact that your job is so highly competitive, the pressure is never off, your work is always on public display, and you have to please not only yourself, but everyone.

"The crowds don't know it if a ballplayer's family is sick," Branca says. "A guy may be worrying about his kid in the hospital, and the crowd will boo him." On the Dodgers' final western trip last season Branca woke up seven nights out of ten at four o'clock in the morning, suffering from asthmatic attacks, but the crowds didn't know that.

When Branca was a kid, major-league ballplayers were, in his mind, so big they could do no wrong. He would stand under the elevated structure outside the players' exit at the Polo Grounds and watch the players come out, but he would never have dreamed of bothering them for their autographs.

"Now they all mob you for autographs," he says. "You have to answer about fifteen hundred letters a season and sign two dozen balls a day. When you lose, guys come up and say, 'I lost money on you.' Last season, after a series of wins in Ebbets Field, I lost my first game two-one, and a guy shouted, 'Back to the Bushwicks, Branca.' Nobody is ever pleased anymore. You win twenty-one and lose twelve, and you stink."

In the off season it is part of your job to make dozens of public appearances at banquets. At first it is new and fun, and then it becomes agony—a waste of time you'd rather spend at home.

These truths about major-league baseball are experienced by all major-league players. Branca voices them not as complaints, but merely as a description of his job. He knows now that you stop playing for fun when you start playing for pay.

Branca is a victim of baseball even as he is a beneficiary. He was hurried into the majors while in his teens because it was in time of war, and baseball needed players. He was not ready emotionally, and his biggest struggle has been not to master the ball but to master himself and gain confidence and poise.

"NICE GUYS," Leo Durocher once said while he was managing the Dodgers, "finish last."

It was a statement for which he was pilloried by the press and the public. Those close to baseball, however, recognize that it was a statement laden with truth. Nice guys, Durocher was saying, lack the arrogance and the disdain for others that supplies the confidence needed in crises. Lacking ego, he was saying, they lack the assurance that they are good and can prove it.

Everyone in baseball and out of it who knows Branca defines him as a "nice guy." He is soft-spoken, reserved, polite,

and considerate. He is intelligent, sensitive, completely honest with himself and others, and modest to a degree that some find almost unbelievable.

One day, at the start of the 1948 season, Branca was getting into his uniform in the clubhouse at Ebbets Field. His twenty-one wins of 1947 were fresh in his mind as he told a sportswriter how fortunate he was to be a ballplayer.

"I look at my brothers," he said. "They wanted to be ballplayers. They're five feet ten or five feet ten and a half. How come I was the one to be six three? Why should I be the one who can throw fast? Why should I be so lucky?"

That is the way he is, too, after he pitches a good game. He passes off his successes by recalling a stop Peeewe Reese made or a long ball Carl Furillo hauled down to take him out of a jam. When he loses, he absorbs the blame. By this process of self-effacement he has failed to build up sufficient resources within himself on which to rely in the tough spots that repeatedly occur in a pitcher's career. About this he is completely frank.

"There are times," he said once, "when I wonder why I ever had to play ball. Why couldn't I do something else?"

"But when it's over and you're off the spot," a sportswriter said to him, "I'm sure you feel better."

"Sure," Branca said. "Then I think it's a wonderful way to make a living."

There are those in baseball who have tried to help Branca. One of these is Eddie Stanky, then with the Dodgers, last year the second baseman of the Giants, now the manager of the St. Louis Cardinals. As a Dodger, Stanky had tried to instill in Branca some of his own qualities. Not blessed with great natural ability, Stanky has made up for it with competitive spirit. He is a supremely confident, prideful performer. He is the man who, sliding into second base in the World Series, kicked the ball out of Phil Rizzuto's hand for an extra base. He is the antithesis of Branca.

"Stanky," the ballplayers say of him when he hits well against Branca, "owns Ralphie."

What Stanky and Durocher, who understand Branca, were thinking when he walked in from the bull pen to pitch to Thomson only they know, and they're not saying. Durocher walked up to Thomson, however, and placed his arm around Thomson's shoulders.

"You hit a home run off this fella Monday," he said. "He won't give you the same pitch again, but you'll hit something."

At that moment Johnny Branca was sitting in front of a television set in his home in Mount Vernon. He says that, remembering all the times, from the sand lots to the majors, he has seen Ralph pitch, that was the first time he did not want to see his brother go into a game.

"And when it happened," he says, "when it was over, I got into my car and hurried over to Mother's. When I came into the house the phone was ringing, and I picked it up. A woman said, 'Why don't you tell Mrs. Branca to teach her son how to pitch.'"

"My mother was upstairs," Johnny says. "She was crying. She asked me who was on the telephone, and I told her about it. Mother said, 'I hope that lady—whoever she is—someday has a son in the major leagues.'"

THE END

Ten Reasons Russia Won't Fight

(Continued from page 37)

of a long array of aggressions, but these were always directed against small, helpless neighbors like the Central Asian principalities, Mongolia, the three Baltic republics. The Soviets' one outright military adventure was the invasion of Finland in 1940. But that certainly seemed a sure thing, launched at a time when the major powers were too busy to interfere.

For the rest, Stalin got half of Poland by a deal with Nazi Germany, as a bonus on duplicity; he grabbed the satellite nations with the tacit consent of his allies; and conquered China from within through the default of democratic statesmanship. The very success of these policies ties Stalin to his accustomed methods. The idea of an aggressive war against the capitalist world—a real, honorable, man-to-man fight—can't even enter the head of the gangster-priest of the Communist faith.

Dictators in general do not lightly risk their hard-won power. Even the Nazi fanatics counted on quick and easy blitz victories, a deal with a Munich-minded England, and American neutrality. The men in the Politburo are well aware that, whatever the outcome, war will begin with the destruction of their industrial centers, fuel sources, communications—the very foundations of their power. They can hardly relish the prospect. Russia suffered indescribable damage in the last war. The notion that its masters would deliberately invite another installment of destruction and carnage, with atomic trimmings, and thereby risk their own total extinction, runs counter to common sense. The fate of Hitler and Mussolini can never be far from Stalin's mind.

3. Near-defeat in World War II deters Soviet leaders from touching off World War III.

As they look back on the Russo-German struggle, the men of the Kremlin are sharply aware of towering facts the non-Soviet world seems to have forgotten. The most terrifying of these, from where they sit, is that Soviet Russia was quickly crowded to the sheer brink of catastrophe. More territory was in the hands of an enemy than ever before in Russian history, and morale was near the vanishing point, before the comeback began.

None of this came as a surprise to the Politburo. Intense dread of war was the main reason for its pact with Berlin, and it explains the extremes to which Stalin went to appease Hitler while the pact lasted—even to stripping his own defenses to provide Germany with promised strategic materials. The theory that Moscow cleverly compounded that deal as a trick to gain time for a military build-up was a Nazi propaganda fable the Communists found convenient to adopt and perpetuate. The fact that after twenty-two months of pro-German neutrality the Soviets were still dismally unprepared for war tells the true story of Russian fear and weakness.

In the end, and only with colossal help from American industry, a Russian victory was snatched from the very jaws of defeat at a ghastly cost. At that, the victory would probably have been impossible without the mighty Allied air offensives against Germany. In the light

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of their hair's-breadth escape from total defeat—and with it the end of the whole Bolshevik system—Soviet leaders today can hardly be optimistic about another and even more terrible struggle, this time with the United States and its allies aligned against them.

4. Stalin cannot count on the absolute loyalty of his armed forces.

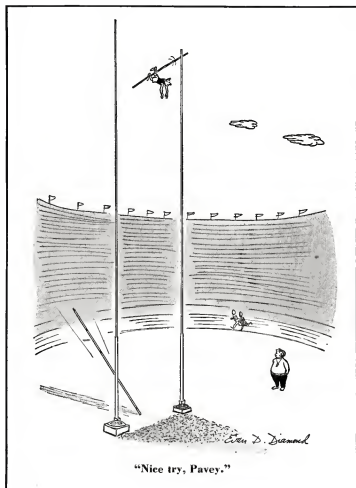
The Kremlin chief remembers vividly that in the early stages of the last war his troops fought halfheartedly, if at all. The Germans were able to corral three million prisoners in four months. Entire divisions surrendered with only token resistance, often pleading for a chance to turn their guns on the Red Army.

Stalin felt compelled to issue his notorious secret order, without match in modern times, declaring all Red prisoners of war to be deserters and traitors, and their families subject to arrest. This was a confession that the line between genuine prisoners and deserters was too blurred to be traced. He felt compelled to form special "obstruction divisions," deployed in the rear of his armies to block flight by front-line forces. Even so, more than half a million Soviet citizens donned German uniforms to fight against the Soviets. ROA—the Russian Army of Liberation—under command of a former Red Army hero, General Andrei Vlassov, counted about a hundred thousand volunteers. Over a million applied for enlistment in this army, but it was held down to a small figure by well-founded Nazi fears that it would turn against Germany once the Kremlin was defeated. Even victory did not fully restore the

morale of the Red Army. Tens of thousands of officers and men have deserted from its occupation forces. To prevent further defections, the troops are forbidden all contact with the local populations and kept virtual prisoners in their barracks. Despite extraordinary precautions, they are "infected" by Western ideas and become germ-carriers of freedom when they return home. Soviet troops were amazed and shaken to their core by the "high" living standards and prosperous farms of backward Balkan and Polish areas. The effects would be even more demoralizing, the Politburo fears, should a new war carry its soldiery into the richer and freer countries of Western Europe.

Rainer Hildebrandt, famous Berlin resistance leader, has observed the Kremlin's occupation troops at close range. A new war, he writes, "would have to be begun by the 300,000 soldiers and officers of the Soviet Army stationed in the East Zone of Germany. And Stalin has little reason to believe that they have any desire to fight for him against the democracies. . . . It is perhaps the army Stalin fears most."

A peacetime army can be kept relatively well-fed, indoctrinated, and more or less isolated from the moods of the population at large. But a vast army for war, freshly mobilized from the farms and mines and factories, is another matter. It reflects the discontents and angers of the masses. In putting guns into the hands of such an army the Kremlin, smarting under what happened a decade ago, knows it would be creating a major threat to its own survival.



"Nice try, Pavey."

5. Stalin could not trust his civilian population in another war.

The Soviet people nearly everywhere, Stalin must recall with a shudder, welcomed the German invaders joyously in the first phases of the last war. Documents made public at the Nuremberg trials confirm that the invaders received a friendly and often enthusiastic reception. The British historian, Edward Crankshaw, who was in wartime Moscow with a military mission, wrote in a recent book:

"When the Nazis invaded White Russia and the Ukraine, they were welcomed as liberators from the Moscow tyranny. The people did not merely salute the conquerors with bread and salt; they took sides against the Red Army. The same sort of thing happened again in 1942—until the Russians in the south learned their lesson, too."

The lesson the people learned, of course, was that the Germans were merely bringing a Brown version of the Red tyranny. Nazi atrocities and race arrogance soon drove the Russians to rally around their hated Soviet regime as the lesser of two abominations. Even at that, substantial guerrilla forces continued to fight to the end against the Reds and Browns alike.

The picture might have been different had the invaders come to free Russia, not to dismember and colonize it. Stalin has cause to fear that the picture would be different in a new war in which the democratic nations would be fighting the Bolshevik despotism, not the Russian people.

Nor are the Moscow bosses unmindful of the fact that at the end of the last war millions of their subjects—liberated prisoners and slave laborers—desperately tried to remain abroad. The bleak uncertainties of life as penniless refugees seemed to them preferable to resuming life under Soviet communism. It was the greatest unofficial plebiscite in history, an amazing renunciation of their native land in its hour of glorious victory. And it came as no surprise to the Red dictators. That was why, at Yalta, Stalin exacted from Roosevelt and Churchill what has been called a "fugitive-slave agreement"—an undertaking to repatriate Soviet citizens by force. Despite this, several hundred thousand succeeded in remaining abroad. They represent today a dedicated anti-Soviet force the Kremlin deeply fears.

Against this background, the Politburo can scarcely look forward to a World War III with excessive trust in its citizenry. Readiness for war is measured not alone in military resources; more decisive in the long run is the morale of the people who must do the fighting and dying. We are concerned, and rightly, about Stalin's fifth columns in the free world. But he is infinitely more worried about our fifth columns, our tens of millions of potential allies in his country.

6. For Soviet leaders another war would pose the threat of domestic anarchy and revolution.

Stalin must earmark a large part of his military force, and millions of security personnel, just for holding down the lid at home. His regime would face a war on two fronts; against the external enemy and against its own people. In *I Chose Freedom*, Victor Kravchenko has given us a memorable record of the Kremlin's panic when the Germans struck:

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began to sweep up 'undesirables' by the tens of thousands. The liquidation of 'internal enemies' was, in sober fact, the only part of the war effort that worked quickly and efficiently in the first terrible phase of the struggle. In the initial period, at least, we had the distinct impression that the Kremlin was no less frightened of its own subjects than of the invaders. We had no fifth column in the sense of pro-Germans or traitors, but we did have millions of patriots who hated the Stalin despotism and all its evil works. Ruthless suppression of this potential opposition took precedence over measures of military defense." It amounted, he adds, to "a war within the war."

No less revealing, as proof that the Politburo is perfectly aware of its own unpopularity, was the speed with which the Communist catch phrases and propaganda were scrapped in favor of old-style appeals to patriotism and the glories of Imperial Russia's past. The crusade against religion was temporarily called off. The Communist Party kept discreetly in the background. World revolution was no longer mentioned. Thus, after a quarter of a century of indoctrination and terror, the regime was obliged to disown Soviet ideology in order to win the allegiance of its people.

Today, in contemplating the possibility of a new war, the dictatorship has even less reason to trust its citizens. Too many of them have had a glimpse of the outer world. Some sixty million lived under the German occupation, when they were able for the first time to think and compare notes freely about Soviet horrors. The country has seen its rulers too close to ignominious defeat, dependent on capitalist allies for their survival, to believe in their "invincibility."

Every one of the factors that made the people hostile to the Kremlin before the Russo-German war has become more acute since its conclusion. Continuous postwar purges have affected every group in the population. A growing racist policy, exalting Russians above the hundred million non-Russians in the country (and expressed among other things by an officially sponsored anti-Semitism), has deepened the resentments of the minority nationalities without curing the disaffections of the Russians. The very hysteria of the anti-Western propaganda testifies to the strength of pro-Western feelings among the Kremlin's subjects.

The Russian people "are discontented to the point of hatred for the Soviet system," a recent Red Army deserter, a major, told official American interrogators. "It will take ten to twenty years for the Soviet regime to regain the control of the people's minds it had achieved before the war."

After nearly twenty-five years of industrialization at a forced tempo, the people are tragically weary. They have grown cynical about the stale propaganda promising a happy life in some far-off tomorrow.

In terms of purchasing power, wages have shrunk by almost two-thirds since the industrialization drive began in 1928. An enormous growth of graft and corruption, unknown in the earlier Soviet period, reflects the process of inner rotting of the regime. The Kremlin was forced to call off its widely advertised plan to fortify the collective-farm system by merging small collectives into large agro-towns because of the vehement resistance of the peasantry.

During the war the people were promised a freer and ampler life as reward for their appalling sacrifices. The promises have not been kept. Bitter disillusionment on this score is certain to make the masses less receptive to renewed patriotic appeals and another round of promises, and more anxious to exploit a second wartime chance to throw off the Communist yoke.

In short, a war-minded Politburo would have to prepare for a home-front struggle as exciting as the main bout. For thirty-four years Russia has been in a state of virtual civil war between the rulers and the ruled: open military strife in the first five years, a concealed but no less bloody contest thereafter. The persistent purges have been battles in that war; the fifteen million inmates of forced-labor camps are its prisoners of war. The muffled conflict goes on always in every group of the population, including the ruling party itself. The men of the Kremlin know this all too well. They have long taught the Lenin-Marx precept that it is the duty of the masses "to turn imperialist war into civil war." Now they wonder whether the lesson may not have been learned too well by their own masses.

7. As potential wartime allies for Soviet Russia, its satellites are extremely weak reeds.

Statistical estimates of Moscow's power usually include the fifty or sixty divisions of the puppet states. But the hardheaded men of the Kremlin, we may be sure, have a large question mark against this figure. For these are captive armies, under alien top commands. Their will to fight for hated overlords is problematical at best.

Beyond the statistics is the reality of endless purges that reach into the highest circles of the satellite regimes, mass deportations, bitter peasant resistance, all-encompassing poverty and discontent. Arrests and executions of cabinet members and generals, the mutiny of the crew of a Polish warship, the continuing flow of fugitives from Iron Curtain countries at the risk of death, the burning of crops by infuriated peasants, slowdown and sabotage in factories—such items sketch a picture of a smoldering revolt that war could fan into a great conflagration. That there are underground movements in all the satellite countries, some of them armed, is not denied; only their size is disputed. War could well be their signal for open insurrection.

Thus Moscow cannot lose sight of the nightmarish likelihood that satellite guns might be turned eastward instead of westward if war brought the opportunity. What looks like a springboard for Soviet invasion may turn into a mighty barrier against the Red armies.

8. Soviet Russia lacks the sinews—oil, steel, coal, rubber, tin, food—for an all-out war.

The country is rich only in manpower. But that superiority is more seeming than real. Its hundred and eighty millions were helpless against Hitler's eighty millions until American supplies began to pour in. How many of the teeming men could Russia keep armed with the vast quantities of machines and other equipment needed in a prolonged war? The answer to this crucial question is in production figures, and it is not encouraging to the Politburo.

Soviet Russia's industrial output is about one-quarter of the American; at best, if two more grueling five-year plans succeed, it may, around 1960, reach one-third. With all its huge populations, Russia claims to have produced in 1950 only 260 million tons of coal, as against America's 433 million; 25 million tons of steel, as against America's 71 million; 37 million tons of oil, as against America's 252 million; 90 billion kilowatts of electric power, as against America's 290 billion. American output of motor vehicles was fifteen times greater than Russia's. And the Soviet totals represent maximum effort, production under forced draft; there is no more room for expansion in the Soviet economy.

Russia, like any other nation, must base its war plans on its industrial economy. After the initial blows, the struggle would resolve into a long, grim duel dependent on strategic materials, supplies, transport. But not until 1970 or after, according to Professor Harry Schwartz, a specialist on Soviet economy, could the Kremlin even hope to reach our present production in steel, oil, and electric power.

To fuel a full-scale war, it has been estimated, Soviet Russia would require from 55 to 60 million tons of oil; its present production is 37 million, and drawn largely from the Baku region, within easy reach of our Near East and African bases.

Transportation, Moscow readily admits, is its worst bottleneck, for economic and military purposes alike. Russia, with an area three times as large as the United States, is without real roads or a real trucking system, and her railroad system

is at about the stage at which ours was seventy-five years ago.

"There is no cause for despondency or despair," the late Robert P. Patterson, former Secretary of War, said. "Resources of the allied nations far exceed those at the command of Moscow."

It was American industry, as even Stalin conceded, that made it possible to turn the tide of war against the Germans. He has a long memory, and his Marxist training compels him to give economic facts first place in his reckoning.

Food is as vital for victory as guns and planes. We shipped two million tons of it to Russia during the last war, to which Great Britain and Canada added another 300,000 tons. The outlook on this count certainly cannot improve Moscow's confidence for the long pull.

With thirty million more mouths for the Soviet Union to feed, Crankshaw writes, "grain production in 1950 barely exceeded the 1940 level, and in 1940 the total still lagged behind the pre-collectivization production in 1928. The per-capita production of foodstuffs is considerably lower than in 1940, and lower still than in 1928, which itself had just about reached the 1914 level." Moreover, all-out war would remove every able-bodied male farmer from the land and make an already difficult situation catastrophic.

9. The main element of Soviet Russian strength, its Red Army, might win battles, but it could not win a major war.

The Red Army is an immense and formidable force, estimated at more than

two hundred divisions. In the next few years at least, before the Atlantic community is fully rearmed, it could conceivably conquer all Europe. There is no call to underrate this engine of war.

But common-sense discounts are in order even in this matter. A Russian division is about one-third smaller than an American division. The Red Army lacks the blitzkrieg mobility of Hitler's ground forces; it is ponderous, ill-equipped by American standards, hampered by insufficient and often primitive communications. Its armored spearheads seem to be well-equipped, but behind these is the great horde of foot infantry, and it is slow-moving, underarmed, underfed, underofficered.

Returning from a careful study of European defenses last July, General Carl Spaatz expressed confidence that "we would win a world war if it started tomorrow and, even more important, the Kremlin shares this conviction."

It is misleading to think of the Soviet forces without reference to the sprawling immensity of the country. Its frontiers are enormously long and continents apart. Moscow must be prepared for a war on many fronts, each tying down a large part of the aggregate of the Soviet military manpower.

One expert has said that Soviet Russia could not afford to commit more than half its ground forces to an operation in Western Europe. The rest would have to be deployed in the Far East, the Near East, and other exposed sectors on its huge periphery.

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across the whole of Asia, for instance—and modern roads are practically non-existent. At best, transfer of divisions from one area to another is slow and difficult. That explains why the Kremlin's general staff has had to divide its available forces into six separate and self-sustained commands, each relying on the industrial areas of its special region for supplies. The Politburo cannot know where, in its colossal circle of frontiers, danger lurks, and must spread its available strength to defend all of it.

With every year Stalin must count on greater and more spiraling resistance to any move he might make in Europe. Suppose he did reach the Atlantic: he knows that the war would not be finished by a long shot. He would have completed only the first phase of the struggle, in the course of which Russia itself would be under continuous and shattering attacks from overhead. Every mile of the ravaged continent, of the satellite regimes and Russia proper would then have to be massively policed to quell resistance and rebellion.

Meanwhile the major and decisive phase—the war of attrition through the skies from every point on the compass—would gather deadly momentum. In that telltale contest Moscow's chief advantage, its standing armies, would cease to be relevant. But its major disadvantages—home morale, rebellious foreign populations, insufficient strategic materials and productive capacity—would become sharper, and cumulative in their effects. At the same time the natural advantages of the free world, and especially of an America fully mobilized and hitting on all cylinders, would become even more telling.

The overwhelming portion of Soviet industry is packed into a triangle from Leningrad and the Ukraine on the west to the newly industrialized regions of central Siberia. It is an extremely vulnerable air target, accessible from many directions. Stalin could scarcely hope to transfer his industrial base to Europe. The Ruhr, Lorraine, and other industrial centers assuredly will not fall into his hands intact, and their effective restoration can be prevented by air power.

Statistics comparing present Soviet airplane totals to ours are impressive, but in a full-scale duel of production between the respective aviation industries Russia would be decisively outclassed. This holds true especially for long-range bombing craft. The same applies to atomic weapons. There can be no real doubt in Stalin's mind that we can maintain and, under a forced draft, steadily enlarge our margin of advantage both in bombs and in the means of delivering them, and in new weapons in general.

After all discounts are made, Soviet Russia is still a great military power, and there is no intention here to underrate her strength. But Russia is far from the overwhelming, almost invincible power conjured up by fear propaganda. Even in its most optimistic hours the Kremlin gash cannot count on more than a fifty-fifty chance of victory in a general war, and those are not the kind of odds on which dictators deliberately stake their lives.

10. Contrary to a widespread misconception, Marxist-Leninist doctrine does not require the Soviets to initiate a world war.

When Communists, echoing Marx and

Lenin, proclaim that the "triumph" of their system throughout the world is "inevitable," they do not mean that it must be achieved through the final Armageddon of a global war. They count on the natural workings of history to do the job.

Their doctrine foresees world revolution but does not specify that it will come through a climactic war, to say nothing of requiring them to start one. On the contrary, it assumes that if such a war does come it will be through the initiative of the other side; that capitalism, in its death throes, will try to crush the Soviet Union. Indeed, hypnotized by their self-induced vision, they have been preparing desperately for thirty years to meet such an onslaught.

The Communist theorists profess to see in their crystal ball an ultimate capitalist attack on the Communist homeland, but this vision lies in a mysterious future the cautious Stalin seeks to postpone. In the meantime—and here we are closer to

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ADVICE TO YOUNG ACTORS

Tom Tulman

Don't look to Stanislavsky or

A current Oscar winner—

If you seek acting, watch the guest

Who leaves soon after dinner;

For when he speaks his anguished words

Of how he would much rather

Remain, it's more a tour de force

Than playing Hamlet's father.

Young actors, then, should study well

This guest who leaves in pain.

(But, better still, observe the hosts

Who urge him to remain!)

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
the real sense of Bolshevik dogma—he will aim to sharpen the "contradictions" among capitalist nations and the social crises within each of them. Soviet leaders talk about their country as the "base of world revolution," but the idea of making it the base of a world war as well is neither in their minds nor in their sacred texts.

Cold war—which is just another name for good old Bolshevik methods of trouble-making, lurid propaganda, subversion, and civil strife—is more in their line. It has paid off, and is a field in which they have no peers. Why should they abandon it for the risks of a shooting war, in which the free world has immense advantages?

Stalin and his associates, we may be sure, will continue to cook up peppery "incidents" and "civil wars," committing puppet forces while conserving their own forces. They will do everything they can to deepen the miasma of fears and confusions so congenial to their revolutionary talents. They will provide ingenious diversions to scatter American military power and drain American economic vitality, badgering and bleeding us without letup. They will use war threats and

"peace drives" alike, to keep us off balance.

But they will avoid taking the final, irrevocable step that would bring atomic destruction, and possibly domestic revolt, to the citadel of their cherished dictatorship. They won't fight unless they are attacked, and they will apply all the arts of diplomacy and propaganda to avoid an attack. World war may come through accident or miscalculation, but Stalin dreads that eventuality more than we do.

THERE WE have the common-sense answer to the question, "Will there be a war with the Soviet Union?" America will not start the conflict. And there is little likelihood that the Soviet leaders will deliberately take the great plunge when their hope of final victory is such a remote one.

This does not imply that there is no Communist danger or that we can afford to relax. Our actual and potential strength is the clinching deterrent to Kremlin actions that might touch off war even when that is not Moscow's intention. The Politburo has more respect for an aroused, dedicated America than many Americans have. The certainty that the United States can and will fight to head off a Communist-controlled globe must be made unmistakably clear. Buttressed by self-confident foreign policies, this is mankind's best guarantee of peace.

"The material, intellectual, spiritual, technical, and professional resources available to the free world," General Dwight Eisenhower recently told a committee of senators, "are so overwhelming as compared to what the Iron Curtain and satellite countries have, that it is almost ridiculous to be talking in terms of fright and hysteria, as we so often do."

As General Douglas MacArthur has rightly declared, Stalin "has been engaging in the greatest bulldozing diplomacy history has ever recorded." That diplomacy, he added, "has found its success not so much in his own military strength or, indeed, in any overt threat to commit it to battle, but in the moral weakness of the free world." The greatest danger to our country, he warned, is "the lack of confidence we show in ourselves."

The prevailing fear of Russia by the American people amounts to a crucial victory for Soviet propaganda in the war of nerves. Fortunately, it has no basis in fact. Policies based on derogation of our own power and exaggeration of the enemy's will to make war are not only illogical but dangerous—because they may encourage the Kremlin to risk one bluff too many.

America must take courage for the future, keep itself supremely strong militarily and economically, and make clear that we would not hesitate to use our power to the limit if Russia should step out of line. Once we have sloughed off our dread of "provoking" Stalin, American policy will cease to be a jittery echo of Soviet plans and will assume a bold initiative.

We must play the world game—a game in which the stakes are war or peace—with a sober sense of our prodigious physical and spiritual vitality. We must heed the advice given by an American fighting man, General William J. (Wild Bill) Donovan, to "put aside our own fear and create fear in the mind of the enemy."

THE END

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Memo to Worried Minds (Continued from page 10)

letter her father had written to her mother when he was nineteen. It seemed to her the most beautiful thing in the world. How could a man who wrote like that not understand lovers? She had prayed for help and in her turmoil this looked like the answer. She copied the letter, signed her parent-scorned boy-friend's name, and mailed the copy to herself.

As she had expected, her father saw the letter in the morning delivery as he dealt the mail around. In sudden anger at sight of the boy's name and return address, he tore it open and read it. His rage mounted. "What muck! What idiotic droll!" he roared, and mockingly read parts aloud. "I wouldn't give a guy who could dish up such sickening stuff house room."

"Tom!" cried his wife ruefully. "Tom!" For she had recognized certain phrases that still rang in her heart from the days of her own young love.

Well, maybe it was the answer to the young girl's prayer, after all. It seemed to work out that way.

There is often danger in projecting our own desires into our children's romantic choices. It is frequently proved that their instincts are surer than our own. We have known so many "worthless" boys who turned out well we would hesitate before thus characterizing any young man.

Q. I belong to a church, but I do not go. Our minister is very young and he does not come visiting, and when he does on rare occasions he is not helpful. When I put my problems up to him all I get is words and a feeling he can't wait to leave. Lots of others have the same experience so I know it's not just me, My

troubles are involved and I need help but the church fails. —H. N., Akron, Ohio

A. There's a stack of letters bemoaning clergymen. You are among hundreds who do not go to church because of the pastor, or curate, or sexton, or someone else. One of the serious ills of our time is the neglect of church attendance, often for reasons that have little to do with God or faith. In addition, you are depriving yourself of the benefit of praying in consecrated fellowship, at a time you admit you need help. God and His churches are represented here on earth by humans. A pastor may be "Reverend," or "Doctor," or "Father," or "Rabbi" Doakes, but he is also Joe Doakes, fighting his own frailties and imperfections, and trying to live beyond himself for others in the name of God. If you are discouraged, lonely, and overburdened, you may be sure your pastor also has his moments of desolation. The demands are incredibly great, the criticisms are bewilderingly numerous and cutting, the help is little and measured. A particular church is no better than its communicants. If, as sometimes happens, the Lord has a pretty poor mouthpiece at the moment, everyone who loves his church should make special efforts to give the Lord a helping hand. There are unsatisfactory teachers and bad-tempered bus drivers. But people do not say, "I don't believe in education," or "The transportation system is a failure."

You get the idea. Your minister, being young, may be shy and fearful of his great responsibility in shepherding souls. Perhaps he has not yet learned how to deal with people. But you may be certain he wants to, and you can help him by friendliness and understanding. **THE END**

When Should Your Husband Change His Job?

(Continued from page 39)

unalterably opposed to your husband's changing his job, he will probably come to you with his dilemma eventually.

This is when you can help. The thought of a man's changing his job rouses all of a woman's latent fears about her husband's ability to succeed, her own ability to cope with new and different situations, people, and places. If it's a simple case of a man leaving a ninety-dollar-a-week job with one good company to take a hundred-and-twenty-dollar-a-week job with another nationally famous outfit the average wife can take the change in her stride. But careers are not often built that easily. Sometimes a man needs to change his job because the new job will make him happier, though poorer. Sometimes while the immediate change will decrease his earnings the shift is correct from the long-term view. Often, no matter what the personal sacrifices on the part of his wife, a man needs to move just to keep alive the interest in his work without which no human being can ever prosper. This is a situation a woman has a hard time viewing objectively. Yet her constructive help is most needed at this point.

Be wary of the threadbare adage, "A rolling stone gathers no moss." Up-and-coming employment counselors remind their clients that a stationary stone sinks deeper and deeper into the burying mud.

Ruth Watson of Personnel Specialists, an employment agency in New York City, after many years' experience in dealing with job problems, grants that employers are leery of a man who has had ten different jobs by the time he is thirty-five. But, she says, they take an equally jaundiced view of the character pushing middle age who has been at the same job since he left high school. And the rut huggers, says Mrs. Watson, is the man who more often than not has his wife's full support in his standstillism.

There are many good reasons for a man to change his job:

It isn't his kind of work. King Whitney, executive director of The Personnel Laboratory, an organization that tests individuals for vocational fitness, says the notion that anyone can do anything well if he tries hard enough is a lot of nonsense and accounts for more job failures than any other concept.

If your husband isn't doing well on his job and doesn't like it, don't rush to the conclusion that if he only "cared more" about you and the family, if he only "tried harder," everything would be all right. Stop for a moment and consider what kind of a person he is. Is he an introvert trying to do a detail demanding a person with a sense of detail attempting to cope with high-flown theories of

management or creative tastes, or a man, stuck behind a comptometer, whose greatest asset is his ability to get along with people? If he is under thirty-five it is particularly senseless to discourage him from making a change when he is clearly working at something unsuited to his talents and interests.

But, warns Wallace Gobetz, senior psychologist at New York University's Testing and Advise Center, "Be sure you're not the ambitious woman who is the real cause of your husband's supposed dissatisfaction." Mr. Gobetz says that many men who come to the Testing and Advise Center because they think they are in the wrong job reveal through interviews and tests that their wives, not they, are dissatisfied with the job.

With a wife's constant needling, Gobetz points out, it is very easy for a man to become discouraged and worried about his fitness for the occupation he is in. Often he needs encouragement and reassurance more than a new job. A wife is in a position to distinguish between a discouraged husband who needs to gain back his confidence and a miscast jobholder who needs a new field for his abilities.

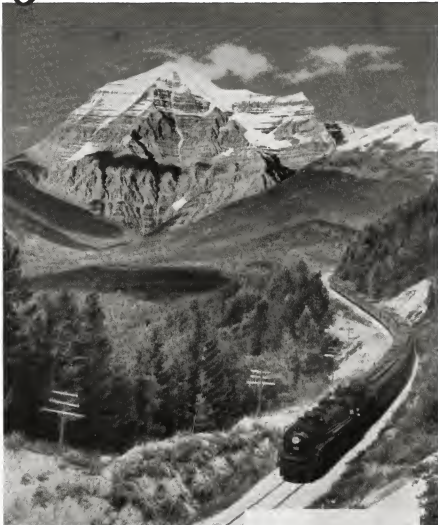
He can't get along with his superior. Don't assume that this is your husband's fault or, in fact, that it is necessarily anyone's fault. And don't jump to the conclusion that it is a product of his imagination. It may well be a valid reason for a job change.

Your husband may be the kind of person who works best with a minimum of direction, who needs to be told what to do, but then needs a quiet, undisturbed atmosphere to do it in. He may be able to do a job well, but unable to talk about how he is going to do it well. If his superior is of an opposite temperament, high-powered, given to discussing every last detail, gregarious, quick, and impatient, the two will simply rub each other the wrong way. It is no help for you to say that your husband had better change in order to keep his job or do better at it. He is no more likely to reverse his essential temperament and pace than his boss is; it would probably be wiser to change his job instead.

King Whitney finds that a strong anti-authoritarian streak in a man is often sufficient justification for his leaving a job and starting his own business. It doesn't guarantee the success of the venture, but it points to a man who will do well if the reins are in his own hands. If your husband yearns to be his own boss but lacks a few of the necessary qualifications, a partnership might be the ideal solution.

No room for improvement. John Fletcher had a well-paying position as assistant sales manager in an industrial firm. He had risen to it quickly, and he and his wife had every reason to feel satisfied with his progress. But at thirty-three he began talking about changing his job. There was only one step further he could go—he could become the sales manager. That job, however, was held by a man even younger than himself who was in no immediate danger of dying, retiring, or leaving his lucrative post. John's wife was horrified at the idea of his chucking a good job. But John argued that he'd prefer a lower-paying job in a firm where there was a possibility of

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northwoods setting. Wonderful fishing! 8. **Ontario Highlands**—land of lakes and streams; fishing; camping. Fine hotels, resorts.

9. **Provinces by the Sea**—beaches, bays, fishing ports, historic old cities.

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A—Because the flavour of Old Smuggler is too precious to be wasted—and because it is so popular you may find your dealer temporarily out of stock.

Q—Why is it called Old Smuggler?

A—Because in ancient days the thrifty Scots bought their finest whisky from the "smugglers."

Q—Why is it Scotch with a history?

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116



"These are the people we're having so much trouble evicting."

reaching the top. He had shown that he could progress if given the opportunity.

Lack of opportunity in a business can spring from a number of causes: An employer who has a particularly good bookkeeper wants to hang on to him as a bookkeeper. Just because a man has been doing an excellent job he may be by-passed when there is a higher opening. If your husband is in such a spot he may do better taking his fine reputation somewhere where he is not typecast as a bookkeeper.

Often, too, an employer refuses to choose a supervisor from among three able assistants for fear of splitting the ranks. He takes an easy out and hires an outsider. If your husband's employer follows this policy, your husband would do well to move out.

Prestige instead of money. The easiest place for a man to get stuck in a rut is in a firm that is tops in its field and has great prestige value. The assistant copywriter in the advertising company that everyone-but-everyone knows—the minor employee of any major company—may suddenly realize that he's being paid off in social esteem rather than grocery money. His wife is so proud of saying "He works at Blank's"—a statement requiring no further explanation because Blank's is the company in its field—that she may find it hard to swallow the idea that her husband may do much better in an insignificant firm. Jerome Fields of Jobs Unlimited, a New York personnel agency, reports, "A wife needs to consider whether Blank's is actually a good place to work, or whether it's a better place to have worked." After five years at Blank's he may be able to cash in that prestige on a new job.

Money isn't everything. Recently a research chemist with a brilliant record climaxed by the development of a price-less plastic formula—was suggested for a better-paid administrative job. He was dubious about his interest and aptitude

for a post not directly involving research. The company insisted on trying him out. In a few months, however, they let him retreat to the test tubes where he was more valuable to himself and to them.

If he had had the kind of wife who wanted a high-powered executive for a husband even at the cost of his own interests and happiness, he might have become a mediocre big shot instead of a top-drawer chemist.

A better job. Every wife is delighted to have her husband take a better job—except when it means pulling up stakes and moving to a new and strange community. This is frequently a shortsighted view. You can find new friends. Children can be happy anywhere as long as you are. But your husband may never get another chance as good as that one. When the job is clearly a better one try to see its advantages rather than bog down in your own transient discomforts.

There is so much criticism leveled at the little woman who thinks she is singlehandedly building her husband's career that a conscientious wife sometimes feels she'd better let her husband sweat out his job problems alone rather than butt in. But often her active interest and advice is what he needs. A man who has great ability and little self-assurance is bound to stick fast to the safest little job he can find, no matter how unrewarding, personally and materially, it is. But prodded, buoyed up, and reassured by an understanding wife, he can grow in self-confidence—and in success.

All of the above advice may not apply to your man. Try it on for fit and use it when you can. In most cases he will have to bring you the facts of his present job and his prospective one. What you can provide is your unique understanding of his personality, his abilities and desires. When you have the facts of the job and the facts of the man you should be able to guide him to a wise decision.

THE END

Owner Must Sacrifice (Continued from page 61)

owner's actual price, which remains a secret until a deal is consummated. The buyer, for his part, makes a bid lower than the amount he is prepared to pay, but not low enough to insult the owner.

When a deal results, autopsy usually reveals that the first bid was the asking price less an amount double the difference between the asking price and the secret price, which only the owner and all the realtors in the neighborhood knew. If this is not completely clear, perhaps a numerical example will help: The owner is asking \$35,000 and his secret price is \$30,000. The successful bidder first bids \$25,000 and gradually raises his figure to \$29,000 while the owner is lowering his to \$31,000. At this point the deal is customarily called off. Finally, however, the broker cajoles the parties into splitting the difference. In this case the sales price is the same as the secret price, but it can be lower or higher, depending on how eager the owner is to part with his treasure, how eager the buyer is to possess it, how much he can borrow on his insurance, etc.

This procedure is so established that one sees many advertisements in which a glowing description of the property is followed by, "Asking price \$21,000. Owner TZ 2-5691." What the owner is attempting to convey is that he wouldn't mind getting \$21,000 but, knowing he can't, he is wording his advertisement in such a way as not to scare off some schnorrer who has, say, no more than \$18,000 to spend. The touch of naïveté implicit in this form of solicitation can be avoided by selling through a broker. When he advertises, "Asking \$21,000," he is proclaiming that he knows the owner is either a lunatic or an extortionist but it is a broker's business to humor such characters. Once a serious homebuyer has appeared, that person will become the broker's ward, whose interests he will from that time forth cherish, and by the potent magic of his office exorcise the \$21,000 from the owner's disordered brain and secure for the fortunate client a real bargain at \$18,000. The end result, however, is not quite the same for the owner. The broker receives five per cent, or \$900 in the case cited, and the owner nets \$900 less.

BEFORE the climactic moment arrives when money and title change hands, the agent gets his cut, and the honeymoon of occupancy begins, the homebuyer must look and look and finally choose, and this undertaking, precarious at best, is made more hazardous for him by his lack of scientific and technical savvy. His home, heretofore, has probably been an apartment house, a collective whose members are more or less effectively shielded from the facts of life pertaining to water supply, sewage disposal, temperature control, and the like. When he leaves the city of technicians who ministered to his needs are no longer at his side. He is on his own, a technological babe in the woods.

The typical homebuyer makes no effort to read up on these subjects. Apparently he feels that as a citizen of the leading industrial nation of the world he must *ipso facto* be familiar with the rudiments, at least, of the mechanical arts. And it is true that as he goes along he can hardly escape picking up a fact here and there, but at the same time he

is adding to his collection of housing lore. It is likely he will acquire a house before he acquires enough information to prevent him from buying it.

HE MAY look at a place with a drilled well, which, the owner says with ill-concealed pride, is four hundred feet deep—deepest well in the neighborhood. The homebuyer can easily be persuaded, without anyone's making the claim in so many words, that some mystic virtue inheres in water brought up from the nether bowels of the earth. The truth is that he is standing over a hydraulic calamity that nearly bankrupted the poor wretch who paid for the hole and its associated pumping paraphernalia, and will continue to plague successive owners by reason of its excessive power and maintenance costs, its scanty yield, and the hardness of its water.

By study and observation, experience and losses, the homebuyer may in time master the techniques of housing, but then he faces the harder task of mastering himself. Brokers have told me that after decades of experience they still have no idea of what makes a person buy a house. They add, "He fell in love with the place." At that point the victim forgot what little he knew, disregarded the plain evidence of his senses, and bought the old homestead because he liked the color of the paint or because it brought back childhood memories.

The problem is how to prevent this, or at least put the brakes on it. There is one school holding that house love is as inevitable as sex love, and as little can be done about it. I believe this is overly pessimistic. If one examines, say, ten buyers, perhaps two will be found to be completely immune. They just don't buy, in the present market, at least. At the other extreme there may be two or three who will buy anything. In between there is a type of buyer who may improve under treatment. He embarks on his venture with exemplary caution. He rejects a number of properties with the indignation of a small-town banker offered the Brooklyn Bridge for five hundred dollars. Then he signs up for some piece of termite fodder substantially in the same class as an investment and not much better as a habitation. He was all right until the house seduced him.

He could have given himself a chance, at least, by starting to ask questions as soon as he felt himself slipping. Appropriate questions may be found in the literature on the subject. Although it is better if the buyer has some inkling of what the questions mean, this is not essential. By merely asking them he is preventing himself, for the time being, from falling in love. Second, he is putting the owner on the spot. If the owner stammers, turns pale, or faints, it may point to a disqualifying fault in the house. If the buyer is not yet too deeply enamored, the owner's demeanor may enable him to wrench himself free. The question-and-answer period may lead to an even more favorable outcome. A clear picture of the property may emerge and, with all its virtues and defects in perspective, the picture may be sufficiently bright so the buyer can permit himself to fall in love and buy without future regrets.

Many an owner would welcome this approach. The owner is often a good

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flected in the market. Distinction may be impalpable, but it costs money.

By sacrificing the psychic gratification of residing among his peers, the buyer can avoid putting himself in hock to the full extent of his resources. Other things being equal, his saving will depend on the extent of his self-declassification. If he descends only one step to the level of struggling junior executives and the like, it will not be very great. If he defies the culture to the extent of allowing himself to sink among clerks and artisans, it can be substantial.

Christian—anyway, as good as the buyer—and he would prefer to sell his property without making a bum of himself. Owners not infrequently try, however feebly, to be frank but, being rebuffive time and again, they give it up as quixotic. The buyer shows by his incredulous stare and ironical interjections that he suspects the owner of throwing up a smoke screen of minor defects in order to conceal a major weakness of the house. In this, to be sure, he may not be entirely wrong, but on general principles he should encourage the quasi-honest owner, who is at least taking a step in the right direction. Even more impossible is the buyer who, already in love, simply does not want to know the faults of the house. If they are forced on him, he behaves like the suitor who, when the girl confesses she has had one or two illegitimate children, beats her up and says: "That's the way to ruin a righteous owner—smarting under such injustices, may turn into an outright crook—and no wonder."

IF, DESPITE all precautions, the buyer finds himself falling in love with a place he knows is unworthy of his love, he can save money by taking a trip abroad. In France, Sweden, Guatemala, etc., he will see houses just as lovable as those at home that he can look at and leave with equanimity. By the time he returns, the house that took his fancy will probably have been sold. If it is still on the market, that fact in itself should prevent a flareup of the old yearning.

To perfect himself in his art, not only must the realty purchaser become something of an architect, builder, and engineer, not only must he learn to curb his emotions until he finds the right love-object, but he must emancipate himself from certain aspects of the culture in which he lives—he has to be an anthropologist, too. This may seem like a pretty tough assignment, but if he is successful he can get more house for his money.

This culture of ours is one in which most of the truly meritorious are persecuted, with the entirely praiseworthy desire to rise in the social scale. Accordingly, higher-priced houses are advertised as designed for or previously lived in by executives," transferred or dead. In the same category is the "gentleman's estate" and its junior, the "little estate." Modernized colonial and early-American houses, aside from the actual esthetic superiority some of them possess, are a special case of the urge to live where distinguished people have lived, the distinction in this instance being that they have been dead a long time. Again, houses associated with artists and writers acquire special merit.

But this urge is, however, moderated by the fact that artists and writers, while held in esteem for the instinct that draws them to the beautiful and true, do not usually have regular incomes.

The distinction conferred on individual houses by executives, gentlemen, artists, and writers applies with even greater force to localities. A property not only must be distinguished in its own right, but must be situated among properties in its class. The medieval baron might have been content to live in a castle encircled by peasant huts; the modern seigneur must be envied by other seigneurs, or executives, before he can be sure that he is and will remain one himself. This cultural characteristic is faithfully re-

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What Our Next President's Handwriting Reveals

ANSWERS

Page 74, Stassen

Page 75, first column, top to bottom
Truman, Taft, Dewey

Page 75, second column, top to bottom
Eisenhower, MacArthur,
Kefauver

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follow him. Should he then desire to sell his property, he may find himself at a disadvantage greater, perhaps, than his initial advantage. This is the more likely if he has recklessly improved his property, or if a further degeneration in the character of the neighborhood has brought in the sort of people who store discarded sofas, bedsteads, and television receivers on their porches. In that case the only bidders for his property may be junkmen and garbage collectors.

RESIDENTIAL separatism, therefore, is to be recommended only as a desperate expedient in an inflated market, and the buyer who essays it must be even more wary than he who does as others do. The truth is that no simple, easy way to lick the housing problem can be recommended, for none exists. I have suggested a few palliatives, not I hope, without value, but no one knows their limitations better than I.

There is, however, one form of habitation that, under certain conditions, offers a tempting avenue of escape. It has not become popular because, for one thing, it is available only to a limited number of homeseekers. It is not generally sold, and occupancy involves a form of nepotism. It is, however, durable, permanent, and free from all the cares and discomforts of other varieties of housing. It is the family mausoleum. THE END

Which Diets Are Dangerous? (Continued from page 56)

JOHN JAMESON

thousands of people prescribe for themselves. It is true that anyone who eats nothing but bananas, milk, and a little unsalted lettuce or spinach for several weeks will lose a considerable number of pounds. Taking this diet except on a doctor's order is most unwise, however. In addition to the fact that the reducer can quickly lose health as well as weight, he probably will put back most of the lost weight as soon as he discontinues the diet. So it is useless as well as dangerous.

Consider what happened to a young woman who was some twenty pounds overweight. At first she was enchanted with the banana-and-skim-milk diet. It appeared to be working. After a few days, she noticed a growing fatigue, but she thought that a small price to pay for the steady loss of those hated excess pounds. The trouble was, however, that her skin was growing pale and puffy, and the edges of her eyelids reddened. By the time she had lost twenty pounds, her dismayed family called in a doctor to treat other painful and unpleasant results of her diet.

It should be emphatically noted that neither bananas nor milk was to blame for her ails. Both are superb foods containing a goodly assortment of the elements we need for health. It was what this girl didn't eat that caused the trouble. This diet has, among other lacks, a deficiency of iron, which all of us need to build blood and muscle tissue. If we don't get iron, we get anemia—and fast. Among the main sources of iron are lean meat, eggs, and leafy green vegetables. Cut those out, and you are in trouble.

The banana-and-skim-milk routine is not advised for anyone, except under doctor's orders, but it is particularly dangerous for women. Women are more susceptible to iron-deficiency anemia than men. Anemia is a miserable, stubborn malady, and recovery is usually a long business. Don't risk it.

VEGETABLE-FRUIT-AND-MILK DIET. These are all wonderful foods, but by themselves they are inadequate. You can stay on this diet a little longer than you can on the raw-vegetable diet because you won't feel awful quite so soon. However, this diet invites skin eruptions, trouble with digestion and elimination, and the weakness that results from protein deficiency and lack of the vitamin called niacin.

We get niacin in appreciable quantities primarily from lean meat, though yeast and wheat germ do provide high concentrations of it. If niacin is lacking in the diet, the horrible, killing pellagra is invited.

Pellagra was the blight of the South until a brilliant research doctor in the United States Public Health Service, Dr. Joseph Goldberger, demonstrated that it struck only those whose diet consisted mainly of fat back, salt pork, cornbread, and molasses. Pellagra causes painful ulcers in the mouth. The skin becomes rough, thick, and blotched with great areas of angry red. Listlessness is characteristic. Then death.

You aren't going to get a full-dress case of pellagra or scurvy or beriberi if you go on any deficiency diet for a short while, but if you cut out meat, eggs, and cheese completely you will surely lose vitality and stamina, and that old come-

hither look is likely to leave your eye.

GRAPEFRUIT-AND-BLACK-COFFEE DIET. This plan calls for nothing but grapefruit and black coffee at breakfast and lunch. At dinner, one helping of lean steak, a baked potato without butter, and more grapefruit and coffee.

Again, these are splendid foods, but taken alone they will make you ill long before they make you slim. Cutting down on the amount of food taken at each meal is sound reducing practice, but cutting out even one meal, like breakfast, is the worst possible practice.

In addition to its staggering demand on stamina, this combination of foods is seriously lacking in calcium and vitamins A and B₂, which are among other necessary elements we get mainly from milk and leafy greens. This means it is particularly bad for anyone who uses his eyes a lot in reading or driving. Sunlight will seem like a blinding glare, and you will fumble in the dark. Your mouth is likely to develop painful cracks at the corners, and you will probably pick up any cold or influenza germs floating around.

This, like any of the other drastic and rapid reducing diets, is particularly defeating for older people. Their skin is less elastic, and they look wrinkled when they try to achieve a sylphlike figure in jig time.

LIQUID DIETS. Many people think that all-liquid diets are the fastest road to loss of fat. The sad truth is that you can gain weight quite rapidly on some liquid diets and lose nothing but a feeling of well-being.

For instance, a girl who was thirty pounds overweight heard that liquids would take fat off rapidly. A liquid diet was not practical while she was working, so she dedicated her vacation to it. Her plan was to lie in the sun, rest, read, live on liquids, and return to her job brown, fit, and at least two sizes smaller.

For the first few days, she felt fine. She drank gallons of orange, grapefruit, grape, prune, and apple juice. She had bouillon and milk and tomato, carrot, cranberry, and sauerkraut juice. For variety she turned to soft drinks—lemonade, highballs, and beer. Not one ounce of solid food crossed her lips. At the end of two weeks she had gained four pounds and felt dreadful.

Watery foods are not necessarily non-fattening. A whiskey highball packs a wallop of 200 calories. Even if this girl had skipped all alcoholic beverages, she still could have gained weight. One cup of prune juice contains 170 calories. A chocolate malted milk has over 400 calories. Too many calories build weight, whether they come to you in liquid or solid form. Doctors frequently prescribe liquid diets for patients who cannot take solid food, and they know how to keep those patients properly nourished. But only a doctor knows how. Anyone else is almost certain to end up with a starvation diet, a fattening one—or both! It doesn't sound reasonable, but it is possible to become enormously fat on foods so deficient in nutrients that they will starve you to death.

CUT-OUT-LIQUIDS DIET. This is one of the most dangerous of fads, and completely useless as a reducing plan. Water

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is essential to life. Adults die after seven to ten days without any water at all—more quickly than from lack of food.

Seventy per cent of human weight is water. A steady amount of this water leaves your body every day in three ways you cannot stop or control. You lose some in every expired breath. Breathe on a mirror, and you can see vapor form; during the day it adds up to a considerable amount. You lose water in the form of perspiration. Even if you sit quietly in a cool room all day, what seems like a dry skin is constantly exuding what is called "insensible perspiration." And here is a fantastic fact: Even when you stop drinking all liquids, normal kidneys continue to pour out from ten to seventeen ounces of urine daily! The body extracts this mysterious supply of water from so-called solid foods, which are mostly water, just as you yourself are. Also, water is drained out of your tissues—out of your muscles, heart, liver, and brain—until you are like a squeezed orange with little but pulp and rind left. This process is called "dehydration." Severe cases mean death.

Doctors say a normal person needs six to eight glasses of water each day. This does not mean that you should force yourself to gulp down two quarts of water between meals. You can count the water you take in coffee, tea, milk, and juices as well as the water your thirst impels you to take between meals.

If you punish yourself by refusing all fluids, you certainly will lose weight, but that weight will be stolen from your precious lean tissues, not from your fat. Pounds lost quickly in this fashion return just as quickly. Your body will sop up the water it must have just as soon as thirst drives you to take a normal amount again, and you will have damaged your health to no purpose.

SALT-FREE DIET. A favorite fad with people who are designing their own reducing program is the elimination of salt from their diet.

It is true that anyone who cuts out all salt will lose a few pounds quite rapidly. This makes the reducer triumphant. "Why didn't someone tell me about this before?" is the reaction. "At this rate I'll be back to normal weight in a matter of weeks!"

But it doesn't work that way. After the quick loss of those first pounds, the scales stubbornly refuse to move downward. Here is the reason:

The body automatically maintains an exact balance between its salt and its water content. In the veins of all animals, including man, flows blood that is just as salty as the sea from which all land life crawled billions of years ago. There is nothing you can do to change—permanently—this percentage of salt to water in your body. If you take a large helping of delicious, salty ham, thus getting more than your accustomed amount of salt at a meal, you'll find yourself thirsty for some hours afterward. This is nature's way of demanding enough water to restore normal salt-and-water balance.

If you skip all salt, your body will cast off a few pounds of water, once again restoring standard salinity. In other words, by skipping salt you lose pounds of water—not pounds of fat.

Some limitation of salt while reducing is not a bad idea because it makes food unappetizing so that the overweight eat less. Cutting out all salt is generally more useless than harmful. However, people

who live in excessively hot climates, or people whose work or play causes excessive sweating are exposing themselves to real danger. When perspiration rushes out of the pores of the skin, quantities of salt are carried with it. The result is a thirst so great that water alone will not appease it. Everyone has had the experience of drinking glasses of water after strenuous exercise on a hot day, and of wanting still more. That is caused by the body's demanding its lost salt as well as its lost fluid. If the body is

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denied its water, heat cramps are likely to follow. Continued salt depletion can cause heat shock and stroke—an extremely serious and dangerous business.

SALT-FREE RICE DIET. Anyone who goes on this diet because a doctor prescribed it as a weight-reducing plan for another member of the family is out of his mind. Nothing but grave trouble can result from it, unless it is taken on a doctor's order and under his supervision. It is an extreme measure that a doctor uses to fight hypertension and other serious trouble. Leave it alone!

LEAN-STEAK-AND-TOMATO DIET. Recently there has been a great deal of

talk about reducing miracles worked by diets heavily loaded with lean meat three times a day. They are especially popular with men because they find it easy to get meat in restaurants, because the hard-working fat man can keep at his job without suffering the torments of hunger pangs, and because such diets do not become boring or insipid so soon as many reducing plans. Also, it works.

On the surface, this would seem to be the perfect reducing plan—if you can afford steak three times a day. But take a closer look, and you will find the whole thing is an empty promise.

This diet is savagely deficient in certain elements we must get every day if we are to stay in good health. It lacks the calcium, potassium, and vitamin D we must have for strong bones and good teeth; the vitamin A we need for good eyesight and soft healthy skin; the vitamin B₂ that keeps us from getting wrinkles before our time—to mention only a few things these elements contribute. We do not get enough of any one of them without milk and leafy green vegetables in the diet.

Prolonged use of a diet lacking milk and leafy green vegetables is particularly bad for children since growth will be retarded and teeth and bones will not form properly.

HIGH-PROTEIN DIET. We get the word protein from the Greek *proteios*, meaning "of first value." Proteins are just that. They are the miracle-working, life-giving, life-producing indispensable in every diet. We get proteins from many different foods. What doctors call "complete proteins" come only from lean meat, poultry, fish, milk, eggs, and cheese.

Without proteins, children won't grow up to normal size, young women won't produce children, and young men won't care. Babies who don't get proteins grow up with bent bones. Gaffers who don't get them lose their memories faster than normal.

Proteins are called "the building blocks of the body." What they build, mainly, is lean tissue—the muscles of the body, including muscle organs like heart and kidneys. And lean tissues do almost all the work of the body and take a lot of wear and tear in the process. If you do not give them a constant supply of protein, they cannot replace themselves. The body can manufacture fat out of any food, including protein. It cannot manufacture lean tissue unless it gets foods that contain protein.

Besides rushing in to replace worn tissues and generally making you feel able to whip your weight in wildcats, proteins throw the body into high gear. They help it to utilize foods that do not contain protein.

High-protein diets are among the least dangerous of the deficiency diets, but they are, nonetheless, a threat to health. If you tried to live on nothing but lean meat, eggs, milk, cheese, nuts, dried peas, and beans—all of which are packed with splendid proteins—you would end up with scurvy.

Besides, you are quite likely not to reduce on such a diet. Too many proteins can build fat just as fast as too much starch or fat or sugar.

LOW-CALORIE DIET. "Whenever I want to lose a few pounds, I get out my little calorie book and simply cut down

to seven hundred and fifty a day until I'm back at the weight I want."

These often-heard words are the tip-off that this is an utterly useless reducing plan. They expose the fact that the reducer is never at ideal weight except briefly—that he is forever either underfed or underfed, and so never at peak health and vitality.

A calorie is the measure of one thing only: the amount of heat (or "energy," in a doctor's language) that food produces as it is utilized by the body. Calories do not measure vitamins or minerals or proteins. For instance, a glass of skim milk and a glass of ginger ale have the same number of calories. Milk is packed with vitamins, minerals, and proteins. Ginger ale is totally lacking in all three. (Don't despise ginger ale, however. It is useful as a quick-energy source, just as are other sweets in the normal diet.)

We grow fat for one reason only—because we eat food higher in caloric value than our bodies need. The body is a thrifty mechanism. Suppose you eat 3,000 calories of food in one day, and your body needs only 2,500. The body does not throw away those extra 500 calories; it stores them by spreading them out in layers of fat. If you continue to eat more than you need, the fat grows and grows.

On the other hand, if you eat food of less caloric value than you need, the body breaks out some of its stored-up fat to make up the difference, so it would seem that calorie counting is a splendid idea. But there is a catch. Just any old low-calorie food will not make the stylish stout slim as a ribbon and full of fatal allure, health, and vigor. Some of the



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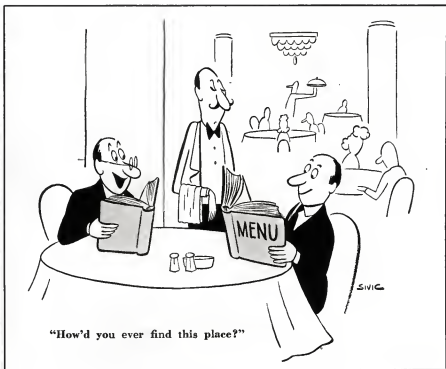
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foods that supply vitamins, minerals, and proteins are high in caloric count. They must stay. The only foods safe to cut out are those that are mainly sugar, starch, and fat, because they are low or lacking in the essential vitamins, minerals, and proteins.

"No magazine article should advocate for general use a diet of under a thousand calories," says Dr. Norman Jolliffe, distinguished authority on nutrition. "Such a diet can be properly balanced, but it must be tailor-made by the doctor for the individual. Otherwise it is almost certain to be inadequate and to cause trouble."

ALL FAST REDUCING DIETS. Taking off ten pounds in a week is a sign that the reducer has two things: great determination and great ignorance. Fat accumulates slowly. It can come off only slowly. When you lose ten pounds in a week, only two or three pounds of that is fat. The rest is mostly fluid that will return as soon as you go off whatever starvation diet you have chosen. Besides, you will look flabby or wrinkled because the body cannot adjust itself to such rapid shrinkage.

SALT-FREE HIGH-FAT DIET. The most famous variant of this diet calls for at least half a pound, or as much more as you want, of fresh meat three times a day so long as you eat one part of fat to each three parts of lean. In addition, you are supposed to take one serving only at each meal of potatoes—French fried, if you wish—or rice, grapefruit, grapes, melon, bananas, pears, raspberries, or blueberries. You must not take one grain of salt, sugar, or flour.

This diet enjoyed an enormous popularity when it came out, but that popularity seems to have died out to a large extent. One reason is that this diet is very expensive. Another is that many people have a low tolerance for fat and were unable to choke down the amounts called for, especially without salt.

Doctors say that this diet is best avoided, except on doctor's order, for one good reason alone: It sets up food habits that must be abandoned as soon as the desired weight is achieved, and so does not educate the appetite to the good habits that keep weight normal.

HOW TO TELL A GOOD REDUCING DIET. By this time it begins to seem that every reducing plan you ever heard of is useless, inefficient, or dangerous and that you take your life in your hands every time you order a light lunch without a doctor's sanction.

Anyone seriously overweight is always best advised to consult a doctor before reducing. On the other hand, it is estimated that there are twenty-five million overweight Americans—one fourth of our adult population! It stands to reason that all these people are not going to go to doctors for reducing diets. What is the best thing for them to do?

For the answer we turned to Dr. Jolliffe, director of New York City's Bureau of Nutrition and one of the outstanding authorities and writers on nutrition in the country. He is the editor, with Dr. F. F. Tisdall and Dr. Paul R. Cannon, of the brilliant technical work *Clinical Nutrition*, author of many articles and of "Reduce and Stay Reduced," to be published in the spring by Simon and Schuster.

"There is no danger in reducing if the diet remains adequate," he says. "By 'adequate,' I mean that it must meet the requirements of the National Research Council's Food and Nutrition Board. These requirements are not complicated or hard to remember. All you need to do is memorize a short list of foods. If you are in any doubt about a reducing plan, check it against this list. If any one group of foods is missing, the diet is deficient in some of the food elements you need, and so is a poor one. If all the foods on the list are present, the diet is good for sensible reducing."

"A good reducing diet must contain:

1. Protein (in the form of lean meat, poultry, or fish. In addition, one egg a day is advised)
2. Leafy green vegetables
3. Adequate milk (two cups a day at least for an adult. Skim milk is excellent: It contains all of the nutrients of whole milk and has half the calories)
4. Citrus fruits

"If a reducing diet calls for food from each of these groups every day, you can go ahead without worry.

"Butter is not an essential while reducing. However, many people on a low-calorie diet become constipated. They need some fat, so a teaspoon of butter a day is good.

"Cereals are not essential, though all of my reducing diets include one slice of bread a day because bread is in the American food pattern.

"You can tell the flagrantly poor reducing diets at a glance. If they are far away from the normal food pattern, they are no good.

"It should be emphasized that a good reducing diet does two things: One, it takes off fat without loss of muscle tissue. At all costs you must avoid loss of muscle tissue. That is what makes reducers feel weak and ill. Two, it must re-educate. One of the faults of such extreme diets as the steak-and-grapefruit schedule is that they provide no education in a good normal diet. So as soon as you go off it you return to the diet faults that made you fat in the first place.

"If you have enough proteins to prevent burning of muscle tissue, enough carbohydrates to prevent acidosis, enough vitamins and minerals—all of which are supplied by the list above—you can only benefit by losing excess weight."

WHAT TO DO WHEN THE REDUCING DIET IS OVER. Stay on Dr. Jolliffe's diet for the rest of your life—using it as a basis for your normal diet, adding the many fine foods you need for energy, but never forgetting that it is too much food that builds too much weight. For a normal, well-balanced diet that will keep your eyes bright and your weight steady you should have every day:

1. A big serving of meat
 2. Leafy green vegetables
 3. Milk (cottage cheese is a good substitute)
 4. Citrus fruit
- Eat as much as you want of the above, and add:
5. Butter or fortified margarine
 6. White, root, and other vegetables
 7. All other fruits and berries
 8. Oils and all other fats
 9. Breads, cereals, and cereal products, such as spaghetti
 10. Sugar and all other sweets

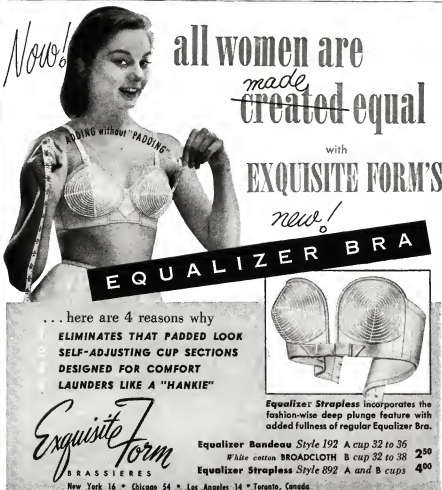
If you find your weight creeping up, you may be sure that you are taking in more calories than your body needs. The time to reduce is *before* that extra fat becomes a problem. Shake your head at second helpings of the foods numbered 5 to 10. Cut down on them, or cut out particularly the sugars and fats until the scales show good news again. Whatever you do, don't cut out or cut down on the foods numbered 1 to 4.

THE END

Llewellyn Miller, who wrote the above article, is the author of "Reducing Cookbook and Diet Guide," to be published this month by Thomas Y. Crowell Co.



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Are Nice Girls Safe in the Service? (Continued from page 80)

to build vast additional hospital facilities to accommodate the hordes of uniformed expectant mothers.

Another version of the same theme said that the Government had been forced to set aside as lying-in accommodations hospital facilities needed by wounded veterans.

ONLY ONE other vicious lie was ever so widely spread by character assassins. Now, years after the war's conclusion, one still can hear the echoes of that old canard that—in the true Goebbels tradition—was repeated so often it became gospel.

This lie, which almost finished off the women's armed services, was printed in 1942 by a third-rate Washington columnist. He wrote that contraceptives were to be issued to wacs. It was false then; it is false now. But it created more of a furor than General Patton's imbroglgio with a wounded soldier—and did incalculable harm to the services.

The high command, at last alarmed at the new flood of filth loosed against women in uniform by the columnist's charge and by the general reaction to the accusation, issued an instant denial. But the truth never outdistanced the lie. It still remains, perhaps subconsciously, the root of much of the passive resistance to the women's armed services.

"Contraceptives never were distributed to the women in the armed services, are not now, and never will be. It is unthinkable!" says Colonel Mary A. Hallaren, director of the wac, speaking for the heads of all the women's armed services.

It is my opinion that if the high command had ever distributed contraceptives to the women, it would have been forced to cope with rebellion from the corps itself. I sailed in January, 1943, as a correspondent attached to the first contin-

gent of wacs, two hundred strong, ever assigned to overseas duty. They were sent at the demand of General Eisenhower to help staff Allied Forces Headquarters in Algiers.

Midway in the long voyage, rumor swept the transport that contraceptives were to be distributed to all troops, including the wacs. I was treated to a spontaneous outburst of moral indignation, distress, and rage on the part of the women such as I had never seen before.

One young noncom whose husband, father, and three brothers were in the services cried, "Will no one, not even our Government, credit us with decent motives?"

During the fortnight I was penned at Camp Kilmer with this contingent before we sailed, in the weeks on board ship, and later in Algiers, I became well acquainted with that group of women. I developed the most sincere respect and admiration for them. In Algiers I saw squads of American boys in uniform chasing wacs, who represented the Girl from Home and spoke an understandable language. But I never once saw a wac in hot pursuit of a man. Army officers, strictly forbidden to date the enlisted personnel of the wac, willingly risked the harsh penalty for taking off the insignia of their rank so that they could come courting.

DURING the war there were situations from which the Women's Army Corps was powerless to defend itself because those who gave cause for scandal were highly placed Army officers. There were a handful of general officers in both the European and Pacific theatres who put into wac uniform the camp followers they had picked up along the way.

When such a situation in the Pacific theatre caused so much stench that wac officers in Washington met with Army



"Will you go out on a double date if I promise you something extra special?"

brass to protest, an Army general begged for discreet silence.

"We're all here to win the war," he told the indignant war officers. "I beg of you to cooperate and do nothing in this case. When the war is won, if you want to burn the general in effigy, I'll help you. But there is nothing we can do now."

So the heads of the Women's Army Corps, their hands and tongues tied, went back to their desks, unable to protect their organization from the scandalous onslaughts.

It is shameful but true that women in uniform suffered malicious defamation from men in every branch of the service. Some were psychopathic, some were jealous, some hated the idea of women in uniform, and some were simply evil gossips.

Not until the final months of the war, however, did the brass take cognizance of a situation that was costing the women's services the recruits for which the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps were pleading.

When one young officer, home on leave, charged that three thousand was assigned to Air Force bases in Europe had been sent home because of pregnancy, he was threatened with court-martial. "In view of the fact that there were scarcely three thousand was assigned to the Air Force, the report did seem exaggerated," says Colonel Hallaren with understandable bitterness. Despite the enormity of his lie, the young officer was saved when his mother came forward and said she had made up the story out of whole cloth, attributing it to her son.

This story is of a piece with the rumor, heard throughout the war, that the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth, on each return trip from carrying American men to war, were loaded to the gunwales with pregnant WACS and nurses. Such stories gained the widest circulation and credence, are still repeated ad nauseam, and are apt to become part of the national folklore.

Of course there were some pregnancies. Colonel Hallaren, Colonel Ruby F. Bryant, chief of the Army Nurse Corps, Colonel Catherine A. Towle, director of women in the Marine Corps, and Captain Joy Hancock, director of the WAVES—with all of whom I talked in preparing this article—are the last to deny it.

BUT SUCH cases are isolated, infrequent and, in the words of Captain Hancock, "so rare we're flabbergasted when a pregnancy occurs. We usually find pregnancies, when they do occur, among recruits who were pregnant when they enlisted. A pregnant girl, in puzzlement, terror, and despair, sometimes enlists in the women's services under the delusion that this will somehow solve her problem."

"I'll guarantee the number of pregnancies in the women's armed services is a good bit below the average in any comparable group in civilian life," says Colonel Bryant, a gentle, soft-spoken woman who has spent almost eighteen years in the Army Nurse Corps.

"If you have a disciplinary problem, what do you do?" I asked her.

"The cases are so rare that there is no pattern of behavior," she replied. "Occasionally a woman is dismissed from the corps for inefficiency. But the dismissal of a woman for moral reasons is very unusual."

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C. P. Donnell, Jr.

Of the singers in night clubs who mourn over love,
There is none that arouses my gorge
Like the lady who aches from the beating she takes
From her Jim, or her Bill, or her George.
Though I fear I was born with a weakness for corn,
I invariably harden like steel
When she clutches a mike and laments that her Ike
Is a twenty-four-carat schlemiel.

Little lady, you weep that he never appears
Bearing flowers or candy or gum.
When the nation-wide scene's full of generous Marines,
May I ask why you stick to this bum?
If he is, as you beef, a Don Juan and a thief,
Tell me, why do you swear to be true
To this crude cavalier? Are you certain, my dear,
That it's love—not a stunted IQ?

As a result of this infrequency of serious moral infractions or problems in the women's armed services, the recent arrest, court-martial, and conviction of six WAC sergeants for severely beating a WAC private came as a great shock to the WAC and its sister services.

The beating grew out of the dishonorable discharge given to a WAC corporal following a court-martial at which the private was the key witness. The Army immediately clapped a "confidential" stamp on the whole affair but could not prevent the publication of the news that the commanding officer of the WAC detachment at Camp Breckinridge, Kentucky, subsequently resigned "for the good of the service."

This is a prime case of Army censorship of news in which the real truth behind the court-martial could not possibly be as harmful as the rumors and gossip it has occasioned.

THE WOMEN'S armed services admit, as do the nation's most exclusive boarding schools for young ladies, that they must be vigilant in guarding against ardent friendships that can become so much more. Colonel Towle, an educator and former assistant dean of women at the University of California, describes it as "a factor always to be guarded against wherever you deal with large groups of women."

"It is decidedly not a problem in the WAVES," Captain Joy Hancock declares. "The whole issue of behavior boils down to the fact that morals are a concern in the services, but not a problem."

Cold statistics throw some interesting light on serious disciplinary matters within the women's services. Until the conviction of the six WAC sergeants and their subsequent sentencing to prison, only one other member of the WAC had ever been convicted of a crime or imprisoned.

Former Captain Kathleen Nash Durant was dishonorably discharged from the

corps and sentenced to five years at hard labor for her share in the \$1,500,000 theft of the Hesse crown jewels from Kronberg Castle, near Frankfurt-am-Main, early in the German occupation.

In view of the fact that some 175,000 women have served in the WAC since its inception, this is an enviable record, unchallenged by any similar group in civilian life. The WAVES have had but one comparable case. No Woman Marine has ever been convicted of a crime. Colonel Towle, trying to point of a serious lapse in the corps, could point to only one case and that was desertion.

Five per cent of the WAC is eventually separated from the service, according to Colonel Hallaren. But the separation for a moral reason is, in her words, "very exceptional." "Usually the woman who is separated from the service is simply not adapted to Army life," Colonel Hallaren says. "She cannot adjust to group living; she is unable to adapt herself to the people around her. She is a square peg in a round hole, and for physical or mental reasons is better out of the service. The majority usually realize this themselves and ask for separation. It is an amicable matter and arranged as such."

Colonels Bryant and Towle and Captain Hancock said the same thing in almost identical terms.

In these days of uneasy peace, the women's armed services, despite their eagerness for recruits, screen enlistees with almost the same vigilance and care as a headmistress choosing candidates for a select boarding school. The Pentagon brass, determined that the women's services shall be as Caesar's wife, has laid down the law to recruiting officers and spelled out in no uncertain terms the high qualifications required.

A GIRL who enlists in the WAC, WAVES, or Women Marines today must be a high-school graduate. Once she could get by with a "high-school education or its equivalent." Now she must have the

diploma itself. The services add that they would rather have a girl who shows the quality of leadership than a straight-A bookworm. The girl must have A-1 character references, come highly recommended by her school and her community, and enjoy an unblemished reputation. Recruiting officers check with the school, and particularly with its vocational-guidance department, if the school has one. And they check with the community, too.

If the girl is under twenty-one, she must have the consent of her parents before she can join any branch of the services. This rule brings the parents into the recruiting station or the recruiting officers into the home. Since the average age of the girl in the service is now nineteen and a half, it is easy to see that the home and the services usually get together to discuss Susie's future. It does not take experienced recruiting officers long to determine Susie's background after they have met her parents and seen her home.

"In all branches of the services, both a man and a woman recruiting officer check on the girl," says Colonel Hallaren. "They take careful note of her appearance, manner, and bearing. And they take special account of her ability to discuss events as mirrored in the press and radio and her familiarity with questions of the day."

IF THE girl has been out of school for some years, the services demand character references from her latest employer and take heed of her standing in the community. Her references, whether from high school, community, or employer, are always subject to check and double check by recruiting officers.

There follows a quick psychiatric test to weed out the unstable candidates. Then comes the Armed Forces Qualification Test, a mental examination she must pass with a mark of ninety. And, of course, a physical exam.

"We can't afford to take any but stable, sound, well-balanced women," says Colonel Hallaren. "Sometimes the corps has to protect itself from a girl's family and even a community that feels the WAC can reform a difficult young woman, just as families and communities have felt for generations that the Army can reform a difficult young man."

"A girl has to be good to get into the WAVES, and better to stay in," is the way Captain Hancock puts it. "She is properly housed and supervised. On a recent inspection trip, a girl who had enlisted in the WAVES six months before told me that 'this is the first time in my life anyone has ever cared whether I was home on time, or safe in bed, or that I was even neat and clean.'"

"She was a child of the Depression and the war. In her formative teens, her father was in the Army and her mother in a war plant. She had grown up in a trailer camp. To that girl, life in the WAVES is paradise."

"Paradise" is not such an overstatement when you consider that the pay is excellent, the work interesting, living conditions better than average, chance for advancement rapid, probability of travel unexcelled and, in the case of the WAC and WAVES, the clothes by Hattie Carnegie and Mainbocher.

Colonel Hallaren says, "There is simply no comparison between the supervision and guidance provided for the

WAC and the unsupervised, unguided, catch-as-catch-can life of the 'Government Girl' in Washington or that of any young woman who goes away from home to earn her living in a strange community."

Character-guidance programs are mandatory in all the services. They include six lectures, given by doctors and chaplains, on the moral aspect of sex, its place and importance in life. These lectures emphasize chastity and restraint, and picture marriage and motherhood as woman's highest goal. "Each of us has a very real sense of responsibility to parents and to the girl's community for her care and well-being, physical, moral, and mental," Colonel Towle explains. All the officers mentioned that church attendance is universal among servicewomen.

"That's no problem," says Colonel Bryant. "On any post, at home or abroad, you'll find that servicewomen flock to church."

The women who head the women's services recognize that the period of basic training that follows acceptance of recruits is bound to be difficult physically, mentally, and emotionally on women who must adjust to a world that is both strange and arbitrary. Every company commander is specifically warned to be on the lookout for homesickness during this period. Homesickness is a more vital and worrisome problem to the services than all the imaginary moral issues of which they are accused.

"It's the last thing a girl will admit," Colonel Hallaren reports ruefully. "She'll eat her heart out before she'll admit it."

Once she is accepted by the WAC, a recruit is sent to Fort Lee, Virginia, for basic training. Because of the pressing need for Wacs since the start of the Korean war, the basic-training period has been cut from thirteen to eight weeks, just as the age limit in the women's services has been lowered from twenty to eighteen years.

Strict rules prevail during basic training in all the services. At Fort Lee, for example, reveille sounds at six-thirty A.M., and the girls are then kept on the run until midnight. Lights out is at nine-thirty P.M., and at that time most girls, Colonel Hallaren says, are so bushed they are ready to hit the sack. If they have the strength to read or study until taps and bed check at eleven P.M., they can do so in the dayroom.

Whether at Fort Lee or at other posts, the company commander is, in the words of Mary Hallaren, the "housemother" for the girls in her command. She is charged with the responsibility for their welfare, well-being, and morale. She is expected to know every girl individually and, furthermore, to know her problems.

"Girls are accounted for at all times," says Colonel Hallaren. "It is the company commander's job to know where they are. Girls are carefully chaperoned—sometimes more than they like!"

This is true at Fort Lee and at posts to which girls are assigned after basic training. Young girls newly arrived at a post are apt to be put on restricted liberty for one to three months.

After basic training, at most posts bed check is at midnight on weekdays and two A.M. on Saturdays. A wac must sign out if she leaves the post just to go downtown to a movie. And she must sign in again when she returns.

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If a wac comes in late or otherwise breaks the rules, she can be punished by being restricted to the area, she can be fined, or she can be given additional duties. But she is never, under any circumstances, sent to the guardhouse, no matter how serious her offense.

Wherever possible, the armed services have attempted to substitute some form of semiprivate accommodations for barracks living quarters. This has not yet been accomplished at all posts, but it is the common goal. Wac recruits undergoing basic training at Fort Lee still live in barracks, on the theory, apparently, that a taste of Army life at the beginning is good discipline. But at other posts the wac, as well as the war, waves, and Women Marines, strives to house its enlisted girls in what are technically known as "cubicles"—rooms with three walls off a central corridor. The fourth wall, on the corridor, is missing. The ideal is to have no more than two girls to a cubicle.

Again, the ideal is a private room for noncoms and for officers. All the services aim at a dayroom, for girls only, in some private quarter of the dormitory, where the women can have a radio, television, and the comfort of a homey living room. The services also strive to provide a second such space, known as the "date room," where the girls can meet and entertain dates, friends, and parents, and where there are soft drinks on tap and perhaps even a refrigerator to raid.

IN THEIR private living accommodations, the girls may hang curtains and have bedspreads of their own choosing. They may also decorate the walls with pictures and surround themselves with the knickknacks, flowers, and furbelows dear to the feminine heart. They are not compelled to live in stark and dreary cells. The minimum living standards of all the women's services are the same, and all

strive to provide the servicewoman with something she can think of as home.

American women in uniform are stationed all over the world today, from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand. They are especially valuable in a hundred different capacities in Germany, Austria, and Japan. The Joint Chiefs of Staff have discovered that women can be put on highly classified jobs overseas because they're close-mouthed and do not fraternize! Service women don't talk, especially to alien suitors. None of the servicewomen assigned to the Manhattan (atom-bomb) Project during or since World War II ever told so much as the time of day to anyone. Which, as the big brass knows to its sorrow, is more than can be said of other members of the armed forces, or of the male scientists.

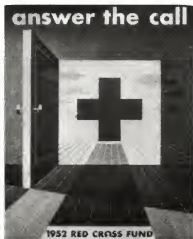
The demand of the Army, Navy, Air Force, and Marine Corps in all parts of the world for women in uniform to help meet the manpower shortage far exceeds the supply. There are, for example, no wacs helping to bring efficiency and dispatch into rear-sector operations in Korea simply because there have been none to send.

The present recruitment effort aims at enlisting only 72,000, a mere handful from this nation's immense reservoir of womanpower. Even so, it is doubtful if that goal will be reached by July first. Lethargy and passive resistance are sabotaging the drive.

No organization can be either better or worse than the source from which it draws its members. And from where do the women's armed services draw their membership? From the women of the United States. Women in the armed services are a cross section of American womanhood, no better and no worse. The common denominator—the constant factor—is the American woman. Like the



Army and Navy, the Marine Corps and the Air Force, the women's services are manned by civilians temporarily in uniform. Vilification of women in uniform is, per se, vilification of women in mufti. It



is shameful and undeserved. It is an evil and noxious abuse of which the nation should be bitterly ashamed.

When I came home from Tunisia in the spring of 1943, after a tour as a correspondent, I was sickened by the filth about Army nurses told in high glee by men and women who had never been any nearer the battle front than the Stork Club. All I could think of was the nurses I had watched at the Ninth Evacuation Hospital during the Kasserine Pass debacle. I could still see those white, exhausted women in our most forward evacuation hospital standing hour after hour throughout the day and night in the crude operating tents where teams of surgeons worked over our wounded men. When there came an occasional lull, and the weary surgeons went outside to smoke, the nurses remained in the operating tents, cleaning up the bloody debris and painstakingly washing the surgical instruments.

These women, about whom the nation was spreading scandal, were living through the Tunisian winter in tents devoid of any creature comforts except an occasional kerosene stove, carrying canteens of water a quarter of a mile over rutted, frozen earth for a bath out of a helmet, doing their laundry in that same helmet, and uncomplainingly working around the clock.

And their reward from their fellow countrymen at home? The theft of their reputations by people who often were piling up fortunes in defense plants, black markets, and cushy civilian jobs. It was a shocking thing that a great nation in the midst of war took pleasure in defaming women who died at Anzio as bravely as her men.

These women want and deserve the respect of the nation they serve. They ask to be permitted to retain the self-respect that is the birthright of all free people.

If the United States asks its women to serve in its armed services, then the country owes these women the same respect and protection it accords all decent women. It is little enough to ask from an indebted nation.

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The amendment reads, "Equality of rights under the laws shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or any state on account of sex." That sounds fair enough—at first thought—and many women are all for it. Many others, in organizations or individually, strongly oppose it on the ground that while it would presumably wipe out all laws discriminating against women, it would also wipe out all the hard-won legal safeguards for women workers, as well as many family and social laws.

This isn't ignoring the fact that many states still have unjust and outmoded laws, demeaning to modern women, that ought to be abolished: laws denying a wife the right to engage in business deals without her husband's consent or to have control over her own property or earnings; or such a one-sided law as the one (in a dozen states) that permits a man to divorce his wife on proof of her "unchaste character" prior to her marriage, whereas a man's previous misconduct is of no legal concern.

But legal discriminations against women are less damaging than the host of popular prejudices—such as the belief that women aren't as clear-thinking, practical-minded, stable, or well-organized as men. It is these prejudices that are the principal barriers to women's election to high office, and to advancement in business, industry, and the professions. Here the fact must be faced that women themselves are fully as prejudiced against their sex as are men. Again and again you hear women employees say, "I hate to work for a woman boss." Women doctors report, "Men patients come to us more readily and trust us more than women." Women lawyers say the same.

BUT WHETHER it's a matter of changing popular attitudes or formal laws, women's protests that they are treated as "second-class" citizens won't earn full respect until women show willingness to take on equally with men every responsibility of first-class citizens. There are the double standard in the courts by which, for the same offenses, from theft to murder, women almost invariably get off easier than men—and expect to; the frequent injustices to men in divorce settlements; making jury service optional for women, but compulsory for men; and perhaps most important, the one-sided draft laws that call men up for military service, while women—sorely needed in the auxiliary forces—are free to volunteer or not.

Other advantages accorded to women are deep-rooted in our social codes: the special deference men show women, and their forbearance from using their greater physical strength against them, no matter how provoked; the many rules of etiquette by which men give precedence to women; the practice of the man's paying the check (even if the woman can well afford to pay her own); the women-and-children-first order when a ship is sinking. How many women want to see these, and many other protective customs, changed?

We can conclude only that as our society moves forward toward the goal of giving all individuals, of either sex, the greatest opportunity to live happily and fulfill themselves, we are coming ever closer to achieving an equal balance of

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advantages between the sexes. We can see evidence of women's greater contentment with being women in the diminished talk about "career versus marriage and motherhood," as more and more women successfully combine all three; in the awareness that homemaking, childbearing, and participation in communal, civic, and school affairs offer women as much challenge and possibility for fulfillment as paid employment offers men; in the swing back to femininity in styles.

Not the least of the changes that have influenced women's view of themselves is the increased respect: men are showing for female intelligence and ability, and the marked decline in the old male tendency to look upon women as "inferiors." One indication is that fathers care less now whether their baby is a boy; many fathers even prefer a girl. (In fact, in adoptions of babies the demand is now two to one for girls.)

That there still is much room for im-

provement in the status of American women goes without saying. In a world that for thousands of years has been run by men with a mind to their own interests, it hardly is to be expected that in the short time since women began to fight for their place in the sun all the injustices against them could have been corrected. But it must also be recognized that in the process of setting matters right some thought must be given to safeguarding the interests of men, as well.

Women simply can't have everything. Undoubtedly, most American women are fair-minded enough not to want everything or, at least, not to demand more without being ready to give more. Otherwise—as they are surely smart enough to realize, knowing that their males are no wishy-washies—if the situation gets too one-sided, the revolt of American men against women—already brewing—may become a full-fledged reality.

WOMEN'S ADVANTAGES TODAY

MEN'S ADVANTAGES TODAY

The Start

Girls begin life better developed than boys, with less chance of abnormality or defect (less blindness, one eighth the color blindness, fewer bone defects, one fifth the speech defects, less chance of dying before birth or in childhood). Girls do better on esthetic and social responses, memory, language, manual dexterity. As they grow up, they don't have to worry about strength, fighting prowess, or athletic ability.

Boys are preferred by most parents (though this is diminishing) and shown more attention. Boys excel in sports and, as they grow, their greater muscular strength affords wider range of physical activity, more independence and adventure, gives them a feeling of dominance. Boys do better on mechanical, mathematical, and abstract problems, show more structural skill. They don't have to worry as much about appearance.

Health

Women's bodies are sounder and more efficient. They run less risk of developing or dying from many major diseases or being killed through accident, murder, war. Their average life expectancy at birth is now 71.5 years, compared with 65 for males.

Men aren't ill quite as often (though when they are, it's apt to be more serious), and are spared various disorders and discomforts that come to women through menstruation, childbearing, menopause, etc. Men have lower death rates for diabetes, goiter, gallstones.

Sex

Women usually aren't bothered as much by sex as men are, aren't driven to or so dependent on regular sex activity, aren't as likely to be rash about it, can concentrate more on other aspects of their lives. When they do experience sex, it has deeper emotional meaning.

Men can be much freer in their sex lives, are much less bound by codes regarding it, and can sow wild oats with less fear of consequences, physical or social. Men have no fear of being raped. The double standard in sex, with the advantage for men, still prevails.

Courtship and Love

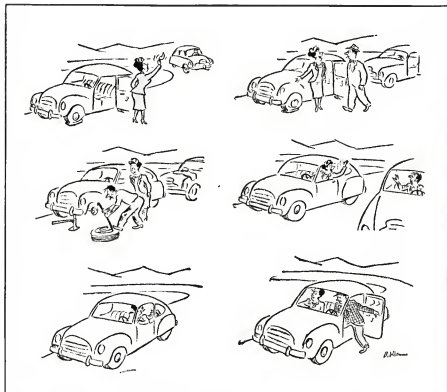
Girls can begin dating and enjoying romance much earlier, and have wider age-range of partners. They are catered to, called for, and taken home, don't have to worry about the financial aspects of courtship. Gift-giving is mostly by men. Women usually feel love more deeply and get greater thrill out of courtship. They get more pleasure and interest out of dress. If a girl is physically attractive, she can often accomplish many things on that basis.

Men have much more freedom in taking the initiative in dating. An unhappy love affair usually hits males less devastatingly, and they can find another sweetheart faster. Men don't have to worry as much about their face, figure, or clothes, or spend as much time or money on their appearance, or fear rejection by the opposite sex solely on account of their physical make-up. A man's real worth and character carries more weight with the opposite sex.

Marriage

Women are biologically, socially, and legally able to marry at earlier ages, and get a head start on adult life. They don't have to wait for money or a "future" before they marry, or worry, as a rule, about supporting their mates and families or leaving them provided for. Household chores have been greatly eased for

Men don't have to wait to be proposed to, no man has to stay unmarried if he doesn't wish to, men's period of eligibility is very much longer. Men aren't tied down by marriage, and it needn't interfere with following their chosen paths. If marriage isn't satisfying, a man can make up for it in outside interests.



most women, and they have more time for relaxation and amusement.

If a husband "cheats" he is more likely to be forgiven.

Parenthood

Woman's role as a parent is deeper physically and emotionally, and brings more satisfactions. A woman feels her children are more "hers" and they are bound to her closer throughout life. Mothers are shown more attention and consideration—Mother's Day is made more of than Father's Day.

Men escape physical trials and dangers of childbearing, have fewer cares in rearing children, aren't tied down as much. They can start a family at almost any age. Children take their father's family name, and he can often count on his sons carrying on his business, work, or profession.

Divorce

Wives can usually get a divorce more easily, husbands are expected to take blame. Adultery convictions are harder to obtain against women. Wives may get alimony, sometimes lavish support for life, and custody of children, and if they wish to remarry, aren't handicapped by need of supporting divorced mate.

Divorce can be taken much more lightly by men. They have more opportunity to find another mate no matter what their age, often getting one who is very much younger. Children from a former marriage needn't hamper remarriage, and men may start a second family if they wish without too great complications.

Social Conventions

Women are deferred to by men in etiquette, given many special privileges. Chivalry (biological as well as social in nature) usually protects women from physical aggression by men. In life-and-death situations, the rule is that women, because they are the weaker sex, are first to be saved.

Men can be freer in behavior and speech, aren't as strictly bound by social and moral codes, and are able to go alone where and when they wish. Men who've led loose lives are more readily forgiven and accepted socially when they straighten out and conform to accepted standards of behavior.

Work and Achievement

Women's jobs as a rule are easier than men's. Women escape the heavier, less pleasant, hazardous tasks, and are given special protection by labor laws. "Making good" isn't as necessary for women, so they need not train as much or drive themselves as hard as men. Many women gain great wealth or status merely by marrying a man who is or becomes successful. If women don't rise as high as men, neither do they sink as low. (There are no "Boweries" filled with women derelicts.) Women now outnumber men,

Men have a far greater range of job selection and careers; their work usually is more interesting. Bosses are generally men. Where work is equal, men often get higher pay than women. Men's opportunities for getting to the top are greater in almost every field; and they are almost exclusively the geniuses in music, art, and science. Men have more opportunity in almost every field to fulfill themselves, and to be judged by their true worth. In politics and government men still so dominate the machinery,

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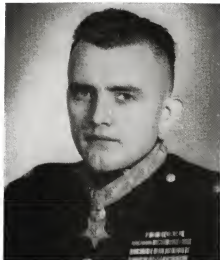
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and could control elections and government. Because they train the children, women have much to do with directing the world's destiny.

War

Women aren't drafted and don't have to interrupt their life, education, or career for war service as do men. If they enlist in the WAC, WAVES, etc., they get all the later GI benefits with much less risk. Few women have been killed, maimed, or mentally broken down by war, even in other countries, in comparison with men. And despite the new threats to civilians in modern war, the brunt of it is and will be borne by men.

Life's Stresses

Women aren't under as much constant pressure to "be somebody," and failure doesn't hit them as hard. Biologically women have better "shock absorbers," and socially they are permitted to give in more to strains by weeping, yielding to difficulties, or becoming dependent if the need arises. Only a fourth as many women are suicides, and an eighth as many die of alcoholism. There are many fewer heart or ulcer deaths among women from overstrain. As old age comes on, women can relax more—they have less fear about losing their job, status, vitality, or independence—and they can often transfer their interests to children and grandchildren. More and more women can count on being provided for in old age through insurance or legacies. Women are relatively healthier than men, and if sick or incapacitated, are affected less by it. Twice as many women as men live to a very old age.

Laws, Courts, Crime

Women have less urge or occasion to break the law and if they do usually get off much more lightly than men. The chances of ending up in prison are about one thirtieth as great for American women as men. Whenever women are pitted against men in courts, they usually have the advantage (as in disputed paternity cases, where it's up to the man to prove his innocence if he's accused of fathering a child). Whereas women now have the right to serve on juries, it's generally optional for them, though compulsory for men.

Women's Total Gains in Relation to Men's

With modern advances and lowering of social, educational, and occupational barriers, the scope of women's lives has been greatly broadened, many new fields and careers opened for them, and much more opportunity given to compete with men. Women no longer need be slaves to childbearing; they can decide how many children they want and when to bear them, and can do so with greatly reduced risk. The physical trials of rearing children have been eased, and home improvements have greatly lightened women's household tasks. Medical advances have benefited women more than men, and increased their life expectancy more. Many taboos and restrictions on women have been removed. Women are accorded more respect as individuals, and their past "inferior" status has been almost abolished. More and more women are now glad they're women.

and are so deferred to by women that they run the nation, states, and cities pretty much as they wish, holding almost all important offices.

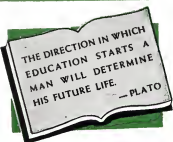
Men make the wars. The glory and adventure of war is mostly men's. Men take over and run things more completely during wartime or war emergencies, with women pushed into secondary roles. Men don't suffer the emotional tortures that women do waiting for "news," or the grief and disruption of their lives when they're suddenly widowed. Men who survive war often gain greatly in training, experience, and other rewards.

Men have fewer home worries and petty annoyances and can "get away" more easily, or let out some of their frustrations in physical ways. Men aren't under the same constant strain as women to keep their looks and figure, to dress well, or to please their mates, and have less fear of being discarded as they grow older. Men who lose their mates in later years can more easily remarry or occupy themselves with work and aren't as doomed to loneliness. Many older men in business or in the professions can keep on with their activities, or develop new interests, until life's end. When children grow up and leave home, it doesn't affect men as much as it does women. Men who've led full and successful lives know that when they die they'll be remembered more than women, that if they have sons their name will be carried on, and that their accomplishments have contributed to progress.

Men have greater property rights than their wives in most states, more authority over their children, and other legal advantages. For the most part men make and administer laws. A man who's been in prison can more easily make a fresh start and be forgiven by society than can a woman. In prostitution arrests the women generally are punished, men not. In illegitimacy, though men may be made to pay financially, women carry the major social burden. A great many of men's worst offenses against women—sexual, emotional, etc.—go unpunished.

Men's Total Gains in Relation to Women's

Women's advancement has given men mates who are more enlightened, more capable of sharing their interests, and able to take over many of their former responsibilities, freeing them for other activities. Men have turned over most of the cares of rearing children to women. With wives working and earning, young men can marry earlier and be under less financial strain. In many households wives continue to work and contribute to the income throughout life. Women have taken over a large share of the work and activities that formerly required men, helping to increase greatly the country's productivity and wealth and shorten working hours. Men today don't have to be condescending to women, can feel much freer with them, get more out of relationships with them, and no longer be under the same strain constantly to prove themselves "dominant." THE END



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"Our boy has truly come a long, long way, both scholastically and in his associations with people, since that day we met you two years ago. I will ever be grateful to you and the men who founded Academy, for the possibilities you have opened up.

P. . . is almost a different boy now in his outlook on life. True, he realizes his shortcomings, but I don't think it baffles him so much now, nor does he strike out blindly and resent things in the old way. He is learning to live more graciously, thanks to your training him to use what capabilities he has.

I am happy to take this opportunity to thank you for what your school has done for P. . . and I am sure from the way he talks about you that you are "the guiding light." He certainly regards you as a "pal."

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From a New York parent we have received the following:

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"In only four months at . . . Institute we can see a wonderful improvement in our son's studies, behavior and general attitude. We think it's a grand school."

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MIDDLE ATLANTIC—BOYS

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March, 1952
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be; but the end shall not be yet." The end, however, is absolutely certain: "And he shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people: and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruninghooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war anymore."

"I will break the bow and the sword and the battle out of the earth, and will make them to lie down safely."

Many today fear the world is going to hell because of widespread indecency and immorality. But there is nothing new in displays of nudity or of lasciviousness in song and dance and gesture. Isaiah was quite familiar with exhibitionism and incitation to lust. "Because," said he, "the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet..."

Even the pledged servants of God yielded to the fleshpots, notably David. His lust and murder were the subject of a recent Hollywood erudition nearly two hours long; the Bible tells it very simply: "From the roof he saw a woman washing herself; and the woman was very beautiful to look upon. . . . And David sent messengers and took her. . . . And the woman conceived. . . ."

But Joseph, pursued by a licentious woman, was steadfast: "His master's wife cast her eyes upon Joseph; and she said, Lie with me. . . . But he refused. . . . How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?"

The grand prophet Jeremiah said of those who corrupt morals and manners: "Were they ashamed when they had committed abominations? nay, they were not at all ashamed, neither could they blush: therefore they shall fall among them that fail!"

But David, king and sinner, was ashamed; he learned to pray: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

MANY ARE appalled at today's increasing lack of integrity in public life, at the scandals of the last few years. But the Bible tells us: "Fret not thyself because of evil doers."

Nothing is happening in Washington that did not happen in Judea and Israel. Men took bribes then as now: "Gather not my soul with sinners. . . . In whose hands is mischief, and their right hand is full of bribes." And: "A wicked man taketh a gift out of the bosom to prevent the ways of judgment."

The prophet Amos thundered: "For I knew your manifold transgressions and your mighty sins: they afflict the just, they take a bribe, and they turn aside the poor in the gate from their right. . . . Seek good, and not evil, that ye may live."

The stern command of the New Testament against divorce, "What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder," is to many ears, an unwelcome idea, outmoded and ignored. But the evils of divorce are manifest in increasing juvenile delinquency, and in children growing up without the security of home and the love of father and mother. While the spirit of compromise with moral authority is in the air, the Bible offers comfort but no compromise.

What about those who make possible a chief cause of juvenile delinquency, teen-age drug addiction? Jesus might have been speaking directly to those who sell drugs to children when he said: "It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should offend one of these little ones."

As for labor-management strife, the Bible flatly declares the laborer to be worthy of his hire, but it also reminds laborers, managers, everybody, to be diligent: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." And "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings." Hundreds of texts celebrate the rewards of hard and faithful work—"The sleep of a laboring man is sweet."

Racial and religious intolerance are very ancient evils: ". . . the Egyptians might not eat bread with the Hebrews;

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ONE FOR THE BOOKS

Frank R. Canning

One afternoon in every month
I spend in dim effacement,
Just cleaning out the magazines
That litter up our basement.

And while I work to make the place
A little less unsightly,
I make quite sure they're out of date
By skimming through them
lightly.

Then when I'm done I file away
The two-foot stack I'm guarding;
And journey to the trash can with
The copy I'm discarding.

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for that is an abomination unto the Egyptians."

The wrongness of that was made clear in the Proverbs: "He that is void of wisdom despiseth his neighbor." And Malachi said: "Have we not all one father? hath not God created us? why do we deal treacherously every man against his brother. . . .?"

St. Peter, after beholding a vision, cried out: "God hath shown me that I should not call any man common or unclean."

Greatest of modern villains are indifference, atheism, cynicism, and despair, all leading up to the grim question, "Is life worth living?" and sometimes to the final ruin of suicide.

Of indifference, Isaiah complained: "They regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands."

But St. Paul held up a higher ideal: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report. . . . if there be any praise, think on these things."

Atheism itself is as old as the Bible. In earliest days, men were saying, "Who is the Lord that I should obey his voice

. . . and . . . what profit should we have if we pray unto Him?"

"Lo," said Jeremiah, "they have rejected the word of the Lord; and what wisdom is in them?" The same question is provoked by the state of the world today. For the fool still says in his heart, "There is no God." Against such folly and despair, words spring like lightning from the ancient text:

"What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?" And: "If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might say unto the sycamore tree, Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea; and it should obey you."

BUT WHAT if you have not faith? What if you can't make yourself believe? In words reported by St. Mark, one man who was in doubt gave the answer when he prayed: "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief." Many a man since, instead of jumping out a window, has followed the example of the way to faith.

It is still true, as Isaiah told us: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee. . . ." And: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint."

More and more, thinking people are becoming acquainted with the Bible. The experience will bring wisdom to any life and bless it. The entire Bible can be finished in a year, simply by reading three chapters every weekday, and five every Sunday—the practice of many devout people in my boyhood.

Its origins are vague and lost in the mists of ages. It has been pieced together from fragments of clay cylinders found in the rubble of cities lying under the ruins of other cities; deduced from planks on dead towns, precious fragments plucked from debris. Some of the noblest prose of literature comes down to us imprinted on the dried inner skins of beasts, or on old papyrus leaves, or chiseled in the marble from vanished quarries. It is made up of the works of many men, of many kinds and of many times, spanning five thousand years. Some of those authors were kings and others slaves; they were shepherds and prophets; some learned in the lore of various civilizations from Egypt to Babylon, others poor and unlettered—all chosen somehow, mysteriously, to utter the divine purpose.

Although they lived hundreds of years apart, there is a consistency in their message, a central and unvarying teaching that, from the closing gates of Egypt to the fallen wall of Jerusalem proclaims the hope for the redemption and perfection of man. No philosophers since those days have been able to improve on that.

In the midst of human troubles, man, woman, and child can go to the Bible and read such words as those spoken by Jesus before he left the world:

"I will not leave you comfortless. . . .
"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." THE END

FAVORITE FEARS



Horstreck Horne

Phobia is the word for those things that set hair and nerves on end. Here is a fascinating index to what some people—many of them celebrities—fear most ★ **BY ROBERT W. MARKS**

ZIEGFELD, EDISON, AND KANT EACH HAD ONE—CHANCES ARE YOU DO, TOO

Almost everybody nurses an unreasonable fear of some sort. Some people fear mice; others, cats. Some dread going through a tunnel. Others are afraid to eat a particular food—chicken, for example, or a food with a strong odor, like onions. And even if we are aware that our fear has no real basis, we find ourselves unaccountably incapable of shaking it.

It is true that the thing feared often has some disturbing quality about it. After all, few people actually like mice, or enjoy going through a long tunnel. But from mild aversion to morbid fear is a far cry, indeed. What is behind such phobias? Where did they begin? What is their significance? These questions rank with the most important problems of psychology.

Most psychiatrists hold that you're never afraid of what you think you fear. The phobia is merely a mask to hide what you really fear. Your real fear is something you cannot bring yourself to recognize. A woman who is afraid to go out alone, for instance, may be hiding from herself the fact that she is longing for a forbidden love affair, but fears the consequences. She keeps temptation out of her way by developing a fear of places in which she might meet what she unknowingly wants most—a strange man.

Phobias seem to show a curious fondness for people of unusual ability. The elder Alexandre Dumas, for example, had a phobia about blue ink. The mere sight of it created such an anxiety in him that he became incapable of working. Henry Ford was phobic on the subject of tobacco; workers in his factory were forbidden to smoke cigarettes—or, as Ford called them, "coffin nails"—while they were at work.

The late Florenz Ziegfeld had clear-cut opinions on the subject of beautiful women, but in the little matters of everyday life he suffered acutely from what psychologists call *abulia*—a phobia over making decisions. The necessity to make even the most trivial decision caused him extreme distress. One day a friend in Ziegfeld's office noticed a box of licorice drops on his desk. "Tell me, Ziggy," the friend asked, "with so many wonderful candies in the world, why do you invariably eat licorice?"

Ziegfeld picked up a licorice drop and studied it critically. "I'll tell you why," he said. "Every one of them is black. When I feel like having a piece of candy, I don't have to make up my mind which color I want."

Immanuel Kant, the great German philosopher, was a xenophobe; he was violently afraid of anything that might alter his daily routine. Never in his life did he venture more than ten miles from his native town of Königsberg, in East Prussia. Each day he meticulously performed the same task at the same time. His afternoon walks were so perfectly timed that fellow townsmen set their watches by them.

But Herbert Bayard Swope is the exact opposite of Kant. He fears regularity as much as Kant worshiped it. Swope scrupulously avoids timetable eating, and dines at hours that strike his friends as somewhat peculiar. One evening around nine-thirty he called George S. Kaufman.

"George," he asked, "what are you doing for dinner tonight?"

"Frankly," said Kaufman, "I'm digesting it."

Elsa Maxwell has a deep-seated phobia about possessions. She refuses to be saddled with anything besides the few things she needs for everyday living. She gives away presents almost as soon as she receives them. She rationalizes this with a cliché: "Never own things; they'll end up by owning you."

What is common to these various phobias? What is behind them? What do they mean?

Psychologists rarely agree on the answers. Phobias, it seems, express different things in different people. Perhaps the simplest explanation of them is the one advanced by Dr. John Watson and the "behaviorist," or "conditioned-reflex," school of psychology. The gist of this is that things or situations we are aware of at a time of emotional upset turn up again later, reminding us of the upset and causing us to relive the original experience. We develop an excessive fear of the reminder—a phobia about it—when we really don't fear it at all. What we fear are the unhappy associations we have with it.

Yet this is not the whole story. So long as we have a phobia, we never remember the incident that caused it; we only remember, or re-experience, the painful feelings we had. Suffering has wrapped the original incident in a blanket of forgetfulness.

THERE is a case in point: An attractive woman of twenty-seven had a morbid fear of running water. For as long as she remembered, even the sound of water flowing into the bathtub was enough to throw her into panic. When riding in a train she drew the shades every time the train approached a bridge.

"I have no idea why," she said, "but whatever the reason, the situation makes life torture. I can't take a boat trip. I'm afraid to go to beaches or summer resorts. And the thought of visiting Niagara Falls is enough to make me faint."

Investigation of her early history turned up a buried incident: When she was seven, she had gone on a picnic with her mother and a young aunt. With them was the aunt's lover, whom the child secretly adored. The mother went home early, and the girl was left with the young couple on one condition: She was not to go near the brook. An hour later, the couple disappeared into the woods near the brook. The child became jealous and tried to spy on them. Walking along the side of the running brook, she slipped. Her head became jammed between two large rocks jutting out of the water. She could easily have drowned, but her aunt heard her screams and rescued her.

What followed was a clear case of "conditioned reflex." At a single moment she felt extreme fright, hatred of her aunt, and guilt for both spying on her aunt and disobeying her mother. There was no one she could talk to about her secret. And eventually she seemed to forget the incident. But when, ten years later at school, her boyfriend and her roommate ran away together, she had

hysterics and suddenly developed the fear of running water.

Psychoanalysts tend to dismiss this kind of explanation as too facile. "Explanations of this kind," says one authority, "might account for phobias that are the result of simple shock. But how are we going to explain the ones that tie in only vaguely and indirectly with what is feared?"

Freud held that there is a solution for both types of phobia. He reasoned that there are two fundamental kinds: those based on an actual experience and those that are acquired—the way an oyster develops a pearl—as a coating to make something else bearable.

"It is probable," says Dr. Karl Menninger, who is co-founder of the famous Menninger Clinic, at Topeka, Kansas, "that all phobias begin as generalized states of anxiety." The emotional cart comes before the horse. The child first feels fear, and only later finds something to which to attach the fear.

This reconstruction of an emotional state is dramatically illustrated in some typical cases of phobia. There was, for instance, the twenty-one-year-old girl who suffered intense claustrophobia. "At night," she explained, "the walls of my apartment seem to close in on me. I become terrified. I don't have this feeling when someone is with me—only when I'm alone."

Investigation disclosed that although the claustrophobia was recent the girl had a history of emotional upsets. Her trouble began in childhood, when her parents quarreled incessantly. Sometimes she clung to her mother; at other times, to her father. In either case, she was terrified. When she was sent to bed in her small room, she was afraid the parent she had not clung to would punish her by leaving.

Being closed in alone had come to mean being deserted.

Acrophobia, the fear of high places, was experienced by a woman of thirty-two who was divorced and had no children, but would have liked a large family. Whenever she went up in an elevator or looked down from a height, she experienced terror. "Sometimes, when I look out a window, I have an intense desire to jump. It seemed to me I've always felt this way, but the feeling has got worse since my divorce. Now I can never bring myself to go anywhere where I may have to use an elevator."

A long and tactful series of discussions brought out the fact that this fear began when her father broke up her first romance. After that, falling from a height took on the significance of "falling" sexually. To give in to her impulse spelled punishment. The real cause of her divorce had been her coldness in the marriage relationship. The breakup of the marriage intensified her conflict between the wish to fall and the fear of consequences.

CLOUSTROPHOBIA, a morbid fear of filth and contamination, victimized a woman of forty, who was married and had two children. She explained that every time she left her home she felt that she became dirty. "I must get home, wash thoroughly, and change my clothes. I am

miserable until I feel that I'm thoroughly clean. My husband laughs at me, but I can't help it."

Questioning uncovered the fact that the woman had never loved her husband; that she felt the marriage had been forced on her by her parents. For years she had nursed a desire to rush out on the street and find another man—one who excited her. But that would have been a forbidden act; it would have been "dirty." She put the idea out of her conscious mind. Going out, however, came to have the same emotional meaning as "going out and having an affair." Hence her fear of "contamination." The ritual of washing was her way of cleansing herself of a feeling of guilt.

ZOOPHOBIA—a fear of animals—manifested itself dramatically in a little boy of five. As far as doctors could determine, he had never been frightened by a particular dog or cat. But still he insisted, "Dogs scare me. They're going to eat me up. Little dogs, too. And cats. They all want to bite me."

Examination brought out that the child's real fear was that he might be deserted. Zoophobia first appeared when his nurse was fired. His mother then tried to take over the nurse's job. But each night the boy's father, an exceptionally hairy man, would take the mother away from the boy. Thus the father came to mean "being alone" and all the terrors that went with it. Yet the little boy was pulled in another direction, too. He needed his father. In his panicky state, the child attached his fear to things that resembled his father—furry animals. He could express his terror of these without fear of punishment.

A thirty-five-year-old bank clerk, who was unmarried and lived with his mother, told of his fear of open places, technically called agoraphobia. He said, "Being alone on the street gives me a feeling of panic. I want to dive through the first door I pass. The thought of crossing a wide boulevard or a public square is terrifying. I have felt this way since high school."

The man's mother was a dominating woman obsessed by a desire to keep her son to herself. Her possessiveness asserted itself early in her son's life; she loaded him with stories about the evils of sex. The example of his father—a low character, she asserted—was held before him. To the boy, going out on the street came to mean exposing himself to women. A girl might get hold of him. Nothing could be more desirable, but his life would be ruined. His mother would never forgive him.

So much for theory. But now let's turn to cures. Suppose you have a phobia. The fact that you know it's unreasonable doesn't make it any less disturbing. What can you do about it?

There is no easy answer. Phobias of long duration can't be uprooted overnight. They call for skilled probing by a trained psychiatrist. You can't get at the basic cause by yourself because it has been blotted out of your memory. If you could actually remember the cause you probably wouldn't have the phobia; this

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is the conclusion most psychiatrists have come to.

One thing, however, is certain: Phobias are signs of emotional disturbances, not just eccentricities. Although they sometimes disappear of their own accord, or when there is more all-around satisfaction in living, little or nothing can be accomplished by old-fashioned, I-won't-be-afraid-anymore techniques. Phobias, like women, must be understood. Ignore them or beat them, and you have an emotional mess.

Underlying every phobia is another fear, only vaguely connected with the fear expressed. The phobia is the symptom, not the disease. If you have malaria you will probably also have chills and fever; but merely warning you up or cooling you off will scarcely affect the bugs in your blood stream. According to

Dr. Bela Mittelman, of the New York Post-Graduate Dispensary Service, the phobic person has one overwhelming and specific aim: "to prevent the occurrence of the dangerous situation."

Thus the phobia always serves some purpose. If it were suddenly removed, you would be left face to face with the memory of the unbearable situation it shields you from. Outcome: unpredictable. On the other hand, if you have a mild phobia and have grown accustomed to it, why worry about it? You are in good company; phobias, in one form or another, like an interest in sex, seem to possess about nine-tenths of the population—and the remaining tenth is merely adept in the art of concealment.

The secret of many extraordinary people is that they have learned to make capital of their phobias. It is probable that many of the great open-spaces explorers, like Lawrence of Arabia and Sir Richard Burton, were claustrophobes; conversely, it is established that men who are afraid of open spaces—the agoraphobes—make first-rate submarine personnel. And the phobophobes—the people who are afraid of fear itself—have a whimsical way of turning up as the world's top psychiatrists.

Phobophobes frequently develop a passion for certainty. They still their fears by a search for fact—and in the process become scholars, scientists, or efficiency fiends.

Thomas A. Edison is a pertinent illustration of it. He turned his genius to the development of machines that took the place of people and could be divorced from human fears. You could communicate with a phonograph or movie machine without becoming emotionally involved, and you could switch the machine on or off at will.

EDISON also had a phobia about waste. Everything he did was contrived to produce the maximum results with a minimum effort. Even his summer cottage was crammed with labor-saving devices. Visitors there were puzzled, however, by a singular carry-over from rougher times: a turnstile. Everyone leaving the house was compelled to struggle through this tiresome contraption.

One day an old friend and frequent visitor felt compelled to ask Edison about it.

"Why," he said, "does a man who is so afraid of waste tolerate this outlandish gadget?"

"Ah," said Edison, smiling, "every time a guest pushes that turnstile around, eight gallons of water are pumped into a tank on my roof." THE END

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Captain's Table (Continued from page 59)

contact you, Mr. Pratt, to see if you would give our paper a story about the expansion your company is said to be planning in the Caribbean area."

Ben Pratt was smooth in his reply that there was nothing definite to tell. He fell into an agreeable conversation with the newspaperman, and Kathy moved away.

KATHY went out on deck. Ben would find her when he was ready. She didn't want to be in his way, and besides she wanted to see again the city spreading out behind the wharf. A loud-speaker was warning visitors to leave the ship. Kathy looked inside to see if the reporter had gone. He had, but Ben was talking to some other people, a man and a smartly dressed woman. Kathy involuntarily walked quickly toward the bow of the ship. She felt a rush of shyness, a panicky wish not to meet strangers.

A few minutes later Ben found her and asked, "Where did you disappear to? I just ran into Jim Wheaton and his wife. You've heard me talk about Jim Wheaton. He's with Gulf—"

"Look," she said, "the last of our New Orleans. It was so wonderful, Ben."

"It was a lot of fun," he agreed. "What do you say to going down and seeing the steward now? The Wheatons suggested we join up."

The dining-room steward was a large man with a look of high polish and starch. His smile went on and off like a light controlled by a switch, and his eyes were measuring rather than merry.

"Mr. and Mrs. Pratt," he repeated, and consulted a list on his desk. Almost immediately the steward's smile was turned on to full brightness. He said, "The captain has requested that you and Mrs. Pratt sit at his table."

Kathy made a small sound, almost of dismay. Neither the steward nor Ben heard it. Ben was saying heartily that it was very kind of Captain Falcon. The steward was checking and mentioning the names of those preferred people who would be at the captain's table.

"Mr. and Mrs. Blair Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Mortlake, Mrs. Brady, Mr. Adam Bellows. And yourselves. We are holding one place for a passenger who will board us at La Guaira. The captain requested me to tell you that he is looking forward to seeing you, but that if he is detained, as often happens, he hopes you will excuse him and go ahead with your meals."

Ben thanked the steward. His eyes were pleased, pleased in the business way, Kathy thought as they left the foyer of the dining room. He said, "I'm sorry about the Wheatons' not being at the same table we are, but we'll catch up with them. I wonder if they're holding that extra place for Mr. Clark."

"You mean Horace Clark, the president of Midas?"

"It could be. He's down here somewhere now. Wouldn't that be a break! There might be a chance to say some things casually, get my point of view across without seeming to press it. I can't march into his office and argue for the development I know we could put over down here—he'd think I was an upstart. It's a great piece of luck that the captain asked us to be at his table."

"Oh, Ben, I didn't know it was going to be like this."

"Like what?"

"So complicated. So high society. I won't be any good to you."

"Sure you will. Wives make a lot of difference. There's a good deal of sizing up for business reasons. People get a better idea of a man's background when his wife's with him. Some of the rest of the people at that table aren't traveling for pure pleasure, but they've brought their wives, too. Take Blair Alexander. He'll pick up a good deal of information about the steel situation and carry it home under his hat. His wife was one of the Motley family, I think."

"She was Sybil Motley," Kathy murmured, remembering the statement that had floated into her ears a few minutes before. She was suddenly sure that the woman whose orchids matched her tanned skin would be another of their table companions. She would be Mrs. Mortlake, no doubt, and the younger beauty was probably the Brady one.

Ben grinned and pinched her elbow. "That's right," he said, "you're catching on. But don't go grand on me now."

"Grand! Do we have to eat three meals a day with those people?"

"You ought to be tickled to death. That's the key table, you know."

"I know. I realize it shows how important you're getting to be."

BEN SAID irrelevantly, "I've met Mr. Clark only twice. It certainly will be a break if he is on this voyage and happens to be at the same table."

"I don't think I could take it," said Kathy.

He laughed. "All you have to do is put on some of those new outfits of yours and you'll show all of them. I'm glad to have my girl along. I want to show her off."

But he was not looking at her. At that minute he was looking at the same attractive young woman who had caught his attention before. The girl's glance passed Kathy without a pause, and Kathy knew there was nothing about her to attract or hold the interest of such a person. But the glance paused on Ben, for not more than seconds, but long enough to be noticeable. Kathy was not surprised. There were not many men whose health and vigor showed in every line and gesture, who looked competent and successful without being worn or paunchy.

Kathy said, "That's an interesting girl. Let's go up on the top deck. I'm lonesome for the Mississippi."

"All right. We can look around for the Wheatons, too. Shall we ask them to have a drink with us before dinner tonight?"

"If you like. You do it while I unpack," she suggested. "I'll go back to the cabin." The cabin utterly delighted Kathy. She had settled herself and Ben into all sorts of places, but there had never been one like this. Utterly functional, it was also luxurious, with soft carpeting, modern lamps, and built-in furniture.

Kathy shook out the blue-lace dinner dress and the cranberry-colored chiffon. Never before in her life had she bought two evening dresses at once. But Ben had said that she was not to skimp on clothes. She had memorized the booklet issued by the Powers Line and painstakingly followed its advice on clothes for Caribbean travel.

Admiringly, Kathy hung up her dresses—the blue lace, the chiffon of the ripe,

deep color she had always liked, the beige linen with the scrolls of braid, the blue and white, the dress with the bolero that was not especially becoming but was recommended as very smart, a bathing suit with matching wrap and play shoes. I must get tanned, Kathy resolved, like those other women. Nine new outfits, Kathy thought. I could go around the world and back with what I've got. It was wickedly extravagant, now that the boys are in boarding school. But I have to do Ben credit, and he is making much more money.

He really wanted me to come, she thought, piling empty suitcases one on top of the other for the steward to take away. I suppose when a man is going up in the business world as Ben is, his wife is taken into consideration. I wish I knew more about social things.

Kathy rang for the steward. A lanky fellow who seemed anxious to please appeared very quickly. Kathy thought that his pleasantness sat oddly with his blither mood. She asked him his name.

"Harry Miller, ma'am," he said; "they call me Harry."

"You can take the suitcases and bags, Harry. We're all unpacked."

He shouldered the luggage. "Gives you more room. Till you get to giving cocktail parties. I had nineteen in this cabin at one time last trip."

"We won't try anything like that," said Kathy.

He looked back at her with a glance that was either disbelieving or surprised. She didn't quite know which.

The unpacking had left her hot, and her hair, with its new permanent wave, had grown very unruly. Too much curl, she thought regretfully. She was trying to shake the wrinkles out of her suit when Ben came in.

"Nice layout, isn't it? This is one of the better cabins on this ship. Do you know it's nearly six o'clock? I'm going to have a quick shower and freshen up. Then we'll go up. Are you ready?"

"I will be. When I fix my face. My hair is a mess. I'll tie a scarf over it, I guess."

IT WAS wonderful to see and feel the river meet the ocean. This was what Kathy had dreamed of—standing in the bow of the ship, watching the waves cut the distance, facing the unknown with Ben, as they had faced adventures before.

"Here they are," she heard Ben say. "Kathy, I want you to meet Bette and Jim Wheaton. We're all going to have a drink before dinner."

Kathy turned. The sense of adventure became a feeling of being badly disheveled as she looked at Bette Wheaton. Young Mrs. Wheaton's blonde hair was drawn back evenly into a secure chignon. Her eyes said, without praise, So this is his wife. Her voice said, "It's so terribly nice to have you both on board!"

The wind and the drink made Kathy's face burn. In the bar she knew how blowy she looked against the unchanging pale-blondness of Bette Wheaton. Mrs. Wheaton's pleasure had been a little soured, Kathy realized, by the fact that she and her husband had not been invited to sit at the captain's table. She brought it up several times.

"It's a shame you can't sit with us, Ben. We got together the nicest crowd—that young couple from Savannah, and

two unattached men, imagine that! I always tell Jim no captain's table for me, not that I'm always asked or anything like that, but it's likely to be sort of stiff, because there are always the people who had to be asked. I see you've got Angela Brady to cope with, my dear—this was to Kathy—"so you'd better keep an eye on your handsome husband!"

"He's been out from under my eye before," Kathy said. "Is she a friend of yours?"

Bette Wheaton said, "Well, I don't know her personally. But I have friends who do. Angie Brady was brought up to think she was too good to marry anyone except royalty. She did, and discovered it wasn't such a good idea. She was violently rich, and she paid him off and got rid of him. You must have read about her," Bette said insistently. "It was all over the papers at the time."

"How come the name is Brady?" asked Ben. "Doesn't sound very royal."

"That was her second husband. Wasn't he Thor Brady?"

"That fellow?" Ben's tone had sudden respect. "I guess he was quite a guy."

A cabin boy came through the bar, playing a musical song.

"Soup's on," Jim Wheaton told Kathy. Kathy looked inquiringly at Ben. He said, "There's no rush. But I suppose we'd better go down before too long."

"Being at the captain's table," Bette mocked lightly.

"We have time for another round."

"No, thanks," Kathy said, and she could read in Bette's face the decision that she was unattractive and tiresome.

SHE AND BEN were the first ones at the table. Then, almost too fast for Kathy to be able to adjust to the names and faces, the places filled up. Captain Falcon came in with Mr. and Mrs. Alexander, and the rather weary-looking steel magnate pleasantly acknowledged the introduction to the young Pratts and sat down beside Kathy.

Adam Bellows, war correspondent, now successful writer, pushed in Mrs. Mortlake's chair, and Ben did the same for Angela Brady.

"But where's Gwin?" asked Mrs. Alexander. "Fanny, Gwin's not sick already?"

"No, my dear, he's gambling," said Gwin Mortlake's wife. "It's all he ever does at sea. Last year on the Queen it was too terrible. What we lost on the ship's pool!"

"I heard about it. Weren't you crossing with the Vanevens?"

"Yes, they were on board. She, of course, wasn't up to much. Angie, you knew the Vanevens—"

"I knew Mike," said Angie Brady. "Well—and fairly wisely."

Her voice fits her, thought Kathy. It was probably made to order, too, like that pearl-encrusted sweater. None of the women had dressed formally, as Kathy had been warned they wouldn't. But how well they had managed not to be formal and yet to look perfected. Mrs. Mortlake's orchids were pinned to a beige knitted dress, from which her throat rose brown and lustrous.

"Fanny, you're looking too marvelous. You must have been following the sun."

"I haven't been able to catch up with it. Florida was cold as a vault. You know the Duffield Westons, don't you? They brought down a household as usual, and then stayed only a week or two."

"I know old Duff," said Mr. Alexander, suddenly interested. He turned to the captain. "He was president of Inland Ships, Captain. Did you ever meet him?"

"I did, indeed. On the Maritime Commission."

Mr. Alexander leaned forward to compare notes, his arm and shoulder blocking Kathy from the rest of that conversation.

It's a game, this matching acquaintances, thought Kathy, but you can't play it unless you know hundreds and hundreds of people, all rich or famous.

Gwin Mortlake came in and started a fresh round of greetings and introductions. Mortlake was a ruddy fellow, approaching his fiftieth year. Give him an apron and he'd be a beautiful grocer, Kathy thought.

Fanny Mortlake said, "There are more men than women at this table, which is the only way to have it. But who is the vacant chair, for between Gwin and Mr. Alexander, Captain? No female, I hope."

"No, I was careful about that," the captain answered, smiling. "Four beautiful women are my quota. The vacant chair will be that way until the return trip from La Guaira. Mr. Horace Clark is joining us there."

Ben did not make a sound. But Kathy could feel him quicken.

Mrs. Alexander probed. "Is Horace Clark's wife with him?"

"No, I think not."

Fanny Mortlake said, like an accusation, "I never meet her anywhere!"

"No one does. She doesn't entertain at all."

"You'd think with his position she'd have to."

"I understand she's not very well now," said Mrs. Alexander.

The subject was dropped—deliberately, it seemed to Kathy.

Ben started to explain oil locations to Angie Brady. He told her that when they

went into some of the ports he would show her as much of the operation as he could. Kathy wondered when they would leave the table.

At last they left the dining room, and Kathy felt that people at other tables were observing them with considerable interest.

"Let's walk for a while, Ben."

"They're talking about getting up a bridge game," Ben said. "Want to sit in?"

"Not tonight. I want to get off a letter to the boys. But you go ahead and play."

Later, walking around the deck, she could see through the windows of the cardroom. Ben and Angie Brady and the Mortlakes were playing. Ben fitted so well into the little scene that Kathy could not be sure whether it was pride or jealousy that turned her heart over.

Bette Wheaton rounded the corner, walking between two men and managing to cling to both of them. Obviously she needed the air.

"Hi," she called to Kathy. "I see they've nabbed your man already. I told you the captain's table was a big mistake!"

TWO DAYS later, the day before they reached Jamaica, Kathy picked up the smooth card that lay on her bureau. It read, mostly in print, "Captain Chauncey Falcon presents his compliments and hopes that Mr. and Mrs. Pratt will have cocktails in his cabin on Wednesday, April ninth, at six forty-five." Kathy said, "Do they have these parties every night? Last night the Alexanders, tonight the captain, and tomorrow in Jamaica the Mortlakes are having all those people from the other side of the island for luncheon at the hotel at noon. Do you really want to go to that?"

"Well, there's quite a colony at Montego Bay, and they're great friends of Angie's and the Mortlakes'. There isn't time to go over to Montego Bay, so the crowd is coming over here—"

"When do we see Jamaica?"

"You'll see it all right. Actually there's not much to see. The islands are more or less alike when you get used to them."

"I'm not used to them," said Kathy.

"What's the matter, dear?"

"Sunburn," she said. "Vanity. And greed. And I feel so dumb."

"Aren't you having a good time?" he asked, suddenly disturbed.

"You know I am," she said vehemently. "It's just that it's hard to see the ocean for the passengers."

Ben laughed and said there would be lots of time for that in the next two weeks. "Don't you think we ought to give a little party later on? After we leave Jamaica?"

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"I suppose we ought to pay them back," said Kathy.

"And we could have the Wheatons, too. Maybe a few more. You pick the day, Kathy. How about Friday?"

"That's day after tomorrow."

"Just about right. Before we get to Curacao," Ben pulled a jersey over his head and looked at himself in the mirror with unconscious commendation. "A trip like this puts you where you ought to be," he said. "I'm beginning to feel like a million. And that's the way I want to feel by the time we get to Venezuela. That's where I swing into action, and if it goes well, I'll have something to talk to Mr. Clark about on the way home."

She asked, "What do you think will come of it?"

"I don't know. If he thinks I can swing it, it might be a kind of general superintendency of the properties down here."

"And we'd live here?"

"Not all the time. Here and in New York, I expect. You don't want to count on it, though. I've got my fingers crossed. They take an awful lot of things into consideration when they pick a man for a job of the sort this one is bound to be—if it develops at all. It's not just engineering, not just production; it's also being able to meet people on top levels and deal with them."

Kathy said, "I wish I knew about horses. And dogs. And cards. And scandals. And that I knew a lot of people and just what they are doing this year. Then maybe I could help."

"You listen to Angie Brady. You can pick up a lot from her," he suggested.

"She has everything."

"Except a man of her own. A girl like that, with everything to give, should have a man."

"She had two, didn't she?" Kathy asked harshly.

"It's a hell of a shame," Ben said, and Kathy realized that he was thinking of Angie with such concentration that he had not even heard the frightened jealousy in her voice. He went on casually, "I'll go on up and wait for you. They're going to have lunch on deck today, you know."

KATHY had hoped that this noon they would not be in the group making up the captain's table. But she was beginning to understand the habits and strategy of a voyage like this.

Kathy wanted to laugh at the cliques, at the hierarchy of tables at the miniature social pattern already developing on board. Within twenty-four hours, as if sorted out by some firm, invisible hand, most of the passengers had been divided into groups. Only a few remained isolated—the little Spanish doctor who spoke no English, the old lady who was nearly blind, the man who was drunk by ten o'clock the first morning and apparently was going to stay that way during the voyage. There were elderly couples who kept to themselves, a quartet of teachers reading travel books or walking the decks, and several merry groups, of which the one that included Bette Wheaton was the merriest and attracted the most unattached men. There were also the eight people who sat with the captain at dinner.

The captain's-table group kept together, too, as if they had no need or wish to know more people. And why

should they? thought Kathy. They already know their own kind everywhere in the world. Even in Jamaica. Again she rebelled mentally at the thought of the luncheon scheduled for the next day. She wondered what to wear. No matter what she put on, it would be wrong.

How was I to know the kind of dress to wear last night? I felt like a fool when I went to the Mortlakes' cocktail party in that blue-lace formal. Where do they get dresses like those black ones that don't seem to have an extra line? Or a dress like that white shantung Angela Brady wore? I suppose they're made for them by great designers.

ON the promenade deck the lavish smörgåsbord was mingling the passengers, but they soon separated into the usual groups. Ben was with the Mortlakes and Angie.

"Come join us, Kathy," Ben called.

"No," she said, "I'm going to find a steamer chair. I'd rather. Don't get up."

She did not want to join them. She was going to enjoy her lunch by herself. But in spite of the brilliant, sun-sparkling sea, the cold turkey, and the iced tea, the enjoyment did not come. She was too conscious of Angie, looking so young and clean in white-linen shorts and a halter.

Adam Bellows filled a plate and came over to Kathy in a negligent way. He was very hard to talk to, but Kathy tried.

She said, "I liked your book *Witness of the Times* so much."

He finished both ham and melon before he said, "You did? Why?"

"Well, I thought most of it was true."

"Not all of it?"

She wished she had never mentioned the book. But now she was in for the truth. "It's just my own opinion. But he future can't be as hopeless as you seemed to make it in that last chapter."

"I didn't make it that way. I merely reported it."

She said, "Of course, I don't know anything about it—"

"Why don't you know?" he interrupted rudely. "Where have you been and how have you lived to be unaware of the waste and corruption and despair of these times?"

He started her into an angry answer. "Where have you been and how have you lived not to know that all over the world people are fighting those things?"

You ought to be fair enough to give the world credit for the terrific effort it's making. It isn't all despair."

"You think so," he stated.

"I know so. I'm very hopeful." He half smiled, and anger hit her. "You can laugh all you like," she said, "but there are lots of people like me, a whole lot of people who have no idea of giving up."

"You're very sure of yourself."

"Oh, don't make fun of me, Mr. Bellows!" Kathy answered with spirit. Quite against her will she looked across the deck to where Angela Brady was talking to her husband. Kathy went on, as if she wanted company in the thought, "But how I wish I were sure. I'd rather have Angela Brady's self-confidence than her beauty."

"Angie's confidence?" Bellows followed Kathy's glance in his lazy way. "What makes you think she has any?"

"It's there to see. She's so perfectly sure of what to do, what to wear, what to say."

"Those are only protective habits. My

guess is that she's an impetuous, highly emotional person, feeling her way along blindly."

Kathy lifted herself easily—and very lightly for such a tall young woman—out of the deck chair. She did not want to hear what this man might say next. "I think I'll go and read up on Jamaica," she said.

Ben found his wife in the ship's library at four o'clock.

"How about a swim before we have to dress? Everybody's up there, complete with gin and tonic. The Wheatons and that crowd."

"Angie Brady, too?"

"No, she never goes in except very early in the morning. I'm going to try that tomorrow. Come on, dear."

Kathy went. But the water did not help her sunburn, and Bette Wheaton's exclamations of sympathy sounded to Kathy like cries of horror at her appearance. She did not sit around the pool afterward but left Ben with the gay company.

"Are you going to wear that tonight?" Ben asked, sounding surprised, when he came into the cabin later.

"Yes. Don't you like this dress?"

"It's all right. I just thought maybe you might put on one of your good ones."

"I don't believe the women will dress up much. I'll feel better if I don't overdo it, especially at the captain's party."

"Okay. You're probably right," he said a little doubtfully.

She was wrong. That night Mrs. Alexander wore misty gray lace. All the women except Kathy looked festive, though none of them was so beautiful as Angela Brady, in strapless sea-green taffeta. It makes no difference, Kathy told herself. What do I care? Nobody cares what I wear. But her throat felt tight.

Harry Miller, the steward, who as a sideline took pictures of cocktail parties and sold the prints to the guests as mementos, came in with his camera and flash bulbs. Kathy tried to fade out on the edge of the group but the captain would not allow it.

"Won't you please sit by me, Mrs. Pratt?" he commanded courteously.

She did, feeling like an undertaker at a wedding.

"That's quite a racket of Harry's," someone said as he went out. "He must make quite a bit of money with those pictures."

"Harry needs money," said the purser. "He has a family. And he gambles. Anytime he gets near a game, he drops every cent he has."

Someone asked the captain what time they would reach Jamaica, and Gwin Mortlake said that he'd got a cable from Montego Bay and that twelve people were flying over for lunch.

"I haven't seen Joyce Hill since she acquired this new husband—"

"She's putting her mind on marriage this time."

"She always does at the start."

They're off again, thought Kathy. Off in that world where everybody knows everyone else by name and family and fortune and scandal. If you don't belong to that world you don't exist, as far as these people are concerned.

THE SHIP docked at Kingston at ten o'clock, and Kathy stood at the rail watching the brightly colored crowd of peddlers, native women with stocks of baskets and dolls and fans to sell. This is

it, thought Kathy. This is the kind of thing I came to see.

Behind her, Bette Wheaton asked, "Are you lunching at the hotel?"

Kathy did not turn. "That's what they tell me," she said.

"Don't you want to join some of us?"

"Why, I don't think we can. There are some people coming from Montego Bay."

"Friends of yours?"

"Oh, no. Friends of Angie's and the Mortlakes. But they asked us to come along."

Bette was looking very handsome in her shore-going clothes. She laughed without a smile under it. "Are you terribly amused?"

"I'm fascinated," Kathy said, still watching the peddlers on the dock.

"I mean amused by the Brady woman. I never saw anything so definite and ruthless in all my life. I certainly do admire the way you handle it."

Kathy did not pretend not to understand. Nor did she answer.

"It would terrify me if she concentrated on Jim the way she has on Ben. I think you're utterly smart to ignore it."

"I can ignore a lot of things up to a point," Kathy said significantly.

"You're so sweet and natural," Bette said, holding the note of pity. "Is your sunburn better? I hope so. It's not so bad when it begins to peel. And by the way, I got your nice note about cocktails with you on Friday, and we'll be there."

The hotel, which was the noon rendezvous, charmed Kathy. It ran almost at random around a palm-strewn lawn, and beyond the swimming pool was a shining harbor. The friends from Montego Bay seemed almost interchangeable with the Mortlakes, brown with sun, dressed to informal perfection, calling out first names as if they were passwords.

Kathy was hot, and she could feel the silk of her suit clinging moistly to her back. If I could just get away, she thought. Why should I stand here like a gawk listening to gossip about people I don't know—

"**A** PLANTER'S Punch, Mrs. Pratt?" asked Gwin Mortlake, taking orders around the circle.

"Not just now," she said, and in another minute she was walking across the patio and through the lobby. She told the doorman she wanted a taxi.

"To the ship, madam?" he asked.

"No, I want to drive around the city."

"Going to look the town over?" asked Adam Bellows, at her elbow.

"Yes," she said it defiantly.

"Would you let me come along? I'm a fair sort of guide."

"You don't mind leaving the party?"

"There are few things that would give me more pleasure at the moment."

"All right, come along."

"I'll leave word at the desk. We don't want them to organize search parties if they should happen to miss us in the next few hours."

In the old car, they seemed to ride very high, like tourists in pictures, and as they started off Kathy laughed with sudden delight.

"I will now show you the city," boasted the driver. "First the business district, then the fine private residences—"

"You can skip all that," said Bellows.

He gave the driver directions and then turned to Kathy with his weary smile. "Fine private residences are alike all over the world. You can get along without any for a while, can't you?"

"Happily."

So they drove toward the mountains, where the native settlements clung—primitive shelters with children and dogs spilling out of them onto hard dirt paths.

"Do you feel very hopeful when you see places like this with humans living in them?" he asked. "No sanitation, nothing."

"It shows you how much there is to be done."

He groaned.

ATTER they stopped off at a shabby bar in the city for the Planter's Punch they had missed. Bellows did not talk much, though sometimes he slammed down a bitter point of history. But afterward, as they approached the hotel, it seemed to Kathy that she knew much more than she had when she had run away that morning.

She thanked Adam Bellows, who said, "Why?" in a bored way and insisted on paying for the taxi.

"I think I'll hang on to this driver and have him take me back to the ship," said Bellows. "Do you want me to help you find the crowd?"

"No, I'll catch up with them. I did have a lovely time!"

A few people from the ship were sitting in the patio, but there was no sign of Ben, the Mortlakes, or Angie.

At the desk she asked, "Is there a message for Mrs. Pratt?"

The beautiful, dark young man said, "Yes, madam," and gave her an envelope.

The note inside read briefly, "Adam Bellows left word that he was taking you to see some monuments. When you get back, you'd better go straight to the ship. A friend of Angie's wants us to go out to see her garden, and we won't be able to get back here. Remember the ship sails at five pronto. Ben."

Walking up the long gangplank, she saw Bette Wheaton on deck watching her arrive alone, and she wondered if Ben was on board. He was not in their cabin, not in the lounge, not in the bar. Most of the passengers had checked in and were at the railings of the decks, waiting for the gangplank to be drawn in, when Ben and Angie Brady arrived together. Angie was even more conspicuous than usual because of the great bunch of coral tropical flowers she held.

Kathy knew what Bette Wheaton was thinking and probably saying to the nearest person. It didn't matter, she told herself. It wasn't true. But it could be true. For the first time, Kathy let that idea struggle into life in her mind.

FRIDAY night the captain told Kathy that her party was delightful. All the seventeen guests crowded into the cabin told her and Ben the same thing. They had not confined the party to the people who sat with them at the captain's table. Bette and Jim Wheaton were among the guests.

In some ways the party moved well. The group at the captain's table may have been a little tired of one another's company, and possibly even the captain welcomed the Wheatons as diversion. Jim Wheaton was very helpful. Bette was even prettier than usual, and younger and more vivacious than the other women.

But there was a bad ten minutes when Harry Miller came in, as usual, with his photographic equipment. Bette tried to pose the guests. "Ben, you come here in the middle. This is your party, after all. And I know where you want Mrs. Brady. Oh—where's Kathy? But we want you!"

Angela Brady did not seem to care how many pictures were taken or what the posing arrangements were. She stood beside Ben, with Bette Wheaton looking arch on his other side, and let Harry Miller flash away. It will look, thought Kathy, as if this were her party, as if she were hostess.

"Come on, Kathy, this is the last one. Get in it," urged Ben.

"Won't you—for the record?" asked Angie.

Kathy pushed up her curl-stiff hair. "All right," she said.

It would have seemed stupid and self-conscious to refuse. But the flash caught her too quickly, and she was sure she would look absurd. Never mind, she thought. Maybe I'll look at it someday and realize why Ben couldn't be blamed.

The second call for dinner sounded, and the captain broke up the party. The bottles and glasses were removed quickly. Ben paid the extra waiters and, as the



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door closed after them, he said, "Well, that went off all right."

She didn't answer. He asked, "Didn't you think they enjoyed themselves?"

"They seemed to. Very much."

"Bette got a little noisy, but she's good fun. And Angie Brady is a big help at a party like that."

"It wouldn't have been much of an affair without her," Kathy said.

"She's an amazing girl. She does so many things unusually well. I have never known a girl like her."

A long time ago you said the same thing about me, Kathy thought. It's what a man believes when he's falling in love.

"Ready for dinner?" Ben asked.

"I don't think I'll go down tonight, Ben. I've a headache."

"From what?"

My head aches, she thought, because I've been trying to think this out—all last night, all today, with all those people around, watching you and her. My head aches from trying to admit that I'm inadequate for the kind of life you want and are setting up. It's the shock of suddenly thinking of myself in connection with a divorce. To those other women divorce is part of the pattern; they always take it into consideration. But I never have.

She said none of that, but answered reasonably, "I'd like to be quiet for a change. I've had enough excitement and people around for one day."

"Well, I suppose I'd better go down if I'm to get any dinner. Shall I come back afterward?"

"No, please forget about me for a while. You'd only wake me if you came back."

"We'll probably settle into a game of bridge. Angie and I are getting crooked, and something has to be done about that. Get a good rest."

She wanted him to go, but when he did, it seemed the cruellest thing a man had ever done to a woman. It was repudiation, getting along without her, doing it with kindness that was cruelly.

The cabin was very quiet. The lamps reflected themselves in the pale polished wood of the walls, the beautiful tropical flowers flared against a mirror. Kathy suddenly hated their beauty, their rarity. There was a tap at the door.

"Who is it?"

"Harry, madam."

She told him to come in. He looked more haggard than usual.

Mr. Pratt told me to come and see if you wanted me to bring you anything to eat, madam."

"No, thanks, Harry. I'm not hungry." "You had a nice party, madam," he said. "I told you you'd be squeezing a lot of people in here."

"I remember you did, and I didn't believe it. We live and learn, Harry."

"I guess so," he said.

HE was moving about the cabin, shaking the armchair cushions, seeing that the thermos bottle was full. He put the thermos down beside the photographs of the three boys, standing in a small leather frame by her bed.

"You have fine-looking boys," he said. Kathy could see that he wanted to talk.

"Have you a family, Harry?" she asked.

"Well," he said hesitantly, "I have a little girl. I think I have a picture of her."

"Do let me see it."

He had it out of his pocket in an instant, and Kathy took it close to the lamp.

"She's a sweet child, Harry. And this is your wife on the other side?"

"Yes, madam. That's my wife."

"What a lovely face!" That was true.

It was very pretty and very resolute.

"Aren't you a lucky man!"

"That's right," Harry said with a grin that didn't last, "unless I'm unlucky for her. Then it's no good. You can't win."

"Don't be foolish. Why should you be unlucky for her?"

"She could have done better than me. I told her so. That's what I said to her last time I was back."

"And what did she say?" asked Kathy.

"She won't go for a divorce. But she says to me, 'You're ruining our lives, Harry. That's what you're doing. Stop it, or I won't live with you.'"

"What did she mean?"

He mumbled, suddenly self-conscious, "I sit in a game now and then."

"Why don't you stop? It's not so much for her to ask."

"That's right," he said, "not so much. I'm going to cut it out entirely. I don't blame her for the way she felt when I come back with empty pockets after a month away. She told me not to come back like that again. I won't, either. I wouldn't be able to look her in the face."

"You don't play now, do you, Harry?"

"Not to speak of," he said. "I want to catch up, that's all. Then I'm going to cut it out entirely. But I'm taking your time, ma'am, and you're tired. You're sure I can't get you anything from the kitchen?"

She said no, but after he had gone she felt imprisoned. She thought of the probable hopelessness of Harry Miller's marriage. He would destroy it himself. There were so many ways a marriage could be destroyed—by a man's failure, by a man's success. But Ben may not be successful in this project. Mr. Clark may not go along with Ben's ideas. I hope not. Then we can get away from these people and not have to make all that effort. She shivered with a sudden understanding of her thoughts. She was wishing Ben failure.

AT CURAÇAO the guests at the captain's table only saw the little Dutch town in passing, as they were whisked in the largest limousine available to the Bay Club, where a luncheon had been arranged. As they approached La Guaira, Ben's manner became less relaxed. He got out his papers and went over them, fell into moods of concentration, and detailed his arrangements to Kathy. They would leave the ship at the first Venezuelan port and meet it at the third. In between were plans for his conferences at Caracas.

"We'll stay at the hotel one night," he said. "Some of the women know you're coming, and I suppose they'll have planned something. You don't want to wear cruise clothes, you know."

"It says in the booklet they wear silk dresses and white gloves and fur pieces. I've got my new fur cape."

"That's right," he said. "You know, Kathy, next time I'd get something more like what those other women wear. The kind that—"

"The kind that Angie Brady wore last night costs thousands," she said; "mine cost four hundred. I like mine much better. And it will wear better, too."

"You're a grand girl," he said in an absent-minded way. She thought, He never noticed women's clothes before. I suppose he's ashamed of me. What can I do? I can't suggest that he take Angie

instead of me—overnight—to the hotel.

She said, to her own amazement, "Would you like me to ask Angie Brady to come with us?"

"Why, I never thought of it. But it might be an idea. I wonder if she'd enjoy it."

"I'll bet she would," said Kathy. She was raging at herself for having suggested it. Why had she? Because I'm afraid, she admitted honestly. Because I won't be much credit to him, and he needs someone who will be.

IT WAS like a dream, driving up the mountain Ben had long ago described to her, watching the long dim views, thinking of Ben's being as close on his other side to the woman in the magnificent mink cape as he was to her, his wife. But I suppose some wives wear out their usefulness, she thought. There comes a time when it's almost necessary to replace them. I don't matter the way I did to Ben when he needed me for everything—home, love, and encouragement. He needs someone who can go the rest of the way with him. Ben is important, not only to me and to the boys, but to the country. The whole thing gets bigger and bigger the more you think about it. And I get smaller.

Ben left them at the hotel entrance. He had an immediate appointment at some office. Kathy felt a sharp pang of responsibility as he went away, because this day was so important in his plans and calculations. She was the one who had secretly hoped for his defeat, and the guilt had been with her ever since.

"Strange women terrify me," said Angie, "I do hope—". She looked around the lobby and said in a different, affectionate tone, "Oh, there's Nona Wilson!"

Nona Wilson strode forward and took Angie in her arms, toppling Angie's hat. She was a tall, too heavy woman with a rough dress that bulged over her big bosom, and a shabby white-flannel coat.

"I'm glad to meet you, Mrs. Pratt," Nona Wilson acknowledged the introduction. "We hear a good deal about your husband around here."

"I hope so."

"You must tell me more about him. But first we'll have a bite of lunch and then I suppose you'll want to see the city."

"Could I?"

"I don't see why not. That's what you came for, isn't it? Why haven't you been down here before, Mrs. Pratt? Don't you prospect with your husband?"

"I always used to in Texas. And in Canada. But the boys got to difficult ages. And then," Kathy added frankly, "taking a wife along ran into more money than we could afford."

"Well, you don't want him to run around loose down here. You'd better stay right on the job."

Nona Wilson laughed, but Angie did not. Impelled to look at her, Kathy saw how still and beautiful her face was.

She could not help hearing the advice Nona Wilson gave Angie as they wandered through the beautiful old rooms of Simon Bolivar's house.

"Angie, you should settle down. You need a home."

"I have a home. A couple of them."

"When I say home I mean a man. A man of your own. That's the kind of girl you are and always have been. You could do a lot for a man, Angie."

Did Angie say "Perhaps?" It was a broken sentence, and the conversation

stopped. Kathy went into the farther room and waited. The other two caught up, and they went back to the hotel.

WHEN BEN came into the room she knew from the look on his face it was all right. She knew better than to prod him with questions, and instead told him about her day.

"Angie enjoy herself?" he asked.

"I think so. She and Mrs. Wilson are old friends."

"Old Nona—isn't she something?" Ben laughed.

"She thinks highly of you. That you're coming on down here."

"It did go well today."

"Are things settled?"

"They could be pretty fast, if Mr. Clark would say the word. It all depends on whether I can make him feel that the time is ripe for new development, and that he can trust my judgment enough to give me a little authority. Of course, Mr. Clark may have someone else in mind."

"But you're the natural one!"

"In a way, I've made the contacts. But sometimes they dish out a big new job to someone who has prestige value for the company—big connections, political, financial, or even social."

She asked, "Is Mr. Clark a very social person? What is his wife like?"

"From the things they say, I guess she's pretty much of a liability. Clark himself is a self-made man. And he's at the top now."

"Is that why she's a liability?" Kathy asked bitterly.

"What are you jumping on me for? I'm just telling you what I heard."

"What you heard from those women. It's cruel. It's what they say and think about me, too, and don't I know it!"

"Be yourself, Kathy."

She said derisively, "That's my trouble. I'm nothing but myself. No prestige value. Now, if you had Angie Brady for a wife, everything would be easy."

"That's no way to talk."

"I'd just as soon talk it as think it. Or have you thinking about it secretly all the time."

"You haven't any right to say that," he said. His voice was cold with anger.

"You told me that she had everything to offer."

"Well, she damned near has. But she's not offering it to me!"

"You're not in a position to ask for it."

He looked at her with exasperation. "I don't know what's got into you. You keep crabbing the trip. You don't like the people, you don't want to help me—"

"I do!"

"Please don't get hysterical. This is an important dinner tonight. We'd better pick up Angie and go down." He eyed his wife rather hesitantly and said, "I saw the Wheatons downstairs. Jim stopped off to see some of his connections here. I wonder if we ought to ask them to join us for dinner."

"You will," Kathy said in a nonresisting way.

"I like old Jim," Ben said, "and Bette's good fun."

In the strange South American hotel, Kathy sat at dinner for hours, between an Englishman and a Venezuelan who spoke no English. Down the table, she could see Angie Brady listening with an intelligent expression to Ben and the man on her other side, to whom she spoke now and then in fluent French. She was especially beautiful in black with a few glittering diamonds, and the men treated her with great respect. They were gayer with Bette Wheaton; and Mr. Wilson, a large, dissipated-looking Santa Claus, kept managing to rub Bette's shoulder. Kathy watched Nona Wilson ignoring it. She thought, it would be this kind of life a great deal of the time. I would like to be like Nona Wilson but I never could ignore my husband the way she ignores hers. I love Ben too much.

THEY BOARDED the ship at Puerto Cabello and, once more at the captain's table, the routine was resumed. A notice on the bulletin board told the passengers that the ship would dock at Guanta at five o'clock in the afternoon and leave again at seven. There was no reason to get off the ship, everyone said. There was nothing to see. Also, Jim and Bette Wheaton were having a cocktail party.

"You go along," she said to Ben, "I'll come later. I have to wait for some things Harry took to be pressed."

But Kathy meant to escape. She went out to where the sailors were lowering the ship's ladder staircase.

"Can I get off?" she asked.

"Sure. But there's nothing to see."

She walked across the wharf into the little village. A collection of tin-roofed shacks was slapped on a slope nearby, with a few little food stores and a bar beneath them. A few half-naked children ran after her, begging. There was a road leading through a palm grove and she walked it slowly, until she came to some thatched-roof cottages. That was all there was, except the oil refinery. But it seemed familiar, and Kathy knew why. It was full of new sights and old memories. The dusk lowered, and she hurried back to the ship.

There was a place on the upper deck back of the smokestack that was quite private. Only a few people were watching the shabby little port as the ship moved away from it. An older man, pulling at his pipe, stood close by.

He said, "It's not much of a town." "No," Kathy said, "but they're like that in the beginning. It reminds me of a place we lived in Texas, years ago. When an industry is in the first stages, the living is pretty grim. But people manage. It was the same way in Canada."

"You seem to know a lot about it."

"My husband's in the oil business."

"Oh, is that right? How does he feel about the future of the business down here?"

"He's very optimistic."

"There are a lot of hurdles, I understand."

"That's the way it looks to a person who hasn't worked in developments," Kathy said kindly, "but it can be done. There's oil, and the world needs it. We're the ones who can make it available." "A woman can always make things sound easy. You sound just like my wife," said the elderly man.

Kathy liked him. "I'm sure that's a compliment," she said.

"You're right, young lady. I've been taking my wife's advice for a good many years." He peered down at her from beneath the brim of his hat. "I guess you're enjoying your trip," he said.

She remembered then. She said in a different tone, "Oh, yes."

"You don't sound very enthusiastic. Don't you like the ship?"

"I love the ship. But it's so much more—social—than I had expected."

"Ah," he growled, "keep away from that. What my wife and I used to do."

"Isn't she with you?"

"No." He sighed. "She can't travel much anymore. She's been sick."

"I'm sorry."

"Well, those things—"

The call for dinner startled them.

"I must go. I've liked talking to you," Kathy said.

"It was a real pleasure. I hope I see you again on the trip."

BEN was not in the cabin. She dressed quickly and hurried to the Wheatons' cabin. Hearing voices, she stopped outside. They were not party voices.

"Hush," said Jim Wheaton, "don't say things like that."

Bette's high, intoxicated voice answered. "I'll say anything I please! Why should I be tied to a man who's never going to get anywhere when I could have Ben Pratt if I wanted him?"

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"You seem to forget that he's married."

"Married! If you can call it that!"

Kathy pushed open the door. "Yes," she said, "he's married. And you could never get Ben. You've got one man who's much too fine for you. But even if I were dead, you'd never get Ben."

"Because Angie Brady's got him already and you know it!" shrieked Bette, and then her husband slapped her across the mouth.

Kathy fled down the corridor. She thought frantically, I must find some place where I can be alone. Hurrying out on the promenade deck, she met her husband. Angie Brady was beside him. They were walking slowly, talking, and they stopped at the sight of her.

"Where did you disappear to?" Ben asked. "We waited for you until the party was maudlin."

"I couldn't make it."

"You're better off without the memory," Angie said. "Hadden't we better go down to dinner?"

The captain said, "Well—I was wondering where the rest of my family was. We have no vacant chairs tonight. Mr. Clark boarded us unexpectedly at Guantánamo this afternoon. Mr. Clark, I want you to meet Mrs. Brady and Mrs. Pratt and her husband."

Mr. Clark smiled under his big eyebrows. "I met Mrs. Pratt on deck this afternoon. We had quite a talk."

That was the night Harry Miller lost again. He had already lost all he had, and he was playing on borrowed money. No one would ever be sure how much he lost, because at some hour in the early morning Harry went overboard.

He left a shakily written note. It read, "This is Okay. I would like for Mrs. B. F. Pratt to write to my wife about this, if she would be so kind. Thanks, Harry."

The stewardess told Kathy about it, and Kathy rose immediately and dressed. She went to the captain's cabin and read the note. Then she put her head down and wept on his desk.

"I feel it's my fault. There must have been something I could have said."

"I don't think so," the captain said. "It was bound to come to this. The boy wasn't stable. Have you any idea why he wanted you to write to his wife?"

"He talked to me about her."

"You will write her?"

"Why, of course I will. He only wanted me to tell her how much he cared."

"Poor fellow. Poor lad."

The sadness crept through the ship. Kathy sat in her cabin struggling with the letter. When she had finished, she was pale and ravaged, and Ben said she must go up and get some air.

ON DECK, as she lay in a steamer chair, Adam Bellows came up, moved her feet, and sat down.

"A tough assignment," he said.

"I didn't do it very well," Kathy replied despondently.

"Yes, you did. You couldn't do it any other way."

They were all oddly proud of her. Kathy knew it was silly. And ringing through the tragedy of the night were her memories of Bette's screaming insults, the sight of Ben and Angie looking so happy together, and the decision she had made that she would not run away.

For if Ben wanted Angie, he must have her, and without quarrel or shame. But how could she tell him unless he

asked? He would be too kind to ask for his freedom. And how could she talk to Angie? How could anyone break through Angie's control?

SHE FOUND Angie Brady at her dressing table. Angie called, "Come in," and was too well-bred to look surprised when she saw it was Kathy.

"Can I come in for a few minutes?" Of course. How nice of you. We never get a chance to talk."

Kathy said, "What odd things happen in the cabins of ships. Confidences, hysterics, slaps, and cruelty, and the thing I want to say to you."

"Perhaps you'd better not say it."

"It has to be said. I have to know. Do you love Ben?"

She could see Angie's poise tremble under the rude attack of the question. "What a strange question. Is it a game or something?"

"No. I'm not good at games. Do you love him? I don't mean completely. But are you beginning to? Do you think you could?"

Angie said civilly, "Since you demand an answer, I think I could. Yes. Except for one reason."

"What reason?"

"You."

"What if I'm willing to step aside? If I'm willing to get out of the way, that makes it different."

"Are you willing?"

Kathy struggled with her answer. "No. But he's the one to be considered. If he wants it that way I'll give him to you."

"That's very generous of you."

"Oh, don't laugh!" cried Kathy. "Don't be clever! I've come only because I want Ben to have all the things you can give him—because I can't give them to him myself. As I wish to heaven I could—"

"What things?"

"You know. Cleverness, beauty, social position, poise—money, I suppose—though that's the least of it. He says you have everything, and he's right."

"Not everything," said Angie, "and sometimes I think not anything worth the powder and shot to blow it up. I'm not clever. I picked up a little dialogue here and there. I learned a couple of languages at the age when they take. And I'm tired of living in this body and behind this face, and it's beginning to show. As for poise, I learned most of that in a sanitarium two years ago. I've had two husbands, and I loved one of them. I've played around. Is that social position?"

"You know so many people—"

"What good does that do anyone? Of course I know a lot of people. That's what I was brought up to do, to know the ones who ran the same course. This silly game we play—do you know this one or that one? It's for reassurance, that's all. It doesn't help a man of Ben's caliber, because he doesn't need to be reassured by such company. I'll admit that I've wondered several times what I would have to give Ben, and it gets down to this." She held out empty hands.

"You're beautiful. You make me hate to look at myself."

"Do you ever look at yourself? I sometimes wonder. Don't you know you are quite beautiful? Adam Bellows says so. Your clothes are dreadful. Perhaps you could learn about clothes. But if you don't it won't matter. Oddly, people don't seem to see your clothes. They see you."

Kathy cried, "Please don't be kind! I

didn't come here to be encouraged. I came to tell you—honestly, truly—that if Ben loves you, I can stand it."

"He's a man who needs a woman," said Angie. "If he didn't love you so much, you wouldn't have him long."

"He's grown beyond me. That's what hurts. I've been afraid of losing him."

"So now you're trying to give him away. He wouldn't let you, Kathy."

"He wouldn't like to hurt me. But he'd get over that if he loved you—"

"But he doesn't," Angie said. "If he did—if I thought I could make him love me—believe me, I would have no mercy. If I could get him, I'd take him and I'd keep him."

Suddenly it was all true to Kathy, truer than it had been when she came into the room. She could lose Ben. It was possible. She felt her claim, her love, rise to fight to any death. "He hasn't said how he feels—"

"About me? I can tell you. I interest him. I amuse him. I make him enjoy himself. But when he speaks of you, he takes something for granted that I've never had from any man. What do you care what bits and pieces of his impulses and desires I get? You have the best. Don't be so greedy. And don't be so careless with him." Her voice cooled. She said, "Don't you think we'd better dress? The captain hates to have us come to dinner late."

AS they were dressing, Ben said in a troubled way, "Mr. Clark said he had been talking to you on deck. What about? What did he have to say?"

Kathy pulled the blue lace over her head. Oh, dreadful dress, she thought, rejoicing. Bits and pieces. What do I care? I shall learn about clothes.

"You were careful what you said to Mr. Clark, weren't you?" Ben insisted.

"Not very. I didn't know who he was. He was sort of easy to talk to, and we got started."

"I hope you didn't make any breaks, that's all. But never mind."

Even if I did make breaks, thought Kathy, he would not let me go. I would not let him go. Never.

"Let's go down," she said, because for the first time the captain's table held no fears for her.

They were late, as was Angela Brady. The captain stood to welcome them. He smiled at his company, the beautiful Angela in sea-green, Fanny Mortlake in a French original, Mrs. Alexander in rich silver satin, Kathy Pratt in her too-blue lace dress. But the captain's glance paused on Kathy. Adam Bellows was looking at her, too, weary humor in his eyes. Mr. Alexander and Gwin Mortlake turned their heads in her direction. Ben turned his head in her direction. Ben smiled down at his wife, his knee touching hers comfortably. They were all thinking that she had been through trouble today, though only Angela knew the full extent of it.

Mr. Clark raised his glass slightly. "Let us drink to these gallant ladies," he said, "in whom men confide and whose judgment they trust. In the enterprises that lie ahead of us, Mr. Pratt, it gives me satisfaction to know that you will have the backing and perhaps the moral guidance of your wife. She believes that further development of this region is philosophically sound and economically safe. I feel we'll have to go along with her. Mr. Pratt—to your wife—and to my own."

THE END

Catnip Smith Carries On (Continued from page 42)

and looked out at the lot. I knew he was seeing it with big-shouldered Percherons tugging red-and-gold wagons into place and a cumbrous callopie getting up steam for the ten-o'clock parade call.

IT WAS hot like this that morning (he said). Marie and I were standing by the office wagon. Marie was crying. I felt like crying, too. The Great Hernandez, whose real name was Willie Makepeace Sudds, had got himself into a hospital at the last stand. Nothing had happened in the big cage, you understand. The Great Hernandez had simply overlooked the fact that the customers of a downtown bar were not just a cageful of big cats. The customers of that bar did things to the Great Hernandez that no well-bred circus lion would ever have dreamed of doing.

But Marie wasn't crying about Willie Makepeace Sudds, exactly.

Marie was a good little kid, but funny. She came of an old circus family. When her father and mother were killed during a winter season in Cuba, there was no one left in the family but Marie, so I took her in. There wasn't much she could do. Her folks had been high-wire people, but she couldn't walk a three-foot plank. So I let her go into the cage with Hernandez because she insisted on doing something.

She didn't do anything in the cage, understand—just stood there looking sweet and helpless and in great danger. It helped the act a lot, and Hernandez's act could do with a little helping.

But Marie was funny. She used to notice every house on the way from the train to the lot. Sometimes, a week or so later, she'd ask if I remembered the cute little white house with the green shutters and the picket fence that was on the right side of the street two blocks from the lot in Springfield, Ohio. It doesn't seem possible, but for all her circus background Marie actually wanted to be a townier.

But she had her pride, too, and so she was crying like all get out because she wouldn't be able to go into the cage until Hernandez got out of the hospital or we got a new man to work the big cats. But all of a sudden Marie quit crying, and I heard her quick intake of breath.

I looked at Marie, and then I looked up the lot toward the street where Marie was looking. Marie said something under her breath that sounded like "A miracle," but at first I didn't get it. I only saw this gangly, chuckleheaded townier shambling onto the lot. He looked lost and unhappy

and a little afraid, like maybe his keeper might beat him if he caught him loose like that. Then I saw what Marie had seen right away, and I whistled.

Around that unhappy local yokel—around his feet and rubbing against his legs as he walked and trailing along behind him for nearly a block—were more cats than I've ever seen before or since in one place. House cats and alley cats. Gray ones and striped ones and yellow ones and white ones. Fat, well-fed ones and cats that looked like they hadn't eaten since Noah threw open the doors of the ark. I could see right away that what made the young man so unhappy was all those cats. I can't say I blamed him.

He hesitated in front of the top where they were running up the side-show banners, and then he stopped and looked at each one of the banners as they went up. He had that hungry, excited look kids have when they're on a circus lot for the first time. The minute he halted several of the cats bounced up to his shoulders, clawing their way up his trouser legs and his cotton jacket. Two of them began to fight each other for a rubbing place against the boy's red, sunburned neck.

I wanted to laugh but I didn't, because all at once I knew why Marie had called it a miracle.

"Let's go," I told her, and with Marie trailing at my heels I took off down the midway toward the boy.

The big fellow saw us coming. He turned, and I think he actually meant to run. But the cats stopped him. When he lifted his foot there simply wasn't any place to put it down. He went flat on his face. He must have landed on at least a dozen cats. They set up the doggondest racket a mortal ever listened to, yowling and spitting till they sounded like something out of a particularly bad dream.

MARIE and I got as close to the big boy as we could without walking on cats. He sat up and looked at me, and there were almost tears in his eyes.

"I'm awfully sorry, mister," he said. "I should have stayed home."

His voice was just about the kindest, gentlest voice I'd ever heard. The minute I heard it, I began to like him.

Maybe that's when Marie began to like him, too. Looking back on it now, I don't blame her. "What—what makes them follow you?" Marie asked.

The kid looked at Marie, and I saw his Adam's apple go up and down a couple of times. "I don't know," he told her. "It's been like this ever since I was

a kid. Cats just seem to take to me. There isn't anything I can do to get rid of them." Then he shook off a handful of cats, got to his feet, and said to me, "I'm awfully sorry, mister. I thought maybe if I came out real early, when there was nobody around but kids, it might be all right. You see, I've never been to a circus."

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Nineteen."

THAT did it. "Do you mean to tell me, young man," I shouted, "that you have lived for nineteen years without setting eyes upon the pageantry and panoply of that great American institution, the circus? Why, son, I didn't suppose there was a youth in this broad, shining land who had not, at least once in his life, thrilled to the gaudy, Gargantuan glamour of the circus?"

"I can't," he said. "Because of the cats. Cats always follow me. All kinds of cats. I've never been able to go much of anywhere on account of the cats."

Marie looked at me, and I looked at Marie.

"What do you think?" I asked her.

Marie nodded toward the menagerie top. "Might as well find out," she said quietly.

"Son," I said, speaking real soft so as not to frighten him, "how would you like to go right into that gigantic, wonder-packed menagerie and see it all? Just take your time and mosey around and see every last wonder of it?"

"I—uh, yes, mister," the kid gulped excitedly.

I began to wish he wouldn't grow on me like that. With what I had in mind for him, it would be a lot easier if I didn't get to liking him too much.

"But what about them, mister?" he asked, pointing down to the Puss-in-Boo's spectacle that was milling about his legs.

"Let 'em come right along, son," I told him, and Marie and I practically dragged him into the menagerie top. His little furry friends didn't like their first whiff of the Gargantuan wonders within. They hesitated and then followed us cautiously around the cages at a respectful distance.

Marie and I both knew the minute we started down the first row of cages that everything was going to be all right, and nobody would care any longer when or if the Great Hernandez got out of the hospital. The big cats took one look at the newcomer, wrinkled their noses inquiringly, and then began to act like a

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lot of kindergarten kids seeing their first department-store Santa. Those lions pushed against the bars to get as close to the gangling town boy as they could and, I swear it, they practically purred. It was the doggondest thing anyone ever saw.

I thought I'd better put it to the kid cold turkey right there, before the first effects of the gigantic galaxy of natural history began to wear off. I asked his name.

"Johnnie Smith, sir," he said. "But most folks just call me Catnip."

I put an arm around his shoulder. "Johnnie," I asked, "how would you like to travel with the circus?"

Catnip Smith made a gurgling sort of noise, and his Adam's apple did an Irish jig. But he couldn't get any words out. I knew just how he felt. I felt the same way about the circus when I was his age. Still do, I guess.

Finally he said, "There's nobody who would care if I went, and it's hard for me to get regular work. On account of the cats always following me."

I had decided to break it as gently as possible, but there didn't seem any very gentle way. I tried to make going into a cage full of big cats sound like a pretty dull, everyday sort of a chore. "They're just cats," I told him in a matter-of-fact tone. "A little bigger, maybe, but just cats for all that."

Catnip Smith looked all around at the jungle and grinned. "They're right nice," he said.

"Of course," I told him, being very genial now that it was clinched, "there's one little disadvantage I forgot to mention to you."

I grinned and waved a hand toward Marie. "You'll have to take her into the cage with you."

But Johnnie wasn't the sort to catch the finer points of humor.

"I wouldn't call that a disadvantage at all," he said. Then he got red in the face and Marie got red in the face and, for all I know, maybe I got red in the face, too.

WE DECIDED not to work the big-cat act in Johnnie's home town. In the afternoon, after the matinee, Marie took him into the cage. Those cats were less like lions and more like mice than any I've seen before or since. They thought Johnnie was wonderful. When they got the idea that he was there for work and not just making a social call, they couldn't do enough for him.

Johnnie looked like anything in the world but a lion tamer. I could just see all the mothers and sisters and unmarried aunts and little brothers in the audience getting goose-pimples when they saw that nice, gangling, freckle-faced boy getting ready to defy death in "the big steel arena." When it came to fitting him out with one of Hernandez's gold-and-braid uniforms I tossed it back into the trunk and told Johnnie to do the act in a pair of duck trousers and a white shirt with rolled-up sleeves. It's old stuff now but, believe me, it was a sensation that season.

Catnip Smith was a sensation in every way. Women and kids actually screamed when he opened the cage door. It was two, three weeks before even I could break myself of an urge to stop him every time he started on his way across the arena.

At first we had a little trouble with the

town cats. They still wanted to follow him. I stopped that. In every town I had a cab pick him up in the railroad yards and take him straight to the lot.

GIVEN the right kind of start, love can blossom mighty fast around a circus lot—and Johnnie and Marie had the right kind of start. Not that there was any sloppy-kne billing and cooing. But the way they looked at each other when they were together, in or out of the cage, it didn't take any camp mitt reader to forecast wedding bells.

The big cats had never paid much attention to Marie, one way or another, when she was working with the Great Hernandez. When they saw how Johnnie felt about her they took her right into their big happy family. But love is like a nickel—it has two faces. And with only one month of the season left to go, somebody flipped the nickel.

When it became evident that Willie Makepeace Suds was not going to rejoin the circus, Marie redoubled her interest in those little white cottages with the picket fences. Every day or so she'd wander away from the lot, and I'd see her going down the sidewalk gawking at those towners' cracker boxes like a kid at a candy-store window. Sometimes, when there were no house cats in sight, Catnip would walk a ways with her.

But only a little ways. Despite the jungle smell the big cage somehow leaves on a man, those stray cats could still spot the big, blond fellow a mile away.

If the season hadn't been so all-fired good that it kept me jumping, I suppose I would have got suspicious when Catnip began to make like a real animal trainer and put on airs. But even when he sent off for a pair of white, pegged riding breeches and insisted on wearing them with a highly polished pair of the Great Hernandez's boots, I didn't mind too much.

Until things began to go wrong. Little things.

Once or twice, when I stood just inside the padroom to catch Catnip's act, I saw that something was missing. Not in the act. It was still going well enough. But in the way Catnip and Marie swung across the arena to the cage. They had always trotted out there like school kids released for recess.

Now Catnip Smith was striding along in a manner that you could tell he meant to be masterful. For a kid who had never seen any circus but that one, he was doing a pretty fair imitation of someone doing an imitation of a lion tamer. I didn't like it, and I could see that Marie didn't, either. Even the big cats were a little restless.

Once, as the youngsters came out of the arena after the act, Catnip said something in an offhand way to Marie, and I heard her say, "Yes, Captain." She made that "Captain" sound like a blow in the face.

Two weeks before the end of the season Catnip Smith strode into the office wagon to ask about a contract for the next season. Marie was there, sitting quietly in a corner, but Catnip didn't see her.

"I sure enough appreciate all you've done for me, Mr. Bradley," the tow-headed youngster stammered. "But there's something—"

I thought at first it was about money. It wasn't.

Catnip Smith was demanding star billing for the next season.

Well, he was worth it, so I promised him that the following year no name would be in bigger type than his on advertising posters or programs. That seemed to satisfy him. What it did to Marie was something else again.

She marched up to my littered desk, eyeing Johnnie like he was someone who had just been caught stealing passes from the orphans'-home kids.

"If you don't mind, Mr. Bradley," she said, "I'd like to ride in the menage acts the rest of the season. I can ride a little. At least it will dress up the track on the big acts." She looked hard at Catnip, and the boy goggled at her like she was someone he'd never seen before. "The captain," she added slowly, "hardly needs any—stooges!"

For the first time I saw what was behind it all, and it was cockeyed, completely cockeyed. Here was a troupier, born and bred to the tanbark, quietly eating her head out to be a townier. And head over heels in love with a townier nursing a great, gnawing hunger to be accepted as real circus folks.

I SAW it all clearly then, but seeing it didn't solve any problem.

Marie began riding in the menage. And Catnip Smith began going into the cage alone.

At first I thought it was just his spat with Marie that was making the difference in the cage. Because there was a difference. You could feel it, even across the length of the top. And sometimes, in a split-second flash, you could actually see it. Sudden balks from the brutes on the pedestals. Low, sullen growls that shouldn't have been there. The big cats, in the days that followed, began to eye Catnip in the way that cats can have, shifting their heads just a little to follow his every move.

Catnip Smith had never had to endure those heartbreaking days in the cage that go to make an animal-man. There had been no sweat, no fight to whip jumping nerves, no instinctive fear that is as old as men with low, chunky foreheads and gaunt sabre-toothed tigers.

But on the Monday that the season went into its final week I couldn't help seeing the glistening beads on his forehead and the white tightness at the corners of his lips as he trudged out from the padroom. Catnip Smith was beginning to know fear.

If I'd had a flick of sense I'd have pulled him out right there. But you can't change an old showman overnight. Maybe, I told myself glibly, it's just as well the boy sees the other side of the picture. Besides, it's only a week more. Needs a rest, that's all; cats need a rest, too.

But I guess I knew, really, that it wasn't all. Life is a lot more like the books than folks like to believe. In the storybooks things would have come to a head in the big cage at the last performance of the season.

And that's just what happened. For a dozen years we had made a sleepy Southern town our winter quarters. We always played the first show of the season there, and the whole county came in and filled the tent. Then, at the end of the season, we'd go back and play one more performance there before we put the show away.

The home folks had a special reason for

filling the tent that last day. They'd heard about Catnip Smith, and Catnip hadn't been in the big cage in the spring. Folks around winter quarters had pretty much agreed with the big cats about the Great Hernando—they'd never much cottoned to him. So they were all on hand to see Johnnie, and they gave the boy a big hand when they saw him stride across the arena.

YOU COULD see right away that Catnip figured it was a big day, too. Those old boots of Willie's shone like mirrors. And for the first time in his life Johnnie had his hair slicked down like Valentino's. It reflected the lights from the center poles the way those shiny boots did.

The crowd roared, and Catnip flipped one hand like maybe he was the king greeting the mob on his birthday. The folks in the bleachers didn't mind. Around winter quarters you get used to uppy performers.

The cats hadn't been in the cage two minutes before things began to happen. Old Mamba started it by taking a wide swipe at Johnnie with a huge paw that could have broken the boy in two. Johnnie, who always had worked too close to the lions' pedestals, leaped back just in time.

But by then two other cats had come off their stools. They converged on him from either side of the ring, while Mamba kept up a vicious snarling that had the whole cage in a frenzy.

Only a handful of people in the tent knew that the lonely figure facing all those snarling, tawny beasts was just Johnnie Smith, a friendless small-town boy who had never seen a circus. He backed up, white-faced; his hand found the latch to the safety cage. Even then he barely made it; the bars slammed behind him just as one of the lions went into the air.

Catnip was whipped. He fumbled through the outer door and sank onto a gawdy ring box, burying his face in his hands, oblivious to the deathly silence that had fallen over the big top.

That silence was broken by horrified gasps from a thousand throats. Marie, looking even tinner than usual in her trim white riding suit, was running across the arena. I thought she was racing to Catnip's side and, like a fool, I just stood there.

Ignoring Johnnie Smith completely, she went directly to the cage. As she stepped into the safety trap, two razorbacks sprang to action at the cage side with long iron prods. Two others raced into the tent carrying heavy-duty rifles. There

was no point in trying to fool that audience. They were winter-quarter folks; they knew.

The clang of the cage door brought Johnnie to his feet. Then everything happened at once.

The totally unexpected appearance of Marie in the cage baffled the sullen cats for the one second she needed. In her left hand she held an upended kitchen chair thrust belligerently in front of her; in her right she carried an extra whip from the safety cage. For one startled moment the cats halted their pacing, eyeing the girl resentfully.

In that moment Johnnie Smith was in the cage beside her. In his right hand was the big whip he had carried with him from the cage. Without taking his eyes from the circling animals, he reached cautiously with his left hand and took the chair from the girl, jockeying her behind him with his body. But Marie refused to reach for the safety-cage door. Coolly she moved to her accustomed place a few steps behind and to the side of the young trainer.

And then began one of the strangest acts in circus history. Helpers at the side of the cage had the gate up, ready for Catnip to drive the beasts one by one into the chute leading to their individual cages. But the younger ignored the chute and the open gate. He obstinately fought those cats back to their pedestals. A concerted gasp went up from audience and performers alike as they realized with horror what the boy intended to do.

Working slowly, cautiously, Catnip Smith put that careful of tawny fury through every routine in the act. He was no longer just a small-town kid with a weird gift; for twenty straight minutes he became a first-class animal-man—perhaps, in those minutes, the greatest of them all. When, at last, he drove the brutes one by one to the chute they no longer either loved or hated Catnip Smith. He had earned their respect.

THERE was complete silence as Johnnie and Marie, holding hands, started across the arena toward the exit. Then it came—applause like a wave of thunder on the night of a big blow. It was the sweetest sound I ever heard.

People kept stopping me for one thing and another so it was ten minutes before I reached the door of the house wagon in which Catnip always dressed. No one answered. The door swung half open, so I walked in.

Right then I'd have offered Catnip and Marie a ten-year contract at their own price. But I never got the chance. What

I found was an empty wagon. The white shirt, the jodhpurs, and Willie Makepeace Sudds's old boots were dropped together in one corner, and Catnip's street clothes and battered suitcase were gone. On a table, weighted down by Marie's riding whip, was a hastily scrawled note:

"We know where there is a little white house with green shutters. Forgive us and bless you."

Marie's name was scrawled under it. I plunked down on Catnip's stubby dressing stool. Just to keep my hands busy, I picked up one of the Great Hernando's boots and began slapping it against the stool leg. I should have done that a month before. Because all of a sudden I knew what had been happening these last few weeks in the big cage. It was one of those things—so simple that nobody saw it.

Catnip's trouble with the cats had begun when he started wearing the Great Hernando's boots. Those boots smelled like Willie Makepeace Sudds to the cats, and the cats had never much cottoned to Willie. It wasn't enough to make them hate the boy, but it was just enough to take the edge off that screwball catnip charm of his, whatever it was.

And when I saw the open can on the dressing table I knew why there had been a near-revolution in the cage that day. Somewhere Johnnie had unearthed a jar of Willie's highly scented hair pomade.

MONKEY BRADLEY abruptly stopped talking. A gigantic swarm of birds was moving along in the air just above a nearby row of red-and-gold wagons. There must have been a dozen kinds of birds in that big, colorful cloud—redbirds, bluebirds, catbirds, sparrows. I'd swear to it there were even a couple of owls.

Three people—a man, a woman, and a boy—came around the corner of the nearest wagon and walked toward us. The man was gray at the temples and almost distinguished in a quiet, small-town sort of way that was friendly and pleasant. The woman was short and not too plump. She looked—well, she looked happy.

Monkey Bradley jumped to his feet. "Marie!" he yelled. "Johnnie!"

They stopped in front of us, and we looked at the boy. He was a good-looking kid of maybe ten or twelve. There were birds perched on his shoulders and in his hair. The others were swarming in a cloud over him.

Catnip Smith grinned and nodded toward the boy.

"With him it's birds," he said.

THE END



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Last Seen Wearing . . . (Continued from page 33)

to report. Chief Ford got off the table he had been sitting on and moved to the desk. "About time you got in," he grumbled. "What's the story?"

"Wait! I have her description broadcast." Cameron plugged in the direct wire to state-police headquarters and gave them the information for their teletypes.

When he was through he pulled a wooden armchair over to Ford's battered roll-top desk. Ford took a cigar wrapped in cellophane from his vest pocket.

"It's a stumper," Cameron said and told what he knew. Lowell had been seen Friday morning before classes walking by the lake. She had gone to biological science alone and, from there, in the company of a Virginia Rollins, had crossed Higgins Bridge below the dam to the gym. She returned with Virginia, leaving her to go to Spanish; left Spanish in the company of several girls; parted from them to go to history. Usually after history she walked back to Lambert with Sue Chappel, but on this occasion she paused to speak to the teacher, Harlan Seward, and Sue left before Lowell. She was next seen, by her roommate, Peggy Woodling, lying on her bed. When Peggy came back from lunch, however, Lowell's jeans and an empty skirt hanger were lying on the bed, and Lowell was gone. She had not been seen since.

No motive could be found for her leaving, and a check of the taxi, bus, and railroad terminals had been fruitless. However, an unusually large number of girls had gone off for the weekend, and it was not unlikely that she had been one of them. She had no known motive for suicide, but the possibility had not been ruled out. Lassiter and the girl's father were among the men paddling around Parker Lake, looking for traces. Except for a twenty-foot channel, the lake was only three or four feet deep. Mr. Mitchell was planning to offer a reward.

"And that's it," Cameron said. "No reason to leave, but she leaves. Being sick could have had something to do with it, but she didn't go any place a sick girl would go. We've tried the infirmary, the city hospital, and all the drugstores in the neighborhood, and they haven't seen her."

FORD peeled the wrapper off his cigar and held the naked cylinder up for examination. "Cherchez le boy," he said at last.

"Boy? There isn't any boy."

"Don't tell me you're falling for that stuff her family and friends are dishing out about how pure she is. It's something to do with a boy, I'm telling you."

"What are you, clairvoyant? The evidence says no."

"You college guys with your three-dollar words," muttered Ford. "No, I'm not clairvoyant. I'm a policeman, and I've been one for thirty-three years. Girls have disappeared from Parker before and from Smith and Bennington and Vassar and Bryn Mawr and every other girls' school you want to name. Know why they disappear?" He tapped his desktop with the cigar as he counted. "Causes: Bad marks. Not getting along with classmates. Trouble at home. Foul play. Wanting to make their own way in the world. Men. Six reasons. There's your answer."

"Six reasons," said Cameron. "No evidence for any of them so you automatically say men."

A caustic grin came over Ford's face. "What a hell of a detective you are! Figure it out some night. She left under her own steam. That rules out foul play. If she had bad marks, it would show. If she didn't get along with her classmates, it would show. If there was trouble at home, her folks would know it. If she wanted to make her way in the world, it would show. If it was about a man, it wouldn't show! *Quod erat demonstrandum*, or don't you get it yet?"

"You forget that the warden called every boy she's got an address for, and she didn't run off with any of them."

"Did she happen to ask them how far they went with her? My bet is she's holed up in some shady doctor's office right now." He leaned forward and put on a leer. "I don't suppose it's occurred to you, Mr. Detective, but did you ever think that maybe the sick spell was just an act?"

"What gives you that brainstorm?"

"Ford sat back, wiped the cigar on his shirt, and rammed it in his mouth. "She was fine all morning up through her history class," he rumbled. "All of a sudden, she's back at the dorm feeling sick. Pretty fast reverse. But it makes it possible for her to sneak out of the place without being questioned. She can't leave the campus dressed in jeans, but the moment she puts on a skirt, the girls will start asking where she's going. She doesn't want to tell them; she doesn't want to make excuses. So she fakes illness. Nobody saw her go, remember, and it's my hunch that she didn't want them to."

Cameron chewed his lip. Then he got out a cigarette and scraped a match up the side of Ford's desk. He said, "And now some doctor's got her, and after a week or so she'll appear again, a little wiser?"

"If he doesn't make a mistake or two and kill her."

The detective waved out the match and threw it across the room. "Any doctors in mind?"

"Two. Bergman over on White Street and Hill over in East Bristol. Now, you know what you're going to do?"

"Watch them."

"That's right. Two men in plain clothes on both houses. Have them try to gain entry if possible, but don't, whatever you do, arouse suspicion. Get a report on every move they make. In addition, I want every other doctor in town questioned to see if she approached them. If she did see them they should have reported it to me. Since no one did, they'll all deny it. Watch their reactions. You'd better handle that detail yourself. Did the girl smoke?"

"Yeah. There was half a carton in her bureau."

"Damn. I was hoping she might pick up a pack on the way. There's a drugstore a block from Bergman's. Check it anyway. She might have bought something there if she was going to spend a week away from everything—magazines or something."

"Check. Anything else?"

"Yep. You're going to read her diary. List the name of every man mentioned, no matter what the circumstances. Read her letters. I'm especially interested in the ones from home. I'm not satisfied about the happy-home angle. See what you can read between the lines."

"Gotcha." Cameron got up to go.

"One other thing. What did she talk about to her history prof?"

"I don't know. Her assignment probably."

"I don't want any probablys. Find out. Remember that the girl was fine, took gym and everything, right up through her history class. She talks to the teacher—five minutes later, she's flat on her back, sick."

"What do you think he did, exhale cyanide in her face?"

"I don't think he did anything, but get this through your thick skull: That wasn't her usual procedure. If things on that campus were normal, it wouldn't matter a damn. But things are not normal. Everything the least little bit out of the ordinary that happens on that campus is to be thoroughly investigated. I don't care how small and unimportant you may think it is, investigate it. Is that clear?"

"Indubitably."

Ford ground his cigar in his teeth. "Now get out of here. I want to go home and eat. And write up your report. I want to study it in the morning."

Cameron moved to the door and said sarcastically over his shoulder, "Is it all right with you if I get a little sleep?"

THE BOSTON Post-Traveler ran the story under a two-column head on the front page—EIGHT-STATE ALARM OUT FOR MISSING PARKER GIRL. At headquarters, the reporters were arriving: Charlie Miller from Hartford, Len Waltzberger from Springfield, Ken Rafferty from Providence, Murray Talbot from New York, John Innes of the Bridgeport Post. Five were there Sunday morning when Ford arrived, and a sixth came with him.

"Nothing yet," he told them. "We're doing all we can. We hope to have her back soon."

Calvin Leslie, assistant editor and star reporter of the Bristol Bugle, the town's weekly and only newspaper, sauntered in. "The vultures are tearing the corpse already," he observed. "Hello, Frank."

"Hello, Les."

Cameron pushed his way through to Ford's office, where he tossed a clipped stack of typewritten pages on the desk. Ford followed him in. "The report?"

"It's all there, up till four o'clock this morning. I told you I was going to get some sleep."

"What about her diary and letters?"

"I'm halfway through the diary. She thinks President Howland is sweet; her history teacher looks like Gregory Peck; her English teacher is dynamic and sounds like Winston Churchill; and she thinks W. C. Fields is very funny. You said you wanted to know every man she mentioned."

"And I meant it," growled Ford. "Including her English teacher and history teacher, and the president of the college, and the janitor, and the taxi drivers, and the soda jerks. That's exactly what I want, even if you have to be cute and ring in W. C. Fields."

"Good. I'm glad you're satisfied. Howland's probably the father of her unborn child."

"What do you want, more sleep? You had four hours. Now get out and handle those reporters. I want to see what you've got here."

Carl Mitchell came in at eight-thirty, patiently endured a barrage from the

press and, when he was turned loose, was taken by Cameron to meet Ford. The man looked exhausted.

"I've BEEN reading Cameron's report," said Ford. "It doesn't tell us a thing. She walked out of the dorm, and that's it. She vanished into thin air."

"She can't have just disappeared," Mitchell said. "Somebody had to see her."

"Somebody did. Probably a lot of people. Only we haven't found them yet."

"She's been gone a long time. You'd better hurry it up before people forget."

"It's not long, Mr. Mitchell. It only seems long. We don't expect to find her in time for tomorrow's classes. When are those pictures of her coming in? The important thing in cases of this kind is wide circulation. We want as many people keeping an eye out for her as possible. Then, if she's alive and moving about at all, someone will spot her."

"You think she's dead?"

"Hell, no. She just ducked out somewhere."

Mitchell said quietly, "You don't have to save me. If it's bad news, I can take it."

Ford waved a hand. "It's not bad news. How can I give you bad news? I don't know any more about it than you do."

"You've had experience in this sort of thing, though. Why do girls usually run away?"

"I'd say the most usual cause is trouble with a man."

Lowell's father shook his head. "There must be another reason, then. I know my daughter and she's not that kind of a girl."

"Okay. It's some other reason, but you get us her pictures so we can give them out to the newspapers and get a missing-persons circular off. Then we'll have her back in no time."

"My wife and my other daughter are bringing them up on the one-fiftieth."

"Okay, I'll see you then," Ford waved him out and, as soon as he was gone, turned to Cameron. "You got men staked out on those doctors' houses?"

"Yep. Starting at midnight last night. Nothing out of the ordinary so far."

"Let me know whether they buy more food than normal. Now, what's the story on the lake?"

"I don't think she's in it."

"But you aren't sure?"

Cameron said irritably, "No, I'm not sure. All I know is, Lassiter and the girl's father and Ed Small and his grounds-keepers poked their paddles down to the bottom everywhere except in the channel, and that's all they hit—bottom. If you want to be any surer than that, drain it!"

"Maybe I will," said Ford thoughtfully.

"If we don't get a lead in the next couple of days, maybe I'll do just that."

"Do you think she drowned herself just because she walked around there Friday morning?"

"You already know what I think she did. But I'm not passing up any bets. It's barely possible I might be wrong."

"I don't believe it."

Ford let that one ride. He slapped Cameron's report. "You say her father sent her a fifty-dollar check on the first. That interests me. Maybe she's going to pay the doc with it. Only he'd never take a check. She'd have to cash it first." He snapped his fingers. "There's an opening lead. If my hunch is correct, I know somebody who's seen her since one o'clock Friday. The bank teller. Call him up."

Cameron got up. "I don't go for your abortion idea, but I'll bet you've got something there. No matter what her plans were, she wouldn't go very far without cashing that check."

"You're a rotten detective, but you recognize genius when you see it," Ford growled as Cameron went out.

But five minutes later, Cameron returned with a negative report. The bank had not cashed Lowell's check. The teller he had called was sure of that. An oath rumbled up from inside the chief and escaped around his cigar. He got up and took a turn about the room, ending up at the window staring out at the driveway.

"Now, that doesn't make sense," he muttered. "No doctor performing an illegal operation is going to sign his name to a check. And where else but the bank could she cash a check for that much money?"

"One of the shops in town, maybe," said Cameron. "Look, Chief, you're going to have to assign me more men. I want to cover the shops, and we've got to interview a load of students and everybody in all the houses up and down Maple Street to see if anybody happened to look out his window when she was leaving."

"Use the reserves, and get some of the night men in. We're all going to be putting overtime in on this. And judging from the crowd of reporters, it's going to receive a lot of attention."

"Too bad if you don't find her. Bristol might sport a new police chief."

"You, I suppose. Then no girl will be safe at Parker."

MONDAY's headline said, NO CLUE YET IN PARKER FRESHMAN'S DISAPPEARANCE. Mrs. Mitchell was quoted as saying Lowell was emotionally normal and had no steady suitor so far as she knew. Lowell's sister, Melissa, was described as

a sober, pretty, fifteen-year-old brunette. Her father was head of the Mitchell-Modleman architectural-designing firm. A two-column photo of Lowell on page three showed a girl with dark, shoulder-length hair; large, serious eyes; full, unsmiling lips; and a soft fullness of the face.

BESIDES the newspaper publicity, the missing-persons circular was ready. It contained pictures, vital statistics, handwriting samples, and a dental chart. Below that was listed the following information:

Marilyn Lowell Mitchell, 560 North Green Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, student, Parker College, Bristol, Massachusetts, disappeared from college on the afternoon of March 2, 1951. Thought to be wearing a tan polo coat with brown buttons, yellow wool sweater with mother-of-pearl buttons, blue blouse, gray wool skirt, ankle socks, brown-and-white saddle shoes, size 7, a gold hat clip with initials MLM inside, a small gold wrist watch with narrow gold-link band, and a brown-leather purse with shoulder strap, brass fastener, and initials MLM. This girl likes dancing, tennis, dramatics, and swimming. She plays piano, is interested in languages, and is moderately fluent in French and Spanish. She has worked as a waitress.

A reward of five thousand dollars if found alive and twenty-five hundred dollars if found dead was listed at the bottom.

Cameron had to wade through the reporters when he came in at eight-thirty. He answered questions as he went, and then escaped into the chief's office.

Ford swung around in his chair. "Where the hell have you been?" he bellowed. "You're supposed to be here at eight o'clock. If I hadn't come in and relieved Poreda, he'd have been stuck half an hour overtime."

"What of it? Yesterday was my day off and I worked twelve hours."

"Now, ain't that too bad! Today's my day off and I'm going to work twenty-four hours. What did you join the force for, a goof-off job with a pension at the end?"

"I sure didn't join it to listen to you bellyache." He flung his sheaf of papers on the desk. "Here's my report."

Ford shook his head. "Put a guy in plain clothes, and he thinks he's a civilian." He held out a hand. "Give me a cigarette."

The two men lit cigarettes, and then Ford said reflectively, "You know, there's



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an angle I think we ought to pay more attention to." He picked up the portrait of Lowell that had run on page three and handed it to the detective. "We ought to consider foul play."

"What's the picture got to do with it?"
"Look at her face. It spells S-E-X to me."

CAMERON studied the picture and shook his head. "You're batty. This is the face of a respectable girl who stays away from strange men."

"I don't mean obvious sex, or conscious sex. I mean the kind she doesn't even know she's got. Look at those big, somber eyes and those full lips and the soft roundness of her face."

"What's your new theory? Some sex fiend happens to be walking by?"

"He might not be walking by. He might have had an eye on her and gets a chance." Ford threw away his cigarette. "I don't know if it's foul play or abortion or running off with somebody," he said, "but it's something to do with sex. I'll lay odds on it. Sex might even be an ugly word to that girl, but it's going to haunt her just the same."

Cameron got up and stretched. "Well, you go rubber hose the men in town. I'm going out and interview the students as per your orders." He flicked his cigarette at the wastebasket and walked out.

The Mitchells came in later. They clearly showed the strain. Melissa and her mother were quiet, and the pain spoke only in their eyes, but Carl Mitchell was restless and taut. "What can I do?" he asked. "I can't just sit around and wait. Give me something to do!"

Ford shook his head. "We got plenty of men to take care of all that needs to be done."

"Yes, but what is being done? It's three days since anybody's seen her. Three days, man!"

"Three days is nothing. When she's gone three months, then you can start worrying. It takes three days to get the machinery rolling."

"Publicity machinery. I know. That system will bring her back if she's where she can be seen—but maybe she isn't. Maybe she's being held somewhere. I can't just sit around and do nothing. I want to feel I've done everything I possibly can. Chief, would you mind if I hired a private detective?"

Ford shrugged. "Go ahead. It's your money."

"It's no reflection on your work, but it would be an extra pair of hands."

Ford said, "It's okay with me," and went to the door to look out.

Mrs. Mitchell called to him. "Do you suppose we could broadcast an appeal on the radio? Don't you think that might help?"

"Won't hurt any," said the chief.

"But you don't think it will help?"

"He turned. "Me? I don't know. In this business you can never tell what's going to produce and what isn't. That might do the trick. It probably won't but it might, so I wouldn't pass it up."

"Thank you," they rose to leave, and Ford stood aside. He watched them go, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell and Melissa, showing the depression they felt in the cut of their shoulders. Then he returned to his desk and picked up Lowell's diary once more.

Cameron came in again at two. "Well," he said, dropping into the wooden armchair, "we've gone over all the sign-out

cards and got a list that names every girl who left town Friday. What a job! Big doings at Yale and Princeton. More girls signed out this weekend than any other weekend this year."

Ford said, "And while you've been loafing on that job, I've been putting together the complete report on the members of the male sex mentioned in Lowell's diary. The total comes to forty-seven."

"That includes Gregory Peck and W. C. Fields?"

"Yeah. You're very funny. Practically a scream. Now settle down and let's go over this."

Cameron hitched up his chair. Ford said, "I've broken down all the names into groups, most of which can be eliminated without a second look. The first group we can dispense with is your smart-aleck list of six movie stars and Winston Churchill. Group two are casuals, relatives and people mentioned once without any comment. Group three are people she mentions once but remarks about, like some cabdriver, President Howland and her teachers, and a guy named Charles Watson who was dining at the Wagon Wheel when they were throwing a birthday party. He tried to give them a bottle of champagne, but the waiter wouldn't serve it."

"That's one place we won't have to raid for liquor violations when we've got nothing to do."

"Get serious, will you? Now we come to the boys. Group four are ones she has nothing to do with, friends on her dates and such. Group five are boys from home—pals, so to speak. Group six are boys she has casual dates with. Group seven are boys who really come around, the ones who are interested. That's the main group. Here, read it."

Cameron scanned the sheet briefly and looked sour. "Did you say these are the important suspects?"

Ford shrugged. "She's not sold on any of them, according to her diary, because they're too adolescent, but it's the best we've got. Have these guys interviewed. See first if they know where she might be, then how far she'd let them go. According to her diary she wouldn't, but it might be deliberately misleading." Ford scraped a match across the underside of the desk and applied it to his cigar. "And if that doesn't get results, I'm going to drain that damn lake."

THE POLICE routine was thorough and complete. By three o'clock Tuesday afternoon, most of the reports were in. Cameron and Ford went over them in the chief's office. The sum total was nothing. When they had laid aside the last paper, the detective sergeant said, "Well, if those girls are right and she didn't take any trains or busses, she might still be in town."

"It looks that way," Ford grumbled. "Maybe we've been going at this wrong." He picked up his telephone and asked for the superintendent of grounds at Parker. "I think it's time we drained that lake," he said.

The reporters came flocking when Ford and Cameron went down to Parker Lake. Ed Small and his groundskeepers were there. Ford stationed two of them on Higgins Bridge below the dam, two on either bank between.

"What for?" asked one of the reporters.
"To spot the body if it washes through the gates," Ford said.

"It's a body now? You think she's dead?"

"If she's been in that lake since Friday, she hasn't been holding her breath."

At a signal from Ford, Small turned the gate wheel, and the water that tumbled over the dam was thickened by the water that started to gush out through the gates. It spouted farther and farther in a yellow, foaming arc. The rapids at the base became more turbulent, and the river started coming to life. It picked up its steady crawl to a walk and then a run. At four-thirty, the lake level was down a foot, and a band of slimy mud separated the snow from the water. On the road above, a hundred students watched and, down with the men, reporters shivered in their coats. All three Mitchells were there, standing quietly.

At six the generator trucks came and trained their garish lights on the swirling rapids. At eight, when Ford came back from a hasty dinner, the water was running slower, and the number of onlookers had dwindled.

BY TEN, only the channel was flowing. The police boat was launched, and Ford and four others boarded it with grappling hooks and dragging chains. Halfway up the channel, one of the men caught something and got stuck. Ford went to help him. Together they struggled. Dead silence fell over the crowd on shore, and the reporters moved in. Then the hook came free, and they started pulling it up. Melissa Mitchell and her parents turned away. It came up with nothing but slime.

They moved ahead again, and the probing continued. But the hooks picked up nothing. At eleven o'clock, the men gave up and rowed back to the dam. Ford climbed ashore and said to Carl Mitchell, "You can breathe easy. She isn't there." Then he pushed his way through the reporters and crunched up the hill. Cameron caught him at the car. "Those poor people," he said, nodding at the huddled Mitchell family. "They've been here seven hours, without any food or anything."

"I don't figure they got much appetite anyway," Ford said.

"Okay to invite them to have a cup of coffee with us?"

Ford looked pained for a moment. Then he said tonelessly, "Yeah. Go ahead."

They went to a little diner two blocks from headquarters. The Mitchells crowded into one side of the booth, and Ford and Cameron took the other. They all ordered coffee.

"I've arranged to broadcast an appeal Thursday night," Mr. Mitchell said. "You still approve?"

Ford nodded vaguely. He wished they'd go home. He was tired. He wanted to forget, and they reminded him.

"And I've hired a private detective."

Ford nodded again.

"It's a man from Philadelphia, a John Monroe. Ever hear of him?"

"Can't say I have."

"He's very well known. You don't think he'll do much good?"

The chief shrugged. "I can't see what he can do that we haven't, but he may come up with some angle we've overlooked. It's possible."

Mitchell's mouth tightened. "Thank you for the coffee, Chief. I think we'd better be going. We're very tired."

Cameron said, "We'll drop you off," and Ford's eyebrows lowered.

They drove out to the Bristol Inn, and

the Mitchells went up to their apartment on the second floor from which they could see the windows of Lowell's room in Lambert Annex.

PPRIVATE detective John Monroe put in an appearance Thursday morning. The reporters, for lack of other news, contemplated building up a feud. But Ford was polite and went over all the reports with him. Monroe, a thoughtful man with glasses and a receding hairline, said the investigation seemed to have been pretty thorough and went out to look around on his own.

By Monday, Monroe had reached a conclusion. He gave it out to Ford and to the two or three reporters still hanging on. It was his theory, he said, that Lowell Mitchell had been abducted or had met with foul play. In either case, she was dead, and the likelihood of finding her body was not large.

Wednesday afternoon Lieutenant Rumbaugh of the state police telephoned. Ford took the call in his office where he was drinking coffee with Cameron.

Rumbaugh said, "I think we've got your girl for you," He added casually, "What's left of her."

Ford took several breaths very slowly. When he spoke, his voice was flat and unmoved. "Where and how?"

"Boston. The harbor police fished her out of the bay."

The chief picked up his spoon and twisted it at various angles. "Clothes fit the description?"

"The body was nude," Rumbaugh said. "It's been in the water a week or two. The Mitchell girl is the only one reported missing in this area so they think it's her."

"How about the face?" asked Ford. "No face. No head even. The body was decapitated, the wrists and ankles bound with wire. There's no identification of any kind yet, but I'll call you as soon as I get anything."

"Okay," Ford hung up and stared at the spoon.

Cameron said, "What's up?" and the chief told him.

"I'll bet that'll make Monroe happy," Cameron said. "Shows him up as a pretty good guesser."

"I'll bet her folks will be tickled to death, too," said Ford.

"Going to tell them?"

"Hell, no. Not until we know for sure."

"So we sit around and wait."

Ford said, "That's right."

Thursday morning brought Boston its own mystery, because the girl was not Lowell Mitchell. Ford seemed glad, and he was less vexed with the unpromising

reports that came in from his men. Monroe, however, was still roaming the streets of Bristol checking his theory that Lowell had been abducted. He was patiently disappointed that the body in the harbor wasn't his client's daughter.

At twelve-fifty Friday afternoon one of the girls crossing Higgins Bridge on her way from the gym noticed something shining on the river bed. She stopped and tried to identify it and was joined by other girls. Private detective John Monroe, in the company of a campus policeman, happened along and investigated. The girls pointed out the gleaming object, and the men looked and went on. The girls forgot about it, the policeman forgot about it, and Monroe almost forgot about it. He retained it just long enough to twist Ford with it when he dropped in at headquarters half an hour later.

Ford was eating his lunch out of a paper bag and came forth with his standard query. "How're things on campus?"

"Fine," replied Monroe. "Except that a lot of the girls will probably cut classes and go wading this afternoon."

"What for?"

"A lipstick or compact somebody threw off the campus bridge."

"What do you mean? Do you think girls go around throwing stuff like that away?"

"All right, they lost it then," said Monroe, wishing he had held his peace. "They dropped it over the side accidentally."

"They did, huh? Maybe you can tell me how a girl can manage to drop something accidentally over a four-and-a-half foot railing that's a foot wide! You're as bad as my own men. You'll pass up any clue unless it jumps up and bites your nose."

"Ten bucks to you one says it has nothing to do with the Mitchell case."

Cameron came in and said, "What's it going to be, swords or pistols?"

Monroe said, "He's going hog-wild because somebody lost something in the river at the campus bridge."

Ford said to Cameron, "He's as stupid as you are."

Cameron said, "So what are you going to do about it?"

"We're going to find out what and whose it is. Lassiter's going to take a swim."

LASSITER was told to get into his bathing suit. He started to squeal. "It's March, Chief. The river will be icy!"

Ford said, "What do you want us to do, drain the lake and run the river dry so we can walk out? Get on with it!"

Lassiter moaned but obeyed. He went down to the river and found Ford there,

standing on the bridge cursing at the delay. Lassiter stripped to his suit, waded stoically into the river, and started ducking. After the third time, he said, "I'm freezing. My hands are numb."

"The faster you find it," Ford said, "the faster you can come out of there."

Lassiter went under again and came up holding his hand aloft. "I've got it."

"Come on out," Ford said and hastened off the bridge.

When Cameron and Monroe reached him, Ford was turning the object over and over in his hands. It was a solid-gold hair clip. On the inside were engraved the initials MLM.

AT THREE O'CLOCK, Ford was at the bridge again, this time with a boat and more men. He and Monroe and a third man took the boat, Cameron and two men started working their way downstream on one bank of the river, and Lassiter and two more men took the other. A strong of students collected on the slope to watch them go. They stood, solemn and silent, with their numbers swelling by the minute.

The boat halted against a fallen tree three hundred yards downstream, and Ford poked around with his grappling poles before moving on. He stopped again a quarter of a mile farther at the Queen Street Bridge where a sharp bend in the river ran the boat aground and waited till Cameron caught up. They shoved off and went on.

Two miles farther they came to the flats, a desolate plain stretching out behind the row of tenement houses that rimmed Front Street. It was there that Cameron stopped and yelled. Ford, followed by Monroe, came ashore and clambered onto the thin covering of snow. His eyes were bleak and opaque as he followed Cameron to the upwind side of a little nook.

Half submerged in the water, mud, and dried grass was the body of a young girl. The face had been eaten away, the hair was silty, the clothes were faded and gray, but there wasn't any doubt as to who the girl had been.

There was no expression on Ford's face. After a moment he turned away and crunched back to Cameron.

Monroe scurried back to join them. "I knew she was dead," he said. "I felt it in my bones."

Cameron said sarcastically, "That makes this your lucky day."

"And how! If I hadn't discovered that hair clip, she wouldn't have been found till next summer."

Ford ignored him and called one of his men over for orders.

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"Yes, sir," said Monroe. "That hair clip led us right to the body. It sure is a good thing I found it."

Ford and Cameron looked at each other, and then looked at Monroe. The detective didn't notice their glare and when Ford's man started back for the doctor, he said, "I'll go with you," and fell in step.

Ford's voice was a bellow. "Where do you think you're going?"

Monroe turned around. "Why, I'm going to call the Mitchells."

"Like hell you are! Come back here!"

Monroe came back a step and then balked. "You can't order me around. I'm not one of your men."

"This is a police case, and I'm in charge. You'll do what I say or I'll throw you in the can. If you think you're going to hold them up for reward money because of that hair clip, I'm telling you right now it'll be over my dead body."

"I found it, didn't I? What're you trying to do, hog the reward yourself?"

Ford's tone was menacing. "You and I have got along okay so far, Monroe. You better keep on the good side of me or, so help me, you'll be sorry."

Monroe fumed, but he stayed.

Dr. Howe, the medical examiner, arrived at about five, and Cal Leslie came down and took some pictures. After that the body was removed, and Ford and Cameron went back to headquarters to await Howe's identification check and notify the parents.

District Attorney Dave McNarry called at seven. "Hear the Mitchell girl's dead," he said. "That sure is a shame." The way he said it showed he didn't think it was a shame at all. He thought it was very exciting.

"Yeah," said Ford. "Seems she jumped, fell, or was pushed off Higgins Bridge and floated downstream."

"It looks like an inquest then. Judge Lee will conduct it. I've already talked to him. It'll start Monday morning. Meanwhile, will you send over the girl's diary and letters and all your reports on the case?"

Ford said, "Right," and hung up.

Then the door burst open, and the reporters poured in.

Dr. Howe's autopsy report was turned in on Saturday morning. Death was listed as instantaneous and caused by a broken neck. Buried in the technical discussion of the organs was a little item that dropped like a bombshell. The girl, it said, was six weeks pregnant!

Ford exhaled sharply, and the mask that froze his face fractured for a moment. He handed the paper to Cameron, jabbing a finger at the vital paragraph. The detective whistled and sat down. "Chief, you were right all along."

Ford shook his head. "I wasn't right. After all the reports, I would have staked my life on her virginity."

"Suicide," Cameron mused. "That explains a lot of things."

Ford said, "It's not suicide, it's murder. I don't care if she did kill herself, it's murder." He clenched his fists on his desk and stared at them. "A girl doesn't kill herself because she gets pregnant. It happens all the time, in the best of families. It's a disgrace, sure, but it's not something that can't be lived down. If my daughter got pregnant, I'd beat hell out of the guy and make him marry her, but I wouldn't disown her. Neither would Lowell's parents. They're not that

kind of people. The guy drove her to it. He refused to stand by her, or got her worked up in some way to the point where she thought that was the only way out."

"She wouldn't have gone with just anybody," said Cameron. "so it's a safe bet she was madly in love with whoever it was."

"Murder," said Ford. "That's what it is, murder." He opened the drawer of his desk and rummaged around until he found Lowell's diary. "Good thing I haven't sent this to McNarry yet. Six weeks, Howe says. That takes us back to the middle of January." He thumbed through the pages to January fourteenth and read, "Sunday. Peggy and I went to church for a change. We thought it might be good for our souls. The dinner was good, and I spent the afternoon walking it off by myself. It was so nice out I didn't even get back in time for supper!" The result was I ate out and got back just in time to be coerced into a bridge game with Hilda, Sally, and Patty. Mother called up and said Nora Cook is getting married! Of all people!"

Ford read on through the rest of the week. It was all the same. He dropped the book on his desk and growled. "She's too damn cagey for her own good."

Cameron shrugged. "And what good would it do if she mentioned a guy? No matter what he did to make her jump, she did the jumping. He's legally in the clear."

THE INQUEST was private, held in the chambers of Judge Lee only. Ford and Cameron were permitted to attend. District Attorney McNarry did the questioning in a manner indicating that there was no doubt in his mind about the cause of death—that the investigation was a mere formality. After getting Dr. Howe to admit that Lowell could have broken her neck only by entering the water head first, he started in on Lowell's classmates, questioning them about her tendencies toward suicide. When Peggy Woodling insisted that Lowell wouldn't have gone haywire and killed herself because she was pregnant, McNarry said, "Interesting, but the fact remains that is exactly what she did."

Judge Lee raised a restraining hand. "You are being presumptuous now, Mr. McNarry. The purpose of this inquiry is to determine exactly how Lowell Mitchell did come to meet her end."

McNarry was unruined. He dismissed the girl and then said smoothly, "I confess to getting ahead of myself, Your Honor, but not to being presumptuous. It is my intention to prove to this court that Lowell Mitchell did willfully and intentionally take her own life. You see, I have discovered something in Lowell's diary that the police"—and here he gave Ford a condescending look—"failed to notice." He produced the diary and thumbed through it. "Allow me to read part of her entry for Tuesday, February twenty-seven, three days before she died. I quote: 'Recopied most of my English paper tonight until I was persuaded into a bridge game with Hilda, Sally, and Sally. Procrastination, thy name is woman. Now I'll have to try to finish it tomorrow, and the history lecture knocks out one period. I'm late again. Something drastic will have to be done.'

"I'm late again," he repeated slowly. "Something drastic will have to be done." Observe that, gentlemen. How

carefully it's made to sound, should anyone read it, like a reference to her English paper.

This is the girl, remember, who so carefully concealed any reference to her sexual activities that her pregnancy came as a shock to everyone, in view of that, the 'I'm late again. Something drastic will have to be done' takes on a different meaning. Gentlemen, it is my contention that at this point she knew she was pregnant.

NOW LET me read you her entry for Wednesday, February twenty-eighth. 'Letter from Jack. Who cares? Honestly, college boys seem so adolescent these days. All about his exams and how much beer he can drink. Seems funny it used to impress me. Nothing's happened. Maybe it's for the best. Imagine marrying someone like Jack,' and so forth. I read the beginning so you could see how the remark 'Nothing's happened. Maybe it's for the best' fails to fit in with what she's talking about. It's again a hidden reference to her condition, and her remark 'Maybe it's for the best' shows an air of resignation creeping over her."

"On Thursday, the day before she died, she has decided that death is the only way out. Here's what she says: 'Bio. science lecture, Spanish, and history today. Sometimes you wonder why you study. You're not going to use what you learn. At least I'm not. That I now know for sure.' The idea of suicide has taken hold of her. She has irrevocably chosen her fate."

"So you see, Tuesday she realized drastic measures were called for. Wednesday she resigned herself to them. Thursday she built up her nerve to go through with them, and her walk Friday morning was when she decided how." McNarry sat back contentedly and called in the next witness.

At the noon recess, Cameron and Ford went to lunch together. "It smells," said Ford, climbing into a booth in Mickey's Diner. "It smells like hell." He picked up a menu and glowered at it.

"You're burned because the boy involved isn't legally guilty."

"Like hell I am. It's no skin off my teeth what messes these kids make of their lives."

"Isn't it? You're mooning about this case like Lowell was your own daughter."

"Shut up. You don't know nothing. You only know books. From what I know about that girl and from what her classmates say, she isn't the type to kill herself."

"From what you knew about her and from what her classmates said, she wasn't the type to get pregnant, either."

"That's different. Given the right circumstances, the right time, and the right guy, any girl will say yes."

"The cynic. All right, what do you think she did, accidentally dress up and go down to the bridge and accidentally fall over the railing? Or maybe she had a rendezvous there and whoever it was pitched her over the side, right in broad daylight where anyone within three hundred yards could see?"

Ford gave his order to the waitress and then leaned forward. "I'll tell you what I don't think. I don't think she tried to commit suicide by jumping off a ten-foot bridge into four feet of water. Suppose you tell me how any girl could reasonably expect to die that way unless

from pneumonia. What's wrong with an overdose of sleeping pills? It's a damn sight more comfortable."

"Okay," Cameron said in a low voice, glancing around. "You've got an angle. Why tell it to me? Why don't you tell it to McNarry?"

"Because McNarry, damn his sleek hide, will say, 'All right, what do you think happened at Higgins Bridge?' and I've got my foot in my mouth. Suicide smells, but accident and murder smell worse. McNarry's showed me up once today by coming up with that stuff in her diary. Twice and people may start thinking Bristol needs a new police chief."

Cameron laughed sharply. "So you're getting an inferiority complex over a law-school degree! I wouldn't have believed it. Either of us would have picked out those passages if we'd read her diary after we knew she was pregnant the way he did."

"Well, I'll squawk, but I've got to have a better explanation than I've got now. That means I'm going to have to do a little thinking."

"Which will probably rupture your brain," Cameron said.

FORD thought. He spent the afternoon session in deep study and took no heed of proceedings until McNarry finished with the last witness and summed up. Then Ford sat up, spread both hands out in front of him on the table, and studied their warped outlines. "Your Honor," he said, "would it be out of order for me to conduct an experiment?"

"What sort of an experiment?"

"I'd rather not say."

The judge smiled slightly. "You're mysterious, I must say. What do you want to prove?"

Ford looked up. "I don't exactly know, but there are a couple of things that bother me."

"What's bothering you?"

"Well," said the chief slowly, "one is, why did Lowell Mitchell jump off a bridge when she'd have a better chance of killing herself by jumping out the window of her room? The second is, what happened to her purse?"

"Her purse?"

"Yes. A brown-leather saddle-bag kind of purse with a shoulder strap. It wasn't with the body, it wasn't at the bridge, and it isn't in her room."

"How much time will your experiment take?"

"A couple of hours all told."

McNarry said acidly, "That's a long time," but Judge Lee raised a hand.

"We're after the facts in this case, Mr.

McNarry. If this experiment of the chief's will give us any, we'll witness it. Go ahead, Chief. Two hours is a small price to pay to avoid a mistake."

"Thank you, Your Honor," Ford swung around to Cameron. "Burt, go out to the icehouse on Ridge Road and get a hundred-and-twenty-five-pound block. Take it down to Higgins Bridge in the boat, and send a radio car to the flats to wait for us."

Down at the bridge, McNarry grumbled and mumbled, but when the boat was launched, he got in with the others. At a signal from Ford, the two men on the bridge with the ice heaved it over the railing. It sank explosively to the bottom, bobbed up, and started drifting. "Keep close behind it," Ford ordered his oarsman and moved to the prow with a grappling pole.

Three hundred yards downstream the ice ran into the fallen tree and got stuck. Ford pried at it with his hook and almost upset the boat getting it free. They followed it once more down to the Queen Street Bridge where it ran around at the hairpin turn. After that, it bobbed merrily along without incident in midstream all the way down to the flats. When they went past the nook where the body had been found, the ice was still out in the current.

"Take us ashore," Ford yelled to the oarsman. "That's what I wanted to know."

They went in to the slightly overhanging bank and disembarked. There was a challenge in Ford's voice. "How about it, Judge? Want me to try it again?"

Lee shook his head. "I don't think it's necessary, Chief. You win. It's murder."

Ford was flushed and eager. "She'd have got stuck in that tree or at the bend. You could turn that ice loose a thousand times, and it wouldn't go into that nook where we found her."

McNarry said sourly. "Okay, okay. But why all the mystery? Why didn't you tell us in the courthouse you didn't think she ever went off the bridge at all?"

"The hair clip," Ford said, his face beet-red and dripping in spite of the crisp March air. "If it were just the body, it would be easy to guess it had been dumped here. But for the guy to go back and toss the hair clip off the bridge, that's what threw me off. The idea that he could expect us to find it was just plain crazy."

JUDGE LEE turned to McNarry. "It looks like you've got a murder on your hands. That's the verdict. Murder by person or persons unknown."

Ford clapped Cameron on the back

so hard it nearly knocked him down. "Come on, Burt. You're going to buy me a drink."

CAMERON was reading the paper when Ford came in the next morning. "Examination of the flats," he said, quoting the end of the article, "for tire marks or other clues indicating the identity of the car that carried the body down to the river was fruitless, due to recent snows. Residents in the vicinity were being questioned, but at a late hour last night no new evidence had been uncovered."

"At eight o'clock this morning," added Ford, "no new evidence has been uncovered. Nobody remembers seeing or hearing a thing."

"You've got a real job on your hands." "Not me," said Ford. "McNarry's in charge as of yesterday."

Cameron laughed. "McNarry couldn't find M in the alphabet, and he knows it. You're going to do the work, Chief. He'll just sit back and take the glory." "Or the bricks," Ford said. "Come into the office. We got things to talk about." He moved on, shucking his coat. Cameron followed.

"Now," Ford said, when they had the door shut against the expected onslaught of reporters, "who do you think did it?"

"The guy, whoever he is."

"How do you figure it happened?"

Cameron lighted a cigarette and said thoughtfully, "Looks to me as though she found out she was pregnant and went to see him about it. That's why she pretended she was sick and sneaked out when no one was looking. The guy broke her neck and tried to make it look like suicide by driving down to the flats late that night to dump the body. Later he tossed the hair clip off the bridge."

"That's the way I look at it."

"It's not going to be somebody too far away, Chief. My bet is one of those boys she dates over at Chapman College."

"My bet is closer than that, Burt. Someone here in town."

"Why? Because she walked? Someone might have come in to meet her."

"But not a Chapman boy. According to her diary, she didn't care that much for those guys."

"Remember, she was being cagey."

"She was cagey all right, but not about them. It's my hunch the guy is someone here in town, hardly even mentioned in her diary. He might not even be in it at all."

"But, if that's it, how the hell are you going to get a line on him?"

"You're going to talk with all of her



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classmates and get a list of every last man she's ever been known to talk to."

"Ugh."

"You're going to check into their backgrounds and their alibis." Ford pulled a sheet of paper from an inside pocket. "I've already listed everyone in town she mentions in her diary. Here they are. See if you can find any more." Cameron reviewed the list. "A nice old cabdriver. That's great. President Howland. Her teachers. A campus cop. Can't you do any better than that?"

"Not very fat," Ford admitted.

"Fat? It's starved to death!" He went on reading. "Holy cow! A man at the student laundry, the cute soda jerk in Bleekman's."

"Take a good look at him, Burt. She calls him 'the first decent-looking native' she's seen."

"Yeah," Cameron checked that name and went on. "Charles Watson. Which one is he?"

"The elderly man at the Wagon Wheel who ordered champagne for one of the girls' birthday party."

"Oh, yes." He checked that name. "As I recall it, Lowell favored older men. Well, I'll check Watson and the soda jerk."

"Check them all."

"All? You mean Howland and her teachers?"

"All. Damn it, Burt, you know the spot we're in. There's no way of tracing the body back to somebody, so we've got to trace somebody to the body. That means checking everybody, including her teachers and the president of the college. You can get the dope on them from the college office."

"I suppose it lists whether or not they chase little girls?"

Ford ignored that. "And if you don't get through by four o'clock, bring the dope to my house."

IT WASN'T until six that he called at Ford's house. Ford's daughter let him in and directed him to the study, where he found the chief reading a small book. "The grapevine has it McNarry's ordered you to solve the case," Cameron said by way of greeting.

"He dumped it in my lap this morning—which is where it's been right along."

"Fine. And what have you been doing besides drawing down your pay while I've been chasing myself all over town?"

"Reading Lowell's diary."

"What for, laughs?"

"McNarry found things in that diary that I didn't find. I'm not forgetting how he showed me up. It's not going to happen again. What did you turn up?"

"Nothing worth getting a hemorrhage over. I checked the teachers' records and questioned some of the students, but didn't get any new names. There's only one glimmer, and that's this guy Watson. The girls think he gave them a calling card, but they don't know what happened to it. According to them, he's somewhere in his early fifties with gray hair and a lot of charm, friendly but not fresh. He's also not in the phone book."

"But he said any time he could do anything for them," said Ford, "let him know. That means he must live somewhere around here."

"We'll turn him up," said Cameron.

"Starting tomorrow, I'll turn Massachusetts inside out."

"Okay. Just don't forget the others."

"You mean old cabdrivers and campus cops? I say the father is going to be someone she could fall in love with."

"And that can be anybody, including old cabdrivers and campus cops. One of the nicest girls I ever knew married a drunk and supported him until he died of it. It's buried him, and then went home and shot herself."

"Okay, okay, I'll check every last one of them."

"Especially check the single men."

"Why?"

Ford grinned smugly and picked up the diary from the desk. "Because I've just beaten McNarry at his own game. Remember McNarry's remarks on what she wrote when he thought she was planning suicide? Listen to them again. February twenty-seventh: 'I'm late again. Something drastic will have to be done.' A day later: 'Nothing's happened. Maybe it's for the best.' Know what that sounds like? At first she's frightened. Then she decides maybe her being pregnant is for the best. Why? Because then the father will have to marry her! She's in love with this man, and he's probably been stalling on the marriage angle. Now she thinks maybe she's got the weapon that will force him."

"That makes the father an experienced operator with a smooth line. Watson again, if he's single and known to Lowell."

"Which is what you're going to find out."

"Tomorrow. And what are you going to do? Sit around reading her diary?"

"I've read better books. Don't think I enjoy it."

"What more do you think you're going to get out of it?"

"How often she meets her lover."

Cameron blinked. He uncrossed his legs, shifted his position, and put his hands on his knees. "Now I know you ought to retire."

Ford slapped the book with his hand. "This guy, whoever he is, had her buffaloed. He convinced her she shouldn't mention his name in her diary, shouldn't mention anything about him there or to anybody. But, damn it, no girl who's interested enough in her activities to keep a diary in the first place is going to leave something like that out of it! It's in here, Burt. In code, or with pin pricks, or ink blots, or somehow, she's going to mark the days she saw him."

Cameron's eyes widened slowly and grew brighter. "Damn it, Chief, if I don't think you're right. Why the hell couldn't I have thought of that?"

"You could have if I let you sit around like I do. But people might get the idea the department could get along without me. So I keep you chasing your tail."

"You find that," Cameron said, rising, "and we'll start getting a good line on the guy."

FORD FOUND his answer Wednesday night. "I've got it," he told Cameron Thursday morning in his office. "Exclamation points!"

"Exclamation points?"

"Three of them. Listen, she wasn't an emotional girl, was she? No. Well, then why would she write on January fourteenth that she went for such a nice walk she didn't get back in time for supper, three exclamation points? She is really bowled over when one of her friends gets engaged and that rates only

two of them. Missing supper gets three! So does her homework. Another time she writes, 'After dinner I went to the library and did more research for that darn theme,' three exclamation points!"

"I think you've got something, Chief. How often does she use them and when do they start?"

"I read all through last year's diary. They begin on the fifteenth of December. Then again on the sixteenth. Then they skip until January when she came back from Christmas vacation, and they're all through January and February. The December ones are in New York, when she stayed overnight on her way home for the holidays. She says she stayed over with one of her classmates, a Patty Short. You're going to see Patty."

AT NOON, the break came. Cameron walked into the office and said, "For what it's worth, and that's plenty, Lowell didn't stay overnight in New York on December fifteenth with Miss Patty Short for the very simple reason that Patty was still at Parker."

Ford got up and walked around the office, "A break at last," he breathed. "It's been a long time coming, but what a hell of a beauty! Three exclamation points!" He stared out the window for a moment, then turned and jammed his fists into his hips. "Lord, he must have had her under his thumb! Never a whisper about him anywhere. But she couldn't keep it out of her diary. Not completely! She had to mark the days. She misled us all the rest of the way, but she came through for us here. She told us when they met. Now we know one thing. He was in New York last December fifteenth. I guess you know what you're going to do."

"Check the suspect list again."

"You're getting brighter every day. And this time you've got something definite to go after. I've told McNarry about it, and he's got the New York police hunting for the hotel she stayed at. Lassiter's in Boston tracing down Charles Watson. Now we're starting to move."

"He's my bet. A traveling salesman from Boston meeting the girls at the Wagon Wheel and stumbling into Lowell in New York."

"Don't go to bed with it. There're other suspects around and I want them checked. Start with her teachers. They're more likely to be leaving town for Christmas."

Cameron sighed and went out.

By the time he came back, late in the afternoon, Lassiter had located Watson in Boston, but Watson was out of town.

"You'll get bed sores sitting around all the time," Cameron said, throwing his hat on the table.

Ford said, "It's better than flat feet, and where do you think you're going now—home?"

"I don't know what my home looks like. No, I'm going to visit a woman. History teacher Seward's maid. He and her biology teacher are the only ones who go through classes on the fifteenth."

"Both single?"

"Seward is, and he comes from Virginia. It's just possible he might have gone home for the holidays—via New York."

"If there's anything there, stop off at my house," Ford told him.

At five o'clock, Cameron did. "I've got an interesting bit of news," he said. "On December fifteenth Seward took the

one-thirty train to New York on his way to Richmond."

"And that's the guy," Ford said with sudden interest, "who looks like Gregory Peck."

"According to Lowell. It's enough to make you think twice."

"And he's single," Ford said. "Where does he live?"

"Three blocks away from Lambert Annex on Dorchester Street, way down at the end away from the other houses."

Ford clamped a cigar between his teeth and started walking around the room. "And a teacher would throw the hair clip off Higgins Bridge. An outsider would pick the Queen Street Bridge." Ford swung around. "I'm going to turn the heat on that baby, Burt. Lassiter can take care of Watson. You're going after Seward. I want his movements down to every time he combed his hair from December fifteenth on. I want a watch on his house starting at midnight tonight, front and back. If Lowell was in there, she probably wasn't the first, and she probably won't be the last. Talk to his maid again. See what she knows or can find out about him. I'm starting to take a liking to that boy."

"Brother," Cameron said as he picked up his coat, "the kiss of death."

MONDAY most of Cameron's reports were in, and most were negative. Girls in Lowell's history class had noticed nothing between her and Mr. Seward. No one but him and the maid had entered his house after the watch was set up, and his moves outside were above suspicion. And the New York police failed to find Lowell's name on any hotel register for the night of December fifteenth.

But two were on the positive side. Seward's Marine buddies termed him the biggest and most successful wolf in his company during the war. And a Parker student had seen him sitting with a student on the train to New York on December fifteenth. That excited Ford. He got a sample of Seward's handwriting and sent it to New York to be checked against the hotel registers.

Monday night a big one came in. Ford was routed out of bed at midnight by a phone call from the sergeant on duty. "We got a girl here, Chief," the sergeant said. "Houkman picked her up coming out of Seward's house."

Ford didn't gloat, and he didn't get excited. "Get Cameron and Lassiter," he said. "I'll be right down."

The girl was about twenty—a young thing on the pretty side, with loose blonde curls, a full mouth, round blue eyes, and rather childish features in an

oval face. Her dress was brown taffeta, with a neckline cut low enough to reveal the beginning curves of two full breasts. To accentuate her voluptuousness, a belt was pulled tightly about a small waist.

The half-hour wait for the chief had given her time to get over her first fright and arm herself with bravado. "You can't hold me here," she said when Ford, Cameron, and Lassiter, armed with coffee mugs, descended upon her.

The men sat on the tabletop, towering over her. "What's your name?" Ford asked.

"What are you arresting me for? I haven't done anything."

"Answer the question!"

Her bravado subsided. "Mildred Naffziger."

"Where do you live, Mildred?"

"One-fourteen Putney Street. You've got to let me go. My folks will be worried."

"The sooner you stop wasting time, the sooner you'll get home. What have you been doing tonight?"

"Me? Nothing. I went for a walk."

"At midnight?"

"I was just coming back."

"From a quarter of nine till a quarter of twelve? That's a long walk."

"No. I wasn't walking all that time. I was visiting a friend."

"Harlan Seward, huh? How long have you been a friend of his?"

She looked startled. "Oh, no. No. I don't know any Harlan Seward. I was visiting a girlfriend."

"Where does she live?"

"Tuh?"

"Stop stalling. You went to see Harlan Seward. My man spotted you going in at a quarter of nine."

Mildred looked as though it had just come to her. "Oh. You mean the house at the end of Dorchester Street. Of course. I delivered a package to him."

Ford got off the table and swigged his coffee. "Now we're getting somewhere. That's right, the last house on Dorchester Street. Harlan Seward. You delivered a package to him at a quarter of nine this evening. Is that straight?"

The girl looked tentative, but she nodded.

Ford sat down again. "Only my man didn't see you carrying any package."

"Oh, it was a small package. I had it in my pocket."

"What was in it?"

"Uh—cough drops. See, I work in the Bristol Drugstore, and he called up and wanted a box of cough drops. So I delivered them."

Ford jerked a thumb. "That the kind of a dress you wear when you work?"

She looked down at herself and colored. "No," she said. "See, I get through work at six o'clock. Mr. Gregory—he's the owner—didn't have anyone to deliver it, and one-fourteen, where I live, is down a block so he called up and asked if I'd take it over for him."

"So you put on a dress like that and stay three hours."

She was almost in tears. "No. No. I just happened to have this dress on, and I didn't stay three hours. I went for a walk afterward, I tell you."

"And you go in the back door—"

"Of course. I was only delivering something."

"Yes, a box of cough drops. Seward's so sick he can't go get them himself. You go to the back door, but you sneak through the woods to get there."

"Please." She started to cry. "I'm all upset. I'm tired. I want to go home."

"You're damned upset, and you're tired, but you're not going home."

She looked frightened. "Please. You've got to let me go. My parents will be frantic!"

"There's a phone here. You want to call them up and tell them where you are and where you've been?"

She started to weep in earnest.

"Maybe you'd like me to call them up and tell them where we picked you up." He took two steps toward the desk.

"No," she wailed through her sobs. "Please. Just let me go home."

Ford came back and sat on the table again. Lassiter moved over to a chair. He was taking notes furiously.

"How long have you known Seward?"

Ford shot at the girl.

She burst into tears, burying her head in her arms.

"All right, Mildred," Ford said pitilessly. "Have yourself a good cry. When you're all through, we'll start over again." He walked into his office and came back with a battered deck of cards, sat down at the table, and started to play solitaire. He played three games.

Mildred stopped crying after the first game, but he gave no sign. It was as though his sole purpose were to win a game.

At half-past two, they were still at it. The second thermos of coffee was almost gone. Mildred had cried most of the time; her face was red and swollen.

SHORTLY after three, when the third jug of coffee was brought in, Cameron took the chief aside. "I think you're handling her the wrong way," he said.

"What other way is there? I've tried to scare her about what her folks will do to her and what she'll do to her. If she

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won't talk, she's got to be frightened into it."

"She's protecting Seward. She's more scared for him than she is for herself. She knows we've got men watching his house, and she isn't dumb enough to think it's a trap for her. Call it loyalty or love or whatever you want, she's not going to get him in trouble no matter what you do to her."

Ford shook his head almost in awe. "What that guy does to women is a crime. But, damn it, I can't try to turn her against him by letting her know we think he's a killer. She's going to tell him everything that happens tonight as soon as she gets the chance!"

"You're right there. You'd better try to convince her you don't mean him any harm."

They went back and began again. Ford said, "Mildred, you're in love with Seward, aren't you?"

She said dully, "You want me to say yes so you'll be sure something happened tonight. I tell you nothing happened."

Ford's voice took on a tone of kindness. "We can't prove anything did, Mildred. We think something did, but we don't care. All we want is to find out about some of Seward's girlfriends, how many of them there are and how they feel about him. You do love him, don't you, Mildred?"

"Yes, I love him," she shot back fiercely. "Go ahead, do what you want to me. You can't stop me."

Ford was soothing. "Take it easy, Mildred. We don't want to stop you. We don't blame you for loving him. I guess a lot of girls do. He's a pretty attractive man." He went on leading her, and finally drew her out, either because of his switch in tactics or because, numb and exhausted, she was unable to fight any longer. His questions, delivered in a monotone, were short and apparently undamaging. She answered equally briefly in a beaten-down, dead voice.

She said he didn't love her, that they had met a year and a half before. She admitted she went to visit him frequently, although she steadfastly denied that anything immoral took place. Her parents didn't know about him. Nobody did. Their dates were arranged by his coming to the store.

They used a code that he had worked out. His asking for a box of cough drops meant he wanted her to come out that night. If she could, she gave him a box of Luden's. If not, she gave him Smith Brothers. If he got the latter and wanted to let it go at that, he paid for it with a nickel or a bill. If he wanted to make it the next night, he gave her a quarter. The way she made the change gave him the answer. Two dimes in change meant yes. A dime and two nickels meant no. He used to come in once or twice a week, she confessed, but admitted that admission was the first time in several months. She didn't ask for an explanation because it wasn't any of her business, she said, and refused to give a direct answer when they asked if she thought another girl was involved.

AT FOUR-THIRTY in the morning they sent her home. Ford was haggard, but triumph rode in his face. He strode about the room, talking excitedly. "He's our man. And what a man! He's incredible. What he can do to a woman, I just can't believe. Look at this Mildred: She knows her way around. But he can

get away with throwing her into the discard and still pick her up again, just like that."

"What a man with the women! All kinds! Mildred will lie her head off to protect him, and Lowell, a decent kid, will throw her morals out the window for him in the time it takes a train to get to New York. And that code he worked out! It's something out of a spy story. And she agrees to it!"

"And I'll bet he had a code with Lowell in his history class. Some phrase or something that's part of the lesson to everybody else but means 'Can you come over?' to Lowell. And she probably had some way of answering—the way she adjusted her hair clip, chewed a pencil, or something." He stopped to light a cigar.

"Only she couldn't wait to be asked that last day," he said through puffs. "She had to see him right away, and there was no place for a noon get-together so she had to go up to the desk to talk to him. She thought he would marry her, but she didn't know her way around like Mildred. Lowell wanted a wedding ring, and she wasn't going to be talked out of it. So he had to break her neck."

"Yeah," Cameron said dryly. "I'd rather go to the chair anytime than marry somebody like Lowell."

"It's a spur-of-the-moment deal, Burt. He isn't thinking of consequences. He's panicked."

"He was a Marine captain in the war. He's not going to get panicked by anything like that."

"Okay, but there's an angle in there somewhere. I haven't tried to figure out all the details yet. Give me a good night's sleep and maybe I'll have an answer."

"That's just what I was going to ask you," Cameron said, rising, "if we could get some sleep."

EARLY Friday afternoon, McNarry telephoned. "I've got news for you, Chief," the district attorney said.

"You'll love it. The handwriting on the samples we sent the New York police checks with the handwriting on two cards at the Hotel Bentley on West Forty-fifth Street. The cards are for a Norman Carter and an Althea Merkle for rooms four-twelve and four-fourteen."

"Connecting door between?"

"There is. What does that do for our case?"

"It clinches the paternity part. Seward's the man."

"Do we tell the papers?"

"Hell, no. Say we've got a lead, that's all. We're looking for a murderer, and we haven't got anything on that score. I don't want to frighten this guy by saying we think he's a murderer, not when we don't have any proof."

"Why don't you drag him in and give him a going over?"

"Because if he doesn't break, we're licked. I want to let him stew a while. He knows something's going on, but he doesn't know what. Not knowing is going to worry him a damn sight more than knowing. This way he doesn't know how to defend himself, and he's going to start sweating. Not a word of this to anybody, not even your wife!"

"If you say so, Chief," McNarry sighed. "You're the doctor. How's Seward acting so far?"

"He saw his girlfriend Mildred yesterday and found out what we did to her

Monday night, but we haven't got any report since. I'll let you know how he takes it."

Ford hung up without showing too much exultation. When Cameron and Lassiter came in a half hour later, he told them the news.

"Okay," he said in conclusion, "I've pieced together the whole story of Lowell and Seward. We can prove the Christmas part of it, but we can't prove the March-second part."

FORD peeled a cigar and lighted it. "Here's how it looks to me. Lowell had no Saturday classes so she and a few other girls left for home a day early. By chance, Seward took the same train, recognized her as one of his students, and sat with her. Lowell was a damned attractive girl, and from what we know of Seward, that's all, brother! He turned on the charm. Lowell's inexperienced. She's had dates, sure, but with kids. She's never run into someone as smooth and subtle as Seward. By the time they get to Grand Central, Lowell is being swept off her feet. He suggests they have cocktails together between trains. Trust him to pick a spot with plenty of atmosphere. Then he pours down the drinks a little fast; she's afraid he'll realize she's nothing but a kid if she balks, so she keeps pace."

"After a while, Lowell gets fuzzy, and he suggests a big dinner and the theatre. They send a telegram to her folks, saying she's staying over with one of the girls. Then they go get hotel rooms. She trusts him with that detail and doesn't know he uses phony names and gets connecting rooms."

"So off they go to dinner and the play. They hold hands, and the whole evening seems pretty glamorous to her. They have some more drinks after, and she's fuzzy again and thinks the idea of a little party in her room is kind of cozy. She probably thinks she's capturing him. In her room, he kisses her and promptly berates himself, saying he's too old and she could never take him seriously. She plays right into his hands by saying he's not too old, and she puts all she's got into her kisses to let him know she's not too young. She's half potted, and she thinks this is real love and she's going to end up Mrs. Harlan Seward if she doesn't act like too much of a kid. So they have another drink or two and before she knows it, she isn't a virgin anymore."

"The next day he sells her the idea it has to be kept secret or he'll lose his job. He convinces her they can't get married right away and, of course, since they've gone that far already, it would be silly to quit. She is probably afraid that if they did quit he might stop loving her."

"How does that sound to you?"

Cameron said, "It's rough in spots, but he's probably better at it than you are. And, hell, we've got the proof—her diary and his handwriting on the cards. The only thing that stumps me is how you could figure out a slick technique like that. It's way over your head."

Ford said, "I didn't go to college so I couldn't learn about people in books. I had to learn about people from people. While you were getting yourself educated, I was out discovering what made people tick. I got an education out of the police department."

"Does that education of yours give you a motive for the murder besides Seward's getting panic-stricken? A guy who

went through the Iwo Jima and Okinawa invasions isn't going to run amuck because some girl threatens to tell."

"Yep. The answer is accident."

"Accident? You mean you can break a girl's neck by accident?"

"That's right. Listen." Ford relit his cigar. "Lowell goes to his house and tells him she's pregnant, and what he's got to do. He tries to talk her out of that and uses all the charm he's got, but Lowell insists on his coming through.

"SEWARD doesn't want to marry her, and the more he talks, the more Lowell starts to see him as he really is. Seward could, and maybe did, tell her to go to hell, that nobody could prove he even knew her name outside of the classroom. I figure she got hysterical and started screaming. Seward sees he's got to shut her up before the neighbors hear.

"So he shuts her up. Now, he's not frightened, but he is mad. He's also an ex-Marine who's been well grounded in judo stuff with which you can kill a guy with your bare hands. He's not going to kill her, but he wants to shut her up. At the same time, he's mad and, because he's mad, he wants to hurt her. He probably wraps one arm around her neck and locks his other hand around her face and gives her a wrench that's a little sharper than he intends because he feels vicious. Maybe he hears her neck snap. Anyway, he lets her down and she flops onto the rug. From the way her head is twisted, he can tell she'll never move again. And I'll bet your tough Marine who couldn't be panicked was panic-stricken then! He can't prove it's an accident, and when it turns out she's pregnant, who's going to care whether it was or not? Whatever the verdict, he'll be buried—in the ground or in a cell.

"So he starts casting around for a way out. He thinks of the flats and then maybe he thinks the river's even better. The body will drift down into the Connecticut and maybe all the way into Long Island Sound.

"Then he gets his brainstorm. If he can make it look as though Lowell killed herself, the police won't have any reason to look for the father of the baby that'll be disclosed by an autopsy. If a suicide verdict is turned in at the inquest, the case will be dropped. It sounds like a terrific idea to his rattled brain. He can dump her in the river down by the flats where she'll eventually be discovered. We'll find out she was pregnant and died of a broken neck without another mark on her to prove she didn't break it herself. There's Hig-

gins Bridge right there on campus for her to break her neck diving off.

"So he loads Lowell's body into the trunk of his car, drives down to the flats after dark, and dumps it. After that, it's a simple thing for him to drop Lowell's hair clip off the bridge in the next day or so and then sit back and relax." Ford tilted back in his chair and looked around.

"One thing, Chief," said Lassiter. "What would ever make him think we'd find that hair clip?"

"He didn't," Ford said. "At least he didn't think we'd find it before the body. He hoped out that we'd find the body and decide she'd jumped off the bridge. We'd examine the area around the bridge and maybe find the clip and, bang, we'd be convinced. We'd probably think so anyway, even if we didn't find it; if we did, the clip would be the clincher. It was insurance, the added touch and, incidentally, it damn near swung the deal in his favor." He turned to Cameron. "Got any better way of telling it?"

Cameron shook his head, grinning. "Uh-uh. You just told it. If you watched it happen, you wouldn't tell it any different."

"Thanks. Now, have we got a way of proving it?"

"Only through his car. She didn't bleed, but we might pick up one of her hairs or a thread from her clothes if we vacuum cleaned his trunk."

"And we'll go through his house," Ford said. "A little proof she was there is one more link in the chain. And, of course, we'll keep our tail on him."

"The only trouble is he's going to wise up."

"Which is what I want him to do. We won't say anything to him, just keep watching and prowling. Pretty soon he'll get the jitters. I'm not saying he'll break down and confess, but he'll soften up so if we ever do get something solid to go on, we might be able to drag him down here and open his mouth."

THE REPORTS ON Seward were heartening. With only one man on his trail, even though it was a different one each day, it didn't take long for him to discover he was being watched. But Ford wanted him to know, and he was pleased with the statements that Seward was highly nervous.

On Monday morning, Ford and Cameron descended on the Seward place as soon as he had left for classes. By noon, they had vacuum cleaned everything in the house. They departed with a bagful of dirt. The trunk of Seward's car, however, was locked. So Cameron let

half the air out of one tire and then did a job on the distributor to throw off the timing. They had the maid leave a note about a soft tire.

That bothered Seward. The man assigned to follow him reported that Seward refueled the tire and was very much concerned about the engine.

The next morning, Seward called the garage.

As soon as the car was brought in, the alerted garageman telephoned Ford. The chief and one of his men went down with a vacuum cleaner. Ford fairly snatched the keys from the young mechanic, and headed for the trunk. Ford ran the cleaner over the lining of the trunk for fifteen minutes, and then got in with a magnifying glass to look for spots and stains. Then he took the contents of the cleaner's bag to the lab for analysis and sat down to wait.

ON FRIDAY morning, the lab reported that the dust from inside the house contained, among other things, samples of hairs, some of which could have come from the Mitchell girl. Then the technician dropped a bomb. "The dust you collected from the trunk of the car contains nothing of use to you."

Ford spat his cigar halfway across the room. "What?"

"Nothing. There were only some microscopic traces of newsprint."

Ford slammed down the phone and held his head. "Newspapers," he moaned. "He lined the trunk with newspapers before he put Lowell in."

Cameron said, "You mean there's nothing?"

"Not a damned thing."

Cameron whistled a couple of times and said, "Well, it's been fun."

Ford looked up. "He killed her, damn it, and he knows it and you know it and I know it. But what the hell are we going to do about it?"

"Hound him is all I can think of. Maybe he'll crack."

"On his deathbed, maybe. He'll crack when we can show him we got him, not before." He started pacing, picked up his cigar, looked at it and threw it away. "I want to get that guy. I want to hang him. So help me, I will hang him. Somewhere, there's got to be something."

"It had better be something good," said Cameron. "It's going to have to be."

Ford stopped and stuck his hands on his hips. "What I need is a day off. I'm taking it as of right now. I may take two." He went into his office and came out with everything he had that concerned the Lowell Mitchell case. "Keep the watch on Seward," he said in parting.

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"I want sweat sticking out on him like blood."

That was the last anyone saw of Ford until Sunday, when he telephoned Cameron and told him to come over to his house and be quick about it. He was sitting at his desk surrounded by the Mitchell dossier when Cameron was admitted. He told his wife to fetch liquor and hitched his chair around. "I think I've got a lead." He handed Cameron a copy of the missing-persons circular. "Look at that."

Cameron read it through and said, "What about it?"

"What was missing when we found her?"

"Her hair clip."

"We found that. What was missing that we haven't found?"

"Her purse."

"And where do you think it is?"

Cameron shrugged. "Probably at the bottom of Long Island Sound."

"Use your head, you dope. How far do you think a purse jammed with the junk a girl puts in a purse is going to float?"

"All right, it doesn't float. It sinks. So it's not in the water. It's in a garbage pail, or a junk heap."

"Whose garbage pail? What junk heap?"

"Hell, who knows? What's your point?"

"If we can find that purse and trace it to Seward, we can hang him."

"So what do we do, call out the militia and the Boy Scouts and beat the bushes? And if you did find it, tell me how you're going to prove Seward put it there."

Mrs. Ford came in with two highballs. The chief said to her, "If Cameron is the next chief of police, crime is going to run riot in Bristol."

Cameron waited until she had gone, slipped his drink, and said, "For a highballed—excuse me; thick-skulled—practical police officer, you're reaching pretty high into the stratosphere. What the hell is on your mind?"

"Let's go back to a scared Seward lurching around his living room wondering what he's going to do because he's got a corpse in the house. He gets the suicide brainstorm. That's fine, but there's one problem. That's the girl's purse. He can't throw that in the river along with the hair clip because it's too noticeable. And he can't leave it with the body because suicides don't leap to their death carrying their purse with them. So he gets to thinking, and it comes to him that unless the girl is going to leave a suicide note in the purse, she probably wouldn't even take it with her. That's all to the good. The girl who always takes a purse is supposed, on this particular day, to have walked off without one. Why? Because she isn't going to need it. Why? Because she's going to kill herself. See? The lack of a purse is going to strengthen the suicide angle he wants. Follow me?"

"I'm way ahead of you. I'm up to where he gets the idea we won't inventory her things and find it missing."

"That's the chance he has to take. Hell, Burt, this isn't a planned murder he's committed. Out of a blue sky he's stuck with a body to get rid of. He not only hasn't had time to work out a plan, he's also pretty damned upset. You try to think when you're in his position sometime and see how many details you can take care of. Put yourself in his po-

sition. What are you going to do with the purse?"

"Throw it in the woods somewhere," Ford said, "I wish you had committed the murder. We would have sewn up this case long ago." He banged on his desk. "You can't just toss the thing out of a car window somewhere because if it's found, blooie! The suicide idea goes up in smoke. It's got to disappear, not for a little while, but permanently."

"He drives down to Springfield and throws it in the Connecticut River."

Ford shook his head. "It's my guess he hid it somewhere around his home."

"He wants to make it easy for us, huh?"

"No. Listen to me. If he threw it away somewhere, we're sunk. We'll never be able to trace it to him. Our only chance is that he was afraid to do that and buried or burned it instead."

"That's a pretty damn faint hope!"

"Not so faint. There's a good chance

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE PERFECT CRIME

Pearl C. Sickle

I love to see the pure white snow
Till trudging feet have spoiled it;
A house appearing scrubbed and clean
Till city grime has soiled it;

Young girls in summer cottons
crisp,
Just when they've washed and pressed them,
And babies smelling fresh and sweet
When Mother's bathed and dressed them.

A clean new book, or magazine,
Invites me to peruse it;
But no clean ashtay, please,
for me—
It seems a crime to use it.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

of it, Burt. Look at it this way. That purse, in his possession, is just as damning as Lowell's body. If anybody spots him carrying it after Lowell disappears, he's in the soup. It's my guess he got rid of it just as fast as he got rid of the body, probably the same night. Now, working on that theory, where do you think he'd put it?"

"Where we'll never find it."

"Not by accident, no. But if we can think the way he thought, we might come up with it."

Cameron was starting to get interested. "Not Parker Lake, because we examined the lake bed after we drained it. And he couldn't have buried it, not in the frozen ground. He might have burned it."

"We'll collect his ashes for analysis," said Ford and ground his palms together. "Map out the area, Burt. I want that property canvassed for all potential hiding places. Then we'll turn them inside out as far as we can go and still be sure only Seward could have put it there. We're going to get into anything in that house of his that's locked. Anything out-

side that doesn't look a year old, we're going to take apart."

"And," Cameron said, grinning wildly as he rose, "if Seward's been worrying because he's being followed, his hair's going to turn gray from here on out."

THE POLICE swung into action Monday morning as soon as Seward was safely in class. Ford and Cameron took the house and collected all the available ashes and got into everything except the attic and Seward's desk. Eight men covered the outside. They didn't have time to dredge the nearest sewer or rip up the flagstone walk, but they went over everything else inch by inch. The purse wasn't found, but a brass monogram with the initials MLM, which had been torn from it, was. One of the men picked it up in the woods. They left just before noon, when Seward was due home.

That night the history teacher found his ashes gone and called the maid in a panic. He didn't believe her excuses, and his bedroom light was on until three.

On Tuesday morning the police were back again, intensifying the hunt. Ford and Cameron started ravaging the attic, going through trunk after trunk, box after box. They never finished.

Outside, Lassiter started screaming. They rushed down the stairs and out the front door, and other men came running from all directions. Lassiter was standing by the open sewer with a rake in one hand. In the other was the purse.

They brought it down to headquarters, slimy and dripping, and set it on newspapers on the main desk. Ford clucked over it like a hen with a prize chick. "See these holes? That's where the initials were. This monogram, it fits right here. Oh-brother-oh-brother!"


"Dumped it there that night," said Cameron. "Probably thought it would wash out to sea."

Ford leaned closer. "It's been in the sewage almost five weeks," he said. "But there's just a chance we might pick up one of Seward's fingerprints on the compact or lipstick or mirror inside. It's a cinch he went through it for identifying objects, and I'll lay you ten to one he wasn't thinking about wearing gloves at the time. This should hang him as is, but fingerprint's would be nice frosting."

"We'll check right now," said Lassiter. "The hell we will. That can wait. This thing is going to sit right here, stinking and wet. It's going to be the first thing Seward lays eyes on when we bring him in. If he doesn't crack wide open, I haven't been in this business thirty-three years." He rocked back and forth on his heels, his eyes never leaving the limp bag. "Harlan P. Seward, the man the women can't stay away from," he said. "I've been wanting to meet him for a long, long time. For a while there I thought I never would, but it looks like the day has come." He turned to Cameron. "Let's see Seward's schedule."

Cameron produced a folded slip from his notebook. The electric clock on the wall beside the steel door to the cell block said twenty minutes of eleven. Ford looked at it and back at the paper. "Burt," he said, "in ten minutes, Mr. Seward will be through with his class. I don't want any fuss or fireworks but, when he walks out of that classroom, you'll be waiting." The grin on his face grew into an expression of fierce satisfaction. He nodded at the detective. "Go get him."

THE END



I took
a long chance
with this
short cut!

1 "When a gaping crevasse yawns in your face on the Columbia Icefields of British Columbia, you can spend all day circling its end... or you can *jump* it. Traveling's no fun 11,000 feet up in thin air. Jumping looked easier," writes Walter Gonnason, an American friend of Canadian Club. "My guide planted his ice axe solidly, belayed the nylon rope around it and wished me luck. 'Here goes,' I said, and..."



2 "I missed! My ice axe slipped and down I plunged. The rope broke my fall... but I nearly broke a rib slamming against the chasm wall. Chunks of ice fell away, and I never heard them hit bottom..."



3 "No more short cuts for me, I decided, after inching one foot at a time up the sheer ice wall. One close call was enough to scare us both. We took the long way around to stay on the safe side. Skirting smaller crevasses was slow, but it got me home in one piece."

5 "Peril lurks on Canada's icefields. But it's playing safe to order *the best in the house*, I find that means Canadian Club the world over."

Why this worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is light as scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon

—yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes like Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. That's what made Canadian Club the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.



4 "This is the height of my ambition," I said when my host suggested a go at Mt. Columbia. I was glad to relax over a drink of Canadian Club!

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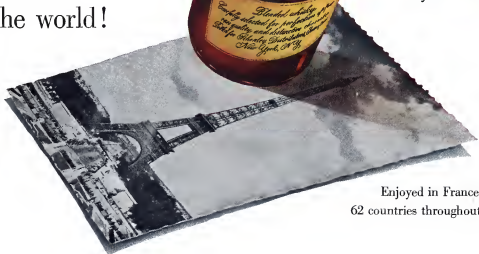




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